IMPRIMATUR,

JOH. VENN

June 22,
1687.

Vice-Cancel. *Oxon.*

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A

COLLECTION

OF

Miscellanies:

Consisting of

POEMS, ESSAYS, DISCOURSES & LETTERS,

Occasionally Written.

By *JOHN NORRIS*, M. A. Rector of *Newton St. Loe* in *Somersetshire*, and Late Fellow of *All-Souls-College* in *Oxford*.

———*Diram qui contudit* Hydram.
Notaque Fatali *Portenta labore subegit,*
Comperit Invidiam *supremo fine domari.*
Hor. Epist. *Lib.* 2. *Epist.* 1.

The Second Edition Corrected.

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TO THE

Honorable Leopold-William Finch,
Warden of All-Souls College.

SIR,

THE Greatneſs of your *Quality* and *Perſonal worth*, conſider'd with that *Happy Relation* which has further endear'd you to us, gives you ſo juſt a Title to theſe Performances, that I could not without an heinous *Alienation* devote them to any other Patron. And therefore, however my boldneſs may be tax'd for making you ſo *diſproportionable* a Preſent, yet certainly I ſhould have incurr'd more diſhonour by withholding a

Debt, and Presumption is a less Crime than Injustice.

Sir, 'tis by your kind Patronage and Protection (next to the favourable influences of a good Prince) that our Studies prosper, and our Laurels thrive and flourish, and that any of us are in a *capacity* to throw in the least *Symbol* into the Muses *Exchequer*. To whom then should the Fruits of this Sacred ground be offer'd, but to that *Sun* by whose genial influence they *grow* and *ripen*?

To you therefore I humbly present this Collection of *Miscellanies*, for the entertainment of your leisure hours, which were composed at some of *mine*. I shall not beg your *Protection* any farther than you

you shall find it worthy of it. I am only concern'd that you should hence conclude how well your (now more than ever fortunate) Society stands affected towards you, particularly how much you are honour'd and esteem'd by

All-Souls Coll.
June 1. 1687.

Sir,

Your Humble,

And most Devoted Servant,

John Norris.

TO THE READER.

OF *all the* tedious *things in the World, I was ever the leaſt Friend to* long Prefaces; *and therefore I ſhall only commend to your Hands this Collection of* Miſcellanies *occaſionally compoſed at ſeveral times, as my* Humour *and* Leiſure *ſerv'd me, with a brief account of my* Deſign *as to* both Parts *of the* Collection.

Not to trouble you with a Pompous *Diſcourſe of the nature of* Poetry, *its Meaſures of Criticiſm, its Variety, Antiquity, its great uſe and excellence, and the like, which have been at large ſet forth by many curious Pens, I have only leiſure at preſent to obſerve, that Poetry is of late mightily fall'n from the Beauty of its* Idea, *and from its ancient* Majeſty *and grandeur, as well as* Credit and Reputation.

It may appear ſtrange indeed, that in ſuch a Refining *Age as this, wherein all things ſeem ready to receive their* laſt turn *and* finiſhing ſtroke, *Poetry ſhould be the only thing that remains unimprov'd. And yet ſo it happens, that which we generally have now a-days, is no more like the thing it was*

was formerly, than Modern Religion *is like* Primitive Christianity.

'Tis with this as with our Musick. *From grave, majestic, solemn strains, where deep instructive sense is sweetly convey'd in charming numbers, where equal address is made to the* Judgment *and the* Imagination, *and where* Beauty *and* Strength *go hand in hand, 'tis now for the most part dwindled down to light, frothy stuff, consisting either of mad extravagant Rants, or slight* Witticisms, *and little amorous* Conceits, *fit only for a* Tavern entertainment, *and that too among Readers of a* Dutch *Palate.*

The truth is, this most Excellent and Divine Art has of late been so cheapned *and depretiated by the* bungling *performances of some who thought themselves* inspired, *and whose* Readers *too have been more kind to them than their* Planets, *that* Poetry *is grown almost out of* Repute, *and Men come strongly prejudiced against any thing of this kind, as expecting nothing but* Froth *and* Emptiness, *and to be a* Poet, *goes for little more than a* Country Fidler.

But certainly he had once another Character, *and that in as* nice *and* wise *an Age as this. If we may believe the great* Horace *he was one*

--------Cui mens Divinior, atque Os
Magna locuturum --------

He had then his Temples *surrounded with a* Divine glory, *spoke like the* Oracle *of the God of* Wisdom, *and could describe no Hero greater than* himself. *Poetry was once the* Mistress *of all the Arts in the* Circle,

Circle, *that which held the* Rains *of the World in her Hand, and which gave the* firſt, *and (if we may judge by the effects) perhaps the* beſt Inſtitutes *for the moralizing and governing the Paſſions of Mankind.*

The Deſign therefore of the preſent Undertaking, is to reſtore the declining *Genius of Poetry to its* Primitive *and* genuin *greatneſs, to wind up the* Strings *of the* Muſes Lyre, *and to ſhew that* ſenſe *and* graceſulneſs *are as conſiſtent in theſe as in any other Compoſitions. I deſign here all the* Maſculine ſenſe *and* Argument *of a* Diſſertation, *with the advantage of* Poetic Fineneſs, *Beauty and Spirit, and accordingly I have made choice for the moſt part of* Divine *and* Moral *Subjects; and if I meddle with any other ſort, I commonly turn the* ſtream *another way, as particularly in thoſe Two* Poems *call'd* Beauty *and* Love, *which I have* reſcued *from thoſe ſordid abuſes they have hitherto ſuffer'd.*

I confeſs 'tis a difficult Province to make ſubſtantial maſſy *Senſe yield to the* ſoftneſs of Poetry, *and accordingly we find there are few Poems after the* Divine *and* Moral *way, but what are ſtiff, flat and inſipid; but without this* Mixture, *Poetry is nothing worth; and when it has it, it has all it* can *have, and is withal ſo* Divine *a thing, that even* Plato *I fancy would give it entertainment in* his Common-wealth.

I need not make any other Apology *for my converſing with the* Muſes, *for I do not think it an employment beneath the Character of a* Scholar; *and*

the

tho I have now ſet up my outmoſt Pillar, *yet I can't find in my heart to repent me of thoſe* few Blank hours *beſtow'd in this Exerciſe. For I have the example of ſome of the* greateſt *and* wiſeſt *in all Ages to warrant me, and the greatneſs of* Solomon *is ſeen as much in his* Divine Paſtoral, *the* Canticles, *as in his* Proverbs *or* Sermons; *and the wiſe* Ben-Sirach *among other Characters of his* Heroes *puts in this among the reſt, that they were* ſuch as found out Muſical Tunes, and recited Verſes in writing, *Eccl.* 44. 5.

And thus much for the Verſe-part. *Concerning the* Eſſays *and* Diſcourſes *I have only this to ſay, that I deſign'd in them as much* Brevity *and* Clearneſs *as are conſiſtent with each other, and to abound in* Senſe *rather than* Words: *I wiſh all Men would obſerve this in their Writings more than they do. I'm ſure the* multitude of Books, *and the* ſhortneſs of Life *require it; and Senſe will lye in a little compaſs, if Men would be perſwaded to vent no Notions but what they are* Maſters *of; and were* Angels *to write, I fancy we ſhould have but few* Folio's.

This is what I deſign'd *and* endeavour'd *in the* whole. *Whether I have* attain'd *it or no, I ſubmit to* Judgment.

All-Souls Coll.
June 1. 1687.

J. Norris.

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——— *Quis talia fando*
Temperet a Lachrymis? ———

I.

SAY *bold Licentious* Muse,
What *Noble* Subject wilt thou chuse;
Of what great *Hero*, of what *mighty* thing,
Wilt thou in *boundless* numbers sing?
Sing the *unfathom'd* Depths of *Love*,
(For who the Wonders done by *Love* can tell,
By *Love*, which is it self *all Miracle?*)
Here in vast endless Circles may'st thou rove,
And like the travelling Planet of the day
In an Orb *unbounded* stray.
Sing the great Miracle of Love *Divine*,
Great be thy *Genius*, *sparkling* every Line,
Love's greatest *Mystery* reherse:
Greater then that
Which on the teeming *Chaos* brooding sate,
And *hatch'd*, with kindly heat, the Universe.
How *God* in Mercy chose to *bleed*, and *dye*,
To rescue *Man* from Misery,
Man, not his *Creature* only, but his *Enemy*.

II.

Lo, in *Gethsemane*, I see him prostrate lye,
Press'd with the *weight* of his great Agony.

The *common* Sluces of the Eyes
To vent his *mighty* Paſſion won't ſuffice,
His tortured Body weeps *all-o're*,
And out of every Pore
*Bud*s forth a *precious* Gem of Purple Gore.
How ſtrange the power of Afflictions rod
When in the Hand of an incenſed God!
Like the *commanding* Wand
In *Moſes* Hand
It works a Miracle, and turns the *Flood*
Of *Tears* into a *Sea* of *Blood*.
See with what *Pomp* Sorrow does now appear!
How *proud* She is of being ſeated here!
She never wore
So *rich* a *Dye* before.
Long was he willing to decline
Th' *Encounter* of the Wrath Divine.
Thrice he ſent for his Releaſe
Pathetic Embaſſies of Peace,
At length his Courage overcame his Doubt,
Reſolv'd he was, and ſo the *bloody Flagg* hung out.

III.

And now the *Tragic Scene*'s diſplai'd,
Where drawn in full *Battalia* are laid
Before his Eyes
That numerous *Hoſt* of Miſeries
He muſt withſtand, that *Map* of Woe
Which he muſt undergo.
That heavy *Wine-preſs* which muſt by him be *trod*,
The whole *Artillery* of God.
He ſaw that Face whoſe very Sight
Cheers Angels with its *Beatific* Light,

Contracted

Contracted now into a dreadful frown,
All *cloath'd* with Thunder, *big* with death
And Showers of hot burning Wrath,
Which shortly must be poured down.
He saw a black and direful Scroll,
Of Sins past, present, and to come,
With their intolerable Doom
Which would the more oppress his *spotless* Soul;
As th' Elements are weighty proved
When from their *Native* Station they'r removed.
He saw the foul *Ingratitude* of those
Who would the *Labours* of his Love oppose,
And reap no benefit by all his *Agonies*.
He saw all this,
And as he saw, to *Waver* he began,
And almost to *repent* of his great Love for Man.

IV.

When lo, a heavenly Form all bright and fair,
Swifter than *Thought* shot through th' *enlight'ned* Air.
He who sat next th' *imperial* Throne,
And read the Councels of the Great *Three-One*,
Who in Eternity's *Mysterious Glass* (pass;
Saw both what was, what is, and what must come to
He came with Reverence profound,
And rais'd his *prostrate Maker* from the Ground;
Wiped off the bloody Sweat
With which his *Face* and *Garments* too were wet,
And comforted his dark *benighted* Mind
With sovereign Cordials of *Light refin'd*.
This done, in soft addresses he began
To *fortifie* his kind Designs for Man,
Unseal'd to him the Book of Gods Decree:
And shew'd him what *must* be,

Alledg'd the Truth of *Prophecies*,
Types, *Figures*, and *Myſteries*,
How needful it was to ſupply
With humane Race the *ruins* of the Skie.
How this would *new acceſſion* bring
To the *Celeſtial Quire*,
And how withall it would inſpire
New Matter for the Praiſe of the great King.
How he ſhould ſee the *travail of his Soul*, and bleſs
Thoſe Sufferings which had ſo good Succeſs.
How great the *Triumphs* of his Victory,
How glorious his *Aſcent* would be,
What *weighty* Bliſs in Heaven he ſhould obtain
By a few Hours of Pain,
Where to *Eternal* Ages he ſhould Reign.
He ſpake, confirm'd in mind the *Champion* ſtood,
A Spirit divine
Through the thick *Veil* of Fleſh did ſhine,
All over *Powerful* he was, all over *Good*.
Pleas'd with his ſucceſsful Flight,
The *Officious* Angel poſts away
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day,
Departing in a *track* of *Light*.
In haſte for News the heavenly People ran,
And joy'd to hear the *hopeful* State of Man.

V.

And now that ſtrange prodigious hour,
When God muſt ſubject be to humane Power,
That Hour is come,
Th' *unerring Clock* of *Fate* has *ſtruck*,
'Twas heard below down to Hell's *loweſt* Room,
And ſtrait th' Infernal Powers th' *appointed ſignal* took,
Open the *Scene* my Muſe, and ſee
Wonders of Impudence and Villany;

How

How wicked *Mercenary* hands
Dare to *invade* him whom they ſhould *adore*,
With Swords and Staves incompaſs'd round he ſtands,
Who knew no other *Guards* but thoſe of Heaven before.
Once with his *powerful* breath he did repell
The rude aſſaults of Hell.
A ray of his *Divinity*
Shot forth with that bold Anſwer, *I am He*,
They *reel* and *ſtagger*, and *fall* to the Ground,
For *God* was in the Sound.
The Voice of God was once again
Walking in the *Garden* heard,
And once again was by the *guilty* Hearers fear'd,
Trembling ſeiz'd every Joynt, and chilneſs every Vein.
This *little* Victory he won,
Shew'd what he *could* have done.
But he to whom as *chief* was given
The whole *Militia* of Heaven,
That *Mighty* He,
Declines all Guards for his defence,
But that of his *inſeparable Innocence*;
And *quietly* gives up his Liberty.
He's ſeiz'd on by the *Military bands*,
With Cords they bind his *ſacred* hands,
But ah! how *weak*, what *nothings* would they prove,
Were he not held by *ſtronger* ones of *Love*.

VI.

Once more, my weary'd Muſe, thy Pinions try,
And *reach* the top of *Calvary*.
A *ſteep Aſcent*: But moſt to him who bore
The *Burthen* of a *Croſs* this way before.
(The Croſs *aſcends*, there's ſomething in it ſure
That *Moral* is and *myſtical*,
No *Heights* of Fortune are from thee ſecure,
Afflictions ſometimes *Climb*, as well as *fall*)

Here breathe a while, and view
The dolefull'ſt *Picture* Sorrow ever *drew*,
The *Lord of Life*, Heavens *darling* Son,
The Great, th' Almighty one,
With *out-ſtretch'd* Arms, nail'd to a *curſed* Tree,
Crown'd with Sharp Thorns, cover'd with Infamy;
He who before
So many *Miracles* had done,
The Lives of *others* to *reſtore*,
Does with a *greater*, *loſe* his *own*:
Full three long hours his *tender* body did ſuſtain
Moſt exquiſite and *poignant* pain,
So long the *Sympathizing* Sun his light *withdrew*,
And *wonder'd* how the Stars their *dying* Lord could *view*.

VII.

This ſtrange defect of light
Does all the *Sages* in *Aſtronomy* affright
With fears of an *Eternal* Night,
Th' *Intelligences* in their Courſes *ſtray*,
And *Travellers* below *miſtake* their way,
Wond'ring to be benighted in the midſt of *Day*.
Each mind is ſeiz'd with *Horror* and *Deſpair*,
And more o'*reſpread* with *darkneſs* than the *Air*.
Fear on, 'tis *wondrous* all and *new*,
'Tis what paſt Ages never knew.
Fear on, but yet you'll find
The *great Eclipſe* is ſtill behind.
The *luſtre* of the face *Divine*
Does on the *Mighty Sufferer* no longer *ſhine*.
God hides his Glories from his ſight
With a thick *Skreen* made of Hell's *groſſeſt* night.
Cloſe-wrought it was, and *Solid* all,
Compacted and *Subſtantial*,
Impenetrable to the *Beatifick* light;

With-

Without *Complaint* he bore
The tortures he endur'd *before*;
But *now* no longer able to *contain*
Under the great *Hyperbole* of pain,
He *mourns*, and with a ſtrong *Pathetick* cry,
Laments the ſad *Deſertion* of the *Deity*.
Here ſtop my Muſe, ſtop and admire,
The *Breather* of all Life does now *expire*;
His *Milder* Father ſummons him away,
His Breath *obediently* he does reſign;
Angels to *Paradice* his Soul convey,
And *Calm* the *Reliſts* of his grief with *Hymns* divine.

Annotations.

THis Ode is after the Pindaric way; which is the higheſt and moſt magnificent kind of writing in Verſe, and conſequently fit only for great and noble Subjects, ſuch as are as *boundleſs* as its *own Numbers:* The nature of which is to be looſe and free, and not to keep one ſettled pace, but ſometimes like a gentle ſtream to glide along peaceably within its own Channel, and ſometimes, like an impetuous Torrent, to *roul* on extravagantly, and carry all before it. Agreeable to that deſcription of *Horace:*

——Nunc pace delabentis Hetruſcum
In mare, nunc lapides adeſos
Stirpeſque raptas & pecus & domos
Volventis una non ſine montium,
Clamore vicinæque Sylvæ.

And this may ſerve to explain the Introduction of the Poem:

And hatch'd with kindly heat the Univerſe.

Love in the *Gentile Theology*, is made the moſt ancient of the Gods, and the Sire of all things. ἵνα πάντα δι' ἐκείνου μετάσχῃ γενέσεως, ſays *Plutarch.*

And

And it is deſcribed by *Simmias Rhodius*, in a pair of Wings, which ſuited well with the *Symbolical* repreſentation of the *Chaos* by an Egg, which was brooded and hatch'd under theſe Wings of Love. This whole matter is rarely well, and at large expreſs'd by *Ariſtophanes* in *Avibus*. The plain and *undiſguiſed* meaning of it is this, That the Creation of the World was the effect of the Divine Love, God having no other end in it beſides the *Communication* of his own *Happineſs*.

As th' Elements are weighty proved,
When from their Native Station they're removed.

This is according to the *Ariſtotelean Hypotheſis*, that the Elements are not heavy in their own places, which whether it be true or no, I ſhall not now diſpute. However, it ſerves for an *Illuſtration*, which is ſufficient for my preſent purpoſe.

He ſaw the foul Ingratitude of thoſe, &c.

The bitter Ingredients of our Lord's Cup mention'd hitherto, were taken from things relating to his own *perſonal* concern. But this laſt Motive of his Sorrow proceeds wholly on the behalf of *others*, of whoſe final Impenitence he is ſuppos'd to have a foreſight. This I take to be a good and proper inſinuation of the excellency of our Bleſſed Lord's temper, his exceeding great Love and *Philanthropy*, when among

among the other Ingredients of his Paſſion this is ſuppoſed to be one, that there would be ſome, who, by their own default, would receive no benefit from it.

Unſeal'd to him the Book of God's Decree, &c. Whether the Angel uſed theſe *topicks* of Conſolation or no, is a thing as indifferent to my purpoſe, as 'tis *uncertain*. In the Scripture it is only ſaid in general, that *there appear'd an Angel from Heaven ſtrengthning him*. However, theſe Arguments are ſuch as are probable and pertinent, and that's ſufficient.

In haſte for news the heavenly people ran,
And joy'd to hear the hopeful ſtate of man.

It is highly reaſonable to believe that thoſe bleſſed and excellent Spirits, who out of their compaſſionate love and concern for mankind, uſher'd in the news of our Saviour's Nativity with *Anthems* of *Praiſe* and *Thanksgiving*; and are ſaid likewiſe to *rejoyce* at the Converſion of a Sinner, were alſo mightily tranſported with Joy, when they underſtood that our Saviour, notwithſtanding the *reluctancy* of *innocent* Nature, was at length fully reſolv'd to undertake the *Price* of our Redemption.

Full three long hours his Tender Body did ſuſtain
Moſt exquiſite and poignant pain.

It is ſuppoſed by the Ancient Fathers, that the Suffer-

Sufferings which our Bleſſed Saviour underwent in his Body, were more afflictive to him than the ſame would have been to another man, upon the account of the excellency and quickneſs of his ſenſe of feeling: And this Opinion I take to be as *reaſonable*, as 'tis *pious*. For ſince, according to the Principles of Philoſophy, the ſenſe of Feeling ariſes from the proportion of the firſt Qualities, it follows, that the better the complexion or temperament of any man is, the better his Feeling muſt needs be. Now 'tis very reaſonable to believe, that that man who was to be ſubſtantially united to the *Godhead*, and who was begotten by the miraculous *overſhadowings* of the holy Spirit, ſhould have a Body endow'd with the beſt Complexion, and moſt noble *Harmony* of Qualities that could be, that ſo it might be a ſuitable Organ for his excellent Soul. And if ſo, then it follows that the fleſh of our Lord's Body was ſo ſoft and tender, and his Feeling ſo exquiſitely quick and ſenſible, as never any man's was before: And conſequently the ſevere uſages which he underwent, not only at his *Paſſion*, but throughout his *whole* Life, muſt needs be in a *Singular* manner afflictive to him. And hence appears the Vanity of their Opinion, who are little or nothing affected with the conſideration of our Lords Paſſion, becauſe they think it was made Light to him, by reaſon of his Union with the *God-head*. 'Twas eaſie for him (ſome inconſiderate

derate Persons are ready to say) to suffer this or this, for he was God, and not meer man, as we are. True, he was so, but his being God did no way lessen the punishment he underwent as *man*, but only supported him in his *existence* under it, in the same manner as God is supposed, by an act of his Almighty Power, to preserve the Bodies of the *Damn'd*, *incorruptible* among the *everlasting burnings*. But this I think is no *kindness* to them. Neither did the Society of the Divine Nature any more diminish the Sufferings of our dearest Lord; nay, in one respect it proved an *accidental aggravation* to them, because upon the account of this Noble Union he had given him a Body of a most admirable Complexion and Harmonious Temperature, and consequently of a Flesh exceeding tender, and most exquisitely perceptive of the least impressions.

So long the Sympathizing Sun his light withdrew,
And wonder'd how the Stars their dying Lord
could view.

The *Eclipse* which accompany'd the Passion of our Saviour was so remarkable and miraculous, that 'twas taken notice of by many of the *Gentile* Historians. There are three things which made this Eclipse so very remarkable, the time of its *Appearance*, the time of its *Duration*, and the *Degree* of it. 1. For the time of its Appearance, it was at *full Moon*, when the Moon was not in

Con-

Conjunction with, but in Oppoſition to the Sun. And this appears not only from the teſtimony of *Dionyſius*, who affirms that he ſaw it at that time, but alſo from the time of our Lord's *Paſſion*, which, according to the relation of the *Evangeliſt*, was at the Celebration of the *Paſſover*. Now the *Jews* were bound to celebrate the *Paſchal* Solemnity always at full Moon, as is to be ſeen in the twelfth of *Exodus*. This was no time therefore for a *Natural* Eclipſe, becauſe 'twas impoſſible that the Moon ſhould then interpoſe betwixt us and the Sun. 2. For the time of its *Duration*, it was full three hours, which is another Evidence that this was no *Natural* Eclipſe: For the *Natural* Eclipſe of the Sun can never laſt ſo long, both becauſe of the great diſproportion between the Suns Magnitude, and that of the Moon, and becauſe of the ſwift motion of the *latter*. 3. For the *degree* of it, it was a *total* Eclipſe. The Sun was ſo darkned, that (as Hiſtorians report, who write of that Eclipſe) the *Stars* appear'd. And this is another Argument that it was no *Natural Phænomenon*, it being impoſſible that the Body of the Moon, which is ſo infinitely leſs than that of the Sun, ſhould totally Eclipſe it. Now all theſe three Remarkables are comprized in the compaſs of theſe two Verſes. For in that it is ſaid that the *Sun withdrew his light*, it is intimated that the light of the Sun was not *intercepted* by the ordinary *conjunction* of the Moon, but that by an Extraordinary

dinary *Commiſſion* from the God of Nature, the Sun *reign'd* in his light, and *ſuſpended* the emiſſion of his Beams. And this denotes the time of its *appearance*, (*viz.*) when the Moon was not in *Conjunction*. The time of its *duration* is implied by the words, *So long*. And laſtly, the *Degree* of it is implied in the laſt Verſe,

And wonder'd how the Stars their dying Lord could view.

Where the appearance of the Stars is not *directly* expreſs'd, but only *inſinuated* and *couch'd*, for the more elegancy of the thought.

And calm the Relicts of his grief with Hymns divine.

It is here ſuppoſed that the Paſſion of our Saviour was now over, and his Father's wrath wholly appeas'd. For I can by no means approve the Opinion of thoſe who fancy that our Saviour, in the interim betwixt his Death and Reſurrection, deſcended *locally* into Hell, there to ſuffer the torments of the damn'd. His own words upon the Croſs, *It is finiſh'd*; His promiſe to the penitent Thief, that he ſhould be with him that day in *Paradice*, and his laſt *reſignation* of his Spirit into the hands of his Father, do all of them apparently contradict it. But yet, though the *bitter Cup* was wholly drank off upon the Croſs, 'tis natural to imagine ſome little

little *reliſh* of it to remain behind for a time. Though all his ſufferings and *penal* inflictions were ended before his death, yet, I ſuppoſe (and I think very naturally) ſome little *diſcompoſures* of mind, remaining like the *after-droppings* of a ſhower, which his Soul could not immediately ſhake off, upon her releaſe from the Body. In alluſion to that of *Virgil*,

Inter quas Phœniſſa recens a vulnere Dido
Errabat Sylva in Magna ----

Where the Poet fancies the Ghoſt of *Dido* being newly releas'd from the pains of Love, could not preſently forget her *ſhady* walks and *melancholy* retirements: Now theſe *Remains* of Sorrow and *after-diſturbances* of mind which cleav'd to the Soul of the *Holy Jeſus*, I ſuppoſe here to be allay'd by the *Muſick* of Angels in his *paſſage* to *Paradice*.

An Hymn upon the Transfiguration.

I.

HAil *King of Glory*, clad in Robes of Light,
Out-ſhining all we here call bright:
Hail Light's divineſt *Galaxy*,
Hail *Expreſs Image* of the *Deity*.
Could now thy *Amorous Spouſe* thy Beauties view,
How would her wounds all bleed anew!
Lovely thou art all o're and bright,
Thou *Iſrael's Glory*, and thou *Gentile's Light*.

II.

But whence this brightneſs, whence this ſuddain day?
Who did thee thus with Light array?
Did thy *Divinity* diſpence
T' its *Conſort* a more *liberal* influence?
Or did ſome Curious Angel's *Chymick* Art
The *Spirits* of pureſt light impart,
Drawn from the *Native Spring* of day,
And wrought into an *Organized* ray?

III.

How e're 'twas done, 'tis Glorious and Divine,
Thou doſt with *radiant wonders* ſhine.
The Sun with his bright Company,
Are all *groſs Meteors* if compar'd to thee.
Thou art the Fountain whence their Light does flow,
But to thy *will* thine *own* doſt owe.
For (as at firſt) thou didſt but ſay, (day.
Let there be light, and ſtrait ſprang forth this wondrous

IV. Let

IV.

Let now the *Eastern Princes* come and bring
Their *Tributary* Offering.
There needs no *Star* to guide their flight,
They'll find thee now, *great King*, by thine *own* light.
And thou, my Soul, adore, love, and admire,
And *follow* this *bright Guide* of *Fire*.
Do thou thy *Hymns* and *Praises* bring
Whil'st Angels with *Veil'd Faces*, Anthems sing.

The Parting.

I.

DEpart! The Sentence of the *Damn'd* I hear;
Compendious grief, and *black* despair.
I now believe the *Schools* with ease,
(Tho once an *happy Infidel*)
That should the *Sense* no torment seize,
Yet *Pain* of *Loss* alone would make a *Hell*.

II.

Take all, since me of this you Gods deprive,
'Tis hardly now worth while to live.
Nought in *exchange* can grateful prove,
No second Friendship can be found
To match my mourning *Widow'd* Love;
Eden is lost, the rest's but *common* ground.

III.

Why are the *greatest Blessings* sent in vain,
Which must be lost with *greater pain*?

Or why do we fondly admire
The greateſt good which *life* can boaſt?
When Fate will have the *Bliſs expire*,
Like *Life*, with painful *Agonies* 'tis loſt.

IV.

How fading are the Joves we dote upon,
Like *Apparitions ſeen* and *gone:*
But thoſe which ſooneſt take their flight,
Are the moſt *exquiſite* and *ſtrong*,
Like *Angels* viſits, *ſhort* and *bright*;
Mortality's too *weak* to bear them *long*.

V.

No pleaſure certainly is ſo divine
As when two Souls in Love combine:
He has the *ſubſtance* of all bliſs,
To whom a Vertuous *Friend* is given,
So ſweet harmonious Friendſhip is,
Add but *Eternity*, you'll make it *Heaven*.

VI.

The *Minutes* in your converſation ſpent
Were *Feſtivals* of true content.
Here, here, an *Ark* of pleaſing *reſt*,
My Soul had found that *reſtleſs Dove*,
My *preſent* State methought was *beſt*,
I envy'd none *below*, ſcarce thoſe *above*.

VII.

But now the better part of me is gone,
My Sun is *ſet*, my Turtle *flown*.
Tho here and there of *leſſer* bliſs
Some *twinkling* Stars give *feeble* light,
Still there a mournful *darkneſs* is,
They ſhine but juſt enough to ſhew 'tis *night*.

VIII. Fatal

VIII.

Fatal divorce! What have I done amiſs,
To bear ſuch miſery as this?
The World yields now no real good,
All happineſs is now become
But *painted* and *deluding* food:
As meer a *Fiction* as *Elyſium*.

IX.

Well then, ſince nothing elſe can pleaſe my taſte,
I'll *ruminate* on pleaſures *paſt*.
So when with glorious Viſions bleſt,
The waking *Hermit* finds no Theme
That's grateful to his thoughtful breaſt,
He ſweetly *recollects* his pleaſing *Dream*.

To a Lady, who asked him, What Life was?

'Tis not becauſe I *breathe* and *eat*,
'Tis not becauſe a vigorous heat
Drives *round* my Blood, and does impart
Motion to my Pulſe and Heart:
'Tis not ſuch proofs as theſe can give
Any aſſurance that I *Live*:
No, no, to *Live* is to *enjoy*;
What marrs our *bliſs* does *Life* deſtroy:
The days which paſs without *Content*,
Are not *liv'd* properly, but *ſpent*.
Who ſays the Damn'd in Hell do *Live*?
That word we to the *Bleſſed* give:

The *Sum* of all whose happiness
We by the Name of *Life* express.
Well then, if this account be true,
To *Live* is still to Live with *You*.

The third Chapter of Job *Paraphrased.*

I.

CUrs'd, ever curs'd be that unhappy day,
When first the Sun's unwelcom ray
I saw *with trembling* eyes, being newly come
From the *dark* Prison of the *Womb*.
When first to me my vital breath was lent,
That breath which now must *all* in *sighs* be spent.

II.

Let not the Sun his chearing Beams display
Upon that *wretched, wretched* day;
But mourn in *Sables*, and all over shroud
His glories in a *sullen* cloud.
Let light to *upper* Regions be confin'd,
And all *below* as black as is my *mind*.

III.

Curs'd be the night which first began to lay
The *ground-work* of this House of Clay:
Let it not have the Honour to appear
In the *Retinue* of the year.
Let all the days shun its society,
Hate, curse, abandon it as much as I.

IV. Le

IV.

Let *Melancholy* call that *Night* her *own*,
Then let her ſigh, then let her groan:
A general grief throughout all Nature ſpread,
With folded arms, and drooping head.
All Harps be ſtill, or tun'd to *ſuch* a ſtrain
As *Fiends* might hear, and yet not *eaſe* their *pain*.

V.

Let neither Moon nor Stars, with *borrow'd* light,
Checquer the blackneſs of that Night;
But let a pure *unqueſtion'd* Darkneſs rear
Her *Sooty* Wings all o're the Air;
Such as once on th' *Abyſs* of *Chaos* lay,
Not to be *pierc'd* by *Stars*, ſcarce by the *edge* of *Day*.

VI.

Why was there then, ah, why a paſſage free
At once for *life* and *miſery*?
Why did I not *uncloiſter'd* from the Womb
Take my *next Lodging* in a Tomb?
Why with ſuch *cruel* tenderneſs and care
Was I *nurs'd* up to Sorrow and Deſpair?

VII.

For now in ſweet repoſe might I have lain
Secure from any grief or pain:
Untouch'd with care, my Bed I ſhould have made
In Death's cool and refreſhing *ſhade*.
I ſhould have ſlept now in a happy place,
All calm and ſilent as the *Empty ſpace*.

VIII.

There where great *Emperours* their heads lay down,
Tir'd with the *burthen* of a Crown.

There where the Mighty, Popular and Great,
Are happy in a *dear* retreat;
Enjoy that *ſolid* Peace which here in vain
In *Grotts* and *ſhady walks* they ſought t' obtain.

IX.

None of Hells Agents can or dare moleſt
This *awful Sanctuary* of reſt,
No Priſoners ſighs, no groanings of the Slave,
Diſturb the *quiet* of the *Grave*.
From toil and labour here they ever ceaſe,
And keep a *Sabbath* of ſweet *reſt* and *peace*.

X.

Why then does *Heaven* on Mortals Life beſtow
When 'tis thus *overtax'd* with woe?
Why am I forc'd to live againſt my will,
When all the *good* is *loſt* in *ill*?
My ſighs flow thick, my groans ſound from afar,
Like *falling waters* to the *traveller*.

Seraphic Love.

I.

'Tis true, *Frail Beauty*, I did once reſign
To thy *imperious* Charms this Heart of mine:
There didſt thou *undiſturb'd* thy Scepter ſway,
And I methought was *pleas'd* t' obey,
Thou ſeem'ſt ſo lovely, ſo divine,
With ſuch ſweet Graces didſt thou ſhine,
Thou entertain'ſt my *Amorous* ſenſe
With ſuch *Harmonious* excellence,

That,

That, Credulous and Silly I,
With *vain*, with *impious* Idolatry,
Ador'd that *Star* which was to lead me to the *Deity*.

II.

But now, thou ſoft *Enchantreſs* of the mind,
Farewel, a change, a mighty change I find;
The Empire of my Heart thou muſt reſign,
For I can be no longer *thine*.
A Nobler, a Diviner Gueſt,
Has took poſſeſſion of my Breaſt;
He has, and muſt *engroſs* it all,
And yet the room is ſtill too *ſmall*.
In vain you tempt my Heart to rove,
A fairer Object now my Soul does move,
It muſt be all *Devotion*, what before was *Love*.

III.

Through *Contemplation's Optics* I have ſeen
Him who is *Fairer than the Sons of men:*
The *Source* of good, the light *Archetypall*,
Beauty in the *Original*.
The faireſt of ten thouſand, He,
Proportion all and Harmony.
All *Mortal Beauty's* but a ray
Of his bright ever-ſhining day;
A little *feeble twinkling* Star,
Which now the *Sun's* in place muſt *diſappear*;
There is but *One* that's *Good*, there is but *One* that's *Fair*.

IV.

To thee, thou *only Fair*, my Soul aſpires,
With *Holy Breathings*, *languiſhing* deſires.
To thee m' *inamour'd*, *panting* Heart does move,
By *Efforts* of *Ecſtatic* Love.

How do thy glorious *Streams* of Light
Refresh my *intellectual* sight!
Tho *broken*, and strain'd through a Skreen
Of *envious* Flesh that stands between!
When shall m' *imprison'd* Soul be free,
That she thy *Native uncorrected* Light may see,
And *gaze* upon thy *Beatifick* Face to all *Eternity*?

The Retirement.

I.

WEll, I have thought on't, and I find,
This *busie World* is Nonsense all;
I here despair to please my mind,
Her sweetest *Honey* is so mixt with *Gall*.
Come then, I'll try how 'tis to be *alone*,
Live to my self a while, and be my *own*.

II.

I've try'd, and bless the *happy* change;
So happy, I could almost vow
Never from this *Retreat* to range,
For sure I ne'r can be so blest as now.
From all th' *allays* of bliss I here am free,
I *pity others*, and none *envy me*.

III.

Here in this shady lonely Grove
I *sweetly think* my hours away,
Neither with *Business* vex'd, nor *Love*,
Which in the *World* bear such *Tyrannic* sway:
No Tumults can my *close Apartment find*, (Wind.
Calm as those *Seats above*, which know no Storm nor

IV. Let

IV.

Let *Plots* and *News* embroil the State,
Pray what's that to my *Books* and *Me*?
Whatever be the *Kingdom*'s Fate,
Here I am ſure t' *enjoy* a *Monarchy*.
Lord of my ſelf, accountable to none,
Like the firſt Man in *Paradice*, alone.

V.

While the *Ambitious vainly* ſue,
And of the *partial* Stars complain,
I ſtand upon the *Shore* and view
The mighty *Labours* of the diſtant *Main*,
I'm flush'd with *ſilent* joy, and ſmile to ſee
The Shafts of *Fortune* ſtill drop *ſhort* of *me*.

VI.

Th' *uneaſie Pageantry* of State,
And all the *Plagues* to *Thought* and *Senſe*
Are far remov'd; I'm plac'd by Fate
Out of the *Road* of all *Impertinence*.
Thus, tho my *fleeting* Life runs *ſwiftly* on,
'Twill not be *ſhort*, becauſe 'tis *all* my *own*.

The

The Infidel.

I.

Farewel *Fruition*, thou grand *Cruel* Cheat,
Which first our hopes dost *raise* and then *defeat*.
Farewel thou *Midwife* to *Abortive* Bliss,
Thou *Mystery* of fallacies.
Distance presents the Object fair,
With Charming features and a graceful air,
But when we come to *seize* th' inviting prey,
Like a *Shy Ghost*, it vanishes away.

II.

So to th' *unthinking* Boy the distant Sky
Seems on some Mountain's Surface to relie;
He with *ambitious* haste climbs the ascent,
Curious to touch the *Firmament*:
But when with an unweary'd pace
Arriv'd he is at the *long-wish'd-for* place,
With Sighs the sad defeat he does deplore,
His *Heaven* is *still* as *distant* as *before*.

III.

And yet 'twas long e're I could *throughly* see
This grand Impostor's *frequent* Treachery.
Tho often Fool'd, yet I should still dream on
Of Pleasure in *Reversion*.
Tho still he did my hopes *deceive*,
His fair Pretensions I would still *believe*.
Such was my *Charity*, that tho I knew
And found him *false*, yet I would think him *true*.

IV. But

IV.

But now he ſhall no more with *ſhews* deceive,
I will no more *enjoy*, no more *believe*.
Th' *unwary Jugler* has ſo often ſhewn
His *Fallacies*, that now they'r known.
Shall I *truſt* on? the Cheat is plain,
I *will* not be *impoſ'd* upon *again*.
I'll view the *Bright Appearance* from *afar*,
But never try to *catch* the falling Star.

On a Muſician, ſuppoſed to be mad with Muſick.

I.

POOR *dull* miſtake of *low* Mortality,
To call that *Madneſs*, which is *Ecſtacy*.
'Tis no diſorder of the Brain,
His Soul is only *ſet* t' an *higher ſtrain*.
Out-ſoar he does the Sphere of *Common* Senſe,
Rais'd to Diviner Excellence;
But when at higheſt pitch, his Soul out-flies
Not *Reaſon's Bounds*, but thoſe of *vulgar* Eyes.

II.

So when the *Myſtic Sibyl's* Sacred Breaſt
Was with *Divine Infuſions* poſſeſt,
'Twas *Rage* and *Madneſs* thought to be,
Which was all *Oracle* and *Myſtery*.
And ſo the Soul that's ſhortly to *Commence*
A Spirit *free* from dregs of Senſe,
Is thought to *rave*, when She diſcourſes high,
And *breathes* the *lofty ſtrains* of *Immortality*.

III. Muſic,

III.

Muſic, thou *Generous Ferment* of the Soul,
Thou univerſal *Cement* of the *whole*;
Thou *Spring* of Paſſion, that doſt inſpire
Religious Ardours, and *Poetic Fire*,
VVho'd think that *Madneſs* ſhould b' aſcrib'd to thee,
That *mighty Diſcord* to thy *Harmony*?
But 'twas *ſuch ignorance* that call'd the Gift Divine
Of *Various Tongues*, *Rage*, and th' *effects* of *Wine*.

IV.

But thou, *Seraphic* Soul, do thou advance
In thy ſweet *Ecſtacy*, thy *pleaſing Trance*;
Let thy brisk paſſions mount ſtill higher,
Till they joyn to the *Element* of *Fire*.
Soar higher yet, till thou ſhalt calmly hear
The Muſick of a well-tun'd Sphere: (know
Then on the *lumpiſh maſs* look down, and thou ſhal
The *Madneſs* of the *World*, for groveling ſtill below.

The Conſolation.

I.

I Grant 'tis bad, but there is ſome relief
In the *Society* of Grief.
'Tis ſweet to him that *mourns* to ſee
A *whole* Houſe clad in Sorrow's Livery.
Grief in *Communion* does *remiſs* appear,
Like *harſher* ſounds in *Conſort*, which *leſs* grate the Ear.

II.

Men would not curſe the Stars, did they diſpenſe
In *common* their ill Influence,

Let

Let none be *rich*, and Poverty
VVould not be thought ſo great a Miſery.
Our diſcontent is from *compariſon*;
Were better ſtates *unſeen*, each man would like his *own*.

III.

Should *partial* Seas *wreck* my poor Ship *alone*,
I might with cauſe my Fate bemoan.
But ſince before I *ſink*, I ſee
A *Numerous Fleet* of Ships deſcend wih me,
Why don't I with *content* my Breath reſign?
I will, and in the *greater* ruine *bury* mine.

The Choice.

Stet quicunque volet potens
Aulæ culmine lubrico, &c.

I.

NO, I ſhan't envy him who're he be
That ſtands upon the *Battlements* of State;
Stand there who will for me,
I'd rather be *ſecure* than *great*.
Of being ſo *high* the *pleaſure* is but *ſmall*,
But *long the Ruin*, if I chance to *fall*.

II.

Let me in ſome ſweet ſhade *ſerenely lye*,
Happy in *leiſure* and *obſcurity*;
Whilſt others place their joys
In *Popularity* and *noiſe*.
Let my ſoft minutes *glide obſcurely* on
Like *ſubterraneous* ſtreams, *unheard*, *unknown*.

III. Thus

III.

Thus when my days are all in *silence* past,
A good *plain Country-man* I'll dye at last.
Death cannot chuse but be
To him a *mighty* misery,
Who to the World was *popularly* known,
And dies a *Stranger* to *himself alone*.

The Meditation.

I.

IT must be done (my Soul) but 'tis a strange,
A dismal and *Mysterious* Change,
When thou shalt leave this *Tenement* of Clay,
And to an *unknown somewhere* wing away;
When *Time* shall be *Eternity*, and thou (not *how*
Shalt *be* thou know'st not *what*, and *live* thou know'st

II.

Amazing State! no wonder that we dread
To *think* of *Death*, or *view* the *Dead*.
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
Our very *Knowledge* had *Antipathy*.
Death could not a more *Sad* Retinue find,
Sickness and *Pain before*, and *Darkness* all *behind*.

III.

Some Courteous Ghost, tell this *great Secrecy*,
What 'tis you *are*, and we *must* be.
You warn us of *approaching* Death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to *Dye*?
But you, having *shot* the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls *plunge* in with *like uncertainty*.

IV. When

IV.

When Life's close Knot by *Writ* from Destiny,
Disease shall cut, or *Age* unty;
When after some *Delays*, some *dying* Strife,
The Soul stands *shivering* on the *Ridge* of Life;
With what a *dreadful Curiosity*
Does she *launch* out into the Sea of vast *Eternity!*

V.

So when the Spacious Globe was delug'd o're,
And *lower holds* could save no more,
On th' *utmost* Bough th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
And view'd th' *advances* of th' *encroaching* Flood,
O'retopp'd at length by th' Element's encrease,
With *horrour* they resign'd to the *untry'd Abyss.*

The Irreconcilable.

I.

I Little thought (my *Damon*) once, that *you*
Could prove, and what is more, to *me*, *untrue.*
Can I *forget* such *Treachery*, and *Live?*
Mercy it self would not this Crime forgive.
Heaven's Gates refuse to let *Apostates* in,
No, that's the *Great unpardonable Sin.*

II.

Did you not vow by all the Powers above,
That you could none but *dear Orinda* love?
Did you not swear by all that is Divine,
That you would *only* be and *ever* mine?
You did, and yet you live *securely* too,
And think that *Heaven*'s *false* as well as *you.*

III. Be-

III.

Believe me, *Love's* a thing *much* too *divine*
Thus to be *Ape'd*, and made a mere *design*.
'Tis no less Crime than *Treason* here to *feign*,
'Tis Counterfeiting of a *Royal Coin*.
But ah! *Hypocrisy's* no where so common grown
As in *Most Sacred Things*, *Love* and *Religion*.

IV.

Go seek *new Conquests*, go, you have my leave,
You shall not *Grieve* her whom you could *deceive*.
I don't *lament*, but *pity* what you do,
Nor take that Love as *lost*, which ne'r was *true*.
The way that's left you to *befriend* my Fate,
Is now to prove *more constant* in your *Hate*.

The

The Advice.

Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginoſa nocte premit Deus. Hor.

I.

WHat's *forming* in the *Womb* of fate
Why art thou ſo concern'd to know?
Doſt think 'twou'd be *advantage* to thy ſtate?
But *Wiſer* Heaven does not think it ſo.
With thy *Content* thou would'ſt this Knowledge *buy*,
No part of life thou'dſt pleaſant find
For dread of what thou ſee'ſt behind,
Thou would'ſt but *taſt* of the *inlightning* fruit and *Dye*.

II.

Well then has Heaven events to come
Hid with the *blackeſt* Veil of night;
But ſtill in vain if we *foreſtall* our doom
And with *Prophetick* fears our ſelves affright:
Grand folly! whether thus 'twill be or no
We Know not, and yet ſilly Man
Secures his evils what he can, (Blow.
And *ſtabs* himſelf with Grief, leſt Fate ſhould *miſs* the

III.

Be wiſe, and let it be thy Care
To manage well the *preſent* hour;
Call home thy ranging thoughts and fix them *here*,
This only mind, this only's in thy *power*.
The reſt no ſetled, Steddy courſe maintain,
Like Rivers, which now gently ſlide
Within their bounds, now with full Tide
O'reflow, whom houſes, cattel, trees reſiſt in vain.

IV.

'Tis He that's happy, He alone
Lives free and pleaſant that can ſay
With every period of the ſetting Sun,
I've *lived*, and run my race like *him* to day.
To Morrow let the angry Heavens frown,
Or ſmile with influence more kind,
On *Chance* depends what's yet *behind*,
But ſure what I have ſeiz'd *already*'s all my *own*.

V.

Fortune who no diverſion knows
Like *diſappointment*, laughs to ſee
How *Variouſly* ſhe can her gifts *Tranſpoſe*,
Sometimes to one, ſometimes t' another free.
Be ſure t' *enjoy* her while ſhe's pleas'd to *ſtay*.
But if for *flight* ſhe does prepare,
Don't you at parting drop a tear,
But hold your *Vertue* faſt, for that alone you *may*.

To himſelf.

I.

NOt yet Convinc'd ? why wilt thou ſtill purſue
Through Nature's field *deluſive* Bliſs ?
'Tis falſe, or elſe too *fugitive* if *true*,
Thou may'ſt aſſoon thy *Shadow* overtake as *this*.
The gaudy Light ſtill dances in thy eye,
Thou hot and eager in the *Chaſe*
Art drawn through many a thorny rugged place,
Still languiſhing and ſighing, but can'ſt ne're come *nigh*

II.

Give o're my Soul, give o're, nor ſtrive again
This treacherous *Chymic gold* to find.
Tell me, why ſhould'ſt thou *fancy* there remain
Days yet to *come* more ſweet, than thoſe thou'ſt left *behind.*
A *wiſer Chymiſt* far than thou, t' obtain
This Jewel all his Treaſures ſpent,
But yet he fail'd in's *grand Experiment*,
And all he gain'd was this, to *know* that *all* was *vain.*

III.

Forbear, and at *another's* Coſt be wiſe,
Nor longer this *Coy* Miſtreſs *woo.*
He's mad that runs where *none* can win the prize,
Why ſhould'ſt thou loſe thy *Miſtreſs* and thy *labour* too?
Heaven does but ſport with our *Simplicity*
By laying Jewels in our way,
For when we ſtoop to ſeize the *glittering* prey,
They'r ſnatch't away again, and *baulk* our greedy eye.

IV.

'Tis ſo, the Choiceſt good this world can give
Will never *ſtand* Fruition's *Teſt.*
This all by experience *find*, yet few *believe*,
And in the midſt of *Cheats* hope they ſhall once be *bleſt.*
Strange *Magic* this. So Witches tho' they find
No Comfort from their *airy* meat,
Forget at next Cabal their *ſlender* treat,
And greedily again fall to their *feaſt* of *Wind.*

V.

But thou my Soul thy *ſtrong Conviction* ſhew,
And never *reach* at *Bliſs* again.
Our *beſt* good here is Nature's *bounds* to *know*
And thoſe attempts to *ſpare*, which elſe would be *in vain.*

Here then Contain thy ſelf, nor higher good
In this *inchanted* place purſue.
And pity thoſe *ſhortſighted* Souls that do;
This World is beſt *enjoy'd*, when 'tis beſt *underſtood*.

The Refuſal.

I.

THink not to Court me from my *dear Retreat*;
No, I proteſt 'tis all in vain.
My Stars did never mean I ſhould be *great*,
And I the very thought *diſdain*.
Or if they did, their will I'le *diſobey*,
And in my *little Orb* remain as *Fix'd* as *they*.

II.

Honour, that *Idol* which the *Moſt* adore,
Receives no *Homage* from my Knee.
Content in privacy I value more
Than all *uneaſie* Dignity.
How ſhould that *Empty* thing deſerve *my* Care,
Which *Vertue* does not *need*, and *Vice* can never *bear*?

III.

Shall I change *ſolid* and *unenvy'd* joys
Of a *Serene*, tho *humble* ſtate,
For *ſplendid* trouble, pomp and ſenſeleſs noiſe?
This I *deſpiſe* as well as *hate*.
Poor gain of that Condition, which will be
Envy'd by *others*, and as much *diſlik'd* by *me*.

Hymn

Hymn to Darkneſs.

I.

HAil thou moſt *ſacred Veneſable* thing!
What Muſe is worthy thee to ſing?
Thee, from whoſe pregnant *univerſal* womb
All things, even *Light* thy *Rival* firſt did come.
What dares he not attempt that ſings of thee
Thou *Firſt* and greateſt *Myſtery?*
Who can the *Secrets* of thy eſſence tell?
Thou like the *light* of God art *inacceſſible.*

II.

Before *Great Love* this *Monument* did raiſe,
This ample *Theatre* of *Praiſe.*
Before the *folding Circles* of the Skie
Were *tun'd* by him who is all *Harmony,*
Before the Morning Stars their *Hymn* began
Before the *Councel* held for *Man.*
Before the *birth* of either *Time* or *Place,*
Thou reign'ſt *unqueſtion'd* Monarch in the *empty* Space.

III.

Thy *native* lot thou didſt to *light reſign,*
But ſtill *half* of the Globe is *thine.*
Here with a *quiet,* but yet *aweful* hand,
Like the *beſt* Emperours thou doſt command.
To thee the Stars *above* their *brightneſs* owe
And mortals their *repoſe below.*
To thy protection *Fear* and *Sorrow* flee,
And thoſe that *weary* are of *light,* find *reſt* in *thee.*

IV.

Tho *Light* and *Glory* be th' Almighty's *Throne*,
Darkneſs is his *Pavilion*.
From that his radiant *Beauty*, but from thee
He has his *Terror* and his *Majeſty*.
Thus when he firſt proclaim'd his ſacred Law
And would his *Rebel* ſubjects *awe*,
Like Princes on ſome great *ſolemnity* (*thee*.
H' appear'd in's *Robes* of *State*, and Clad himſelf with

V.

The Bleſt above do thy ſweet *umbrage* prize,
When *Cloy'd* with light, they *veil* their eyes.
The *Viſion* of the Deity is made
More ſweet and *Beatific* by thy *Shade*.
But we poor *Tenants* of this Orb below
Don't *here* thy excellencies know,
Till Death our underſtandings does *improve*,
And then our *Wiſer ghoſts* thy ſilent *night-walks* love.

VI.

But thee I *now* admire, thee would I chuſe
For my *Religion*, or my *Muſe*.
'Tis hard to tell whether thy reverend ſhade
Has more good *Votaries* or *Poets* made.
From thy *dark Caves* were *Inſpirations* given
And from thick *groves* went *vows* to Heaven.
Hail then thou *Muſe's* and *Devotion's* Spring,
Tis *juſt* we ſhould *adore*, 'tis *juſt* we ſhould thee *ſing*.

The

The Invitation.

Come my Beloved let us go forth into the Field, let us lodge in the Villages, Cantic. 7. 11.

I.

COme thou *divineſt* object of my love
This *Noiſy* Region don't with us agree;
Come let us hence remove,
I cannot here enjoy *my ſelf* or *thee*.
Here *Vice* and *Folly* keep their *Court*,
Hither their *chiefeſt Favourites* reſort,
Debauchery has here her *Royal Chair*,
This is her great *Metropolis*,
What e're we ſee or hear *Contagion* is;
Their *Manners* are *polluted* like the *air*.
From both unwholſom vapours riſe (skies.
And *blacken* with *ungrateful* ſteams the neighbouring

II.

Come we'l e'n to our *Country Seat* repair
The *Native home* of *Innocence* and *Love*.
There we'l draw *purer* air
And pity *Monarchs*, ſitting in our Grove.
Here Vertue has her ſafe retreat
Abandon'd by the *Many* and the *great*.
Content does here her *peaceful* Scepter ſway;
Here *Faithfulneſs* and *Friendſhip* dwell
And *Modeſty* has here her *humble* Cell,
Come my Beloved, Come, and let's away.
Be thou My *Angel* good and kind,
And I'l ne'r *look* at *Sodom* which we leave *behind*.

III.

In fields and flow'ry meadows, woods and groves
The *first* and *best* delights of humane kind,
There we'l enjoy our loves
All *free*, and only to our ſelves *confin'd*.
Here ſhall my eyes be fixt on thee
Till every *Paſſion* be an *extaſie*.
Each *hour* to thee ſhall be *Canonical*;
The Sweets of *Nature* ſhall not *ſtay*
My Soul, but only ſhew to thee the way;
To thee; Thou *Beauty*'s great *Original*.
Come My Beloved let's go prove
Theſe ſweet Advantages of Peace, Content and Love.

Sitting in an Arbour.

I.

THus ye good Powers, thus let me ever be
Serene, retir'd, from *Love* and *Buſineſs* free;
The reſt of your great World I here reſign
To the *Contentions* of the *great*;
I only ask that this *Retreat*
This little *Tenement* be *mine*.
All *my* Ambition's to this *point* confin'd;
Others inlarge their *fortunes*, *I* my *mind*.

II.

How Calm, how happy, how ſerene am I!
How *ſatisfy'd* with my *own* Company!
To few things *forreign* my Content I owe;
But in my ſelf *have* almoſt all
Which I *dare* good or pleaſing call,
Or (what's as well) I *fancy* ſo.

Thus

Thus I come near my great Creator's ſtate,
Whoſe *whole* Bliſs in *himſelf* does *terminate*.

III.

Pleas'd with a various *Scene* of thought I lie,
Whil'ſt an *Obliging* Stream ſlides gently by
Silent and *Deep* as is the Bliſs I chuſe,
All round the little *winged* Quire
Pathetic, *tender* thoughts inſpire,
And with their ſtrains provoke my Muſe.
With eaſe the *Inſpiration* I *obey*
And Sing as *unconcern'd* and as well *pleas'd* as they.

IV.

If ought below deſerve the name of Bliſs,
It muſt (what e're the great ones think) be this.
So once the travelling Patriarch doubly bleſt
With dreams divine from Heaven ſent,
And his own Heaven of Content,
On's rocky pillow took his reſt.
Angels ſtood ſmiling by and ſaid, were we our Bliſs
To change, *it ſhould be* for a ſtate like his.

V.

'Tis ſtrange ſo *cheap*, and yet ſo *great* a good
Should by ſo very *Few* be *underſtood*.
That Bliſs which Others ſeek with toil and ſweat
For which they prodigally waſt
Their treaſures, and yet miſs at laſt,
Here I have at an *eaſie* rate.
So thoſe that *Coſtly Phyſick* uſe in vain,
Sometimes by ſome *Cheap by* Receipt their health obtain.

The Complaint.

I.

WEll 'tis a dull perpetual *Round*
Which here we silly mortals *tread*;
Here's naught I'l swear *worth living* to be found,
I wonder how 'tis with the *Dead*.
Better I hope, or else ye Powers divine
Unmake me, I my Immortality *resign*.

II.

Still to be *Vex'd* by joys *delai'd*
Or by *Fruition* to be *Cloy'd*?
Still to be *wearied* in a *fruitless* Chase,
Yet still to *run*, and *lose* the race?
Still our *departed* pleasures to *lament*
Which yet when *present* gave us no *Content*?

III.

Is this the thing we so *extoll*,
For which we would *prolong* our *breath*?
Do we for this long life a *Blessing* Call
And *tremble* at the name of *Death*?
Sots that we are to think by *that* we *gain*
Which is as well *retain'd* as *lost* with *pain*.

IV.

Is it for this that we *adore*
Physicians, and their art implore?
Do we bless *Nature*'s liberal supply
Of *Helps* against *Mortality*?
Sure 'tis but Vain the *Tree* of *Life* to boast
When *Paradise*, wherein it *grew*, is *lost*.

V. Ye

V.

Ye Powers, why did you man create
With ſuch *inſatiable* deſire?
If you'd *endow* him with no more *eſtate*
You ſhould have made him *leſs aſpire*.
But now our appetites you *Vex* and *Cheat*
With *real* Hunger, and *Phantaſtic* meat.

A Paſtoral.

Upon the B. Virgin gon from Nazareth *to viſit* Elizabeth. *Wherein the ſadneſs of the Country* Nazareth *is deſcribed during the abſence of the Virgin.*

Tranſlated out of *Rapin.*

The ſpeakers are Aſor, Alphæus *and* Zebede.

Aſor. AND why *Alphæus*, in this ſweet ſhade doſt thou
Make *ſongs*, which are not ſeaſonable *now*,
Since we of fair *Parthenia* are bereft!
Parthenia has our fields and mountains left.
Alph. Ay ſomething 'twas my Pipe was t'other day
So *ſtrangely* out of tune, and in ſo hoarſe a Key.
Zeb. And I too this misfortune might have known
By ſome *late* ſigns, had my thoughts been my own.
My little Goats as I to Paſture led
When the graſs *riſes* from its *dewy bed*.
I wonder'd why the *new born* flowers hung down
Their languid heads, as if ſcorch'd by the Sun.

The

The *Lilly* and the *Roſe* to droop were ſeen,
And ſo did the immortal *Evergreen*,
Parthenia (alas) was gone——
For thee ſweet Maid *Lilly* and *Roſe* did grieve
The *Evergreen* thy abſence did perceive.

Aſor. There grows a ſhady Elm in our yon grove
Where *Philomel* wou'd conſtantly repair,
Sweet *Philomel* of all the Joy and *Love*
And with melodious Accents fill the air.
When *Parthenis* was here, this ſhady tree
Was never, never from her Muſic free.
But now divine *Parthenia* is gone
Silent and ſad ſhe wanders up and down
And among thorns and lonely hedges makes her moan.

Alph. Whil'ſt thou fair Nymph didſt bleſt us with thy
Each grove was ſprightly, every wood was gay. (ſtay
The boughs with birds, the caves with Swains did ring,
And the ſhril graſhopper about the field did ſing.
But now each wood is ſilent as the grave,
Nor does the Shepherd whiſtle in his cave,
Nor does the Bird ſit Chirping on the bough,
Nor is the graſhopper to be heard *now*.

Zeb. The Fields with living Springs were fruitful
And every Spring had his refreſhing ſhade. (made,
Sweet flowers to the Bees were ne're deny'd,
The Fold with graſs was conſtantly ſupplied.
Now *Parthenis* is gone th' induſtrious Bee
Can't flowers procure with all his induſtry,
The Folds want graſs, the Fields their living Springs,
Nor have the Fountains *now* their *ſhady* coverings.
Divine *Parthenia!* with thee we've loſt
All the delights our Rural life could boaſt.

Aſor. My little Goats were boldly wont to go
And climbe the deſert hills, my Sheep would do ſo too.
Then happy Sheep, the Wolf the Fold did ſpare,
The Heat the infant trees, the Rain the ripen'd ear.

Alph.

Alph. Thou now perhaps ſweet Nymph art trave'ling
Some Craggie hills, unknown to thee before, (o're
Whileſt we ſit here among the ſhady trees,
And *ſwallow down* each Cool refreſhing breeſe.
Zeb. Say you ſweet Weſtern blaſts that *gently* blow
And you fair Rivers that as *ſwiftly* flow,
You who ſo often have been vocal made
By Swains that *pipe* and *ſing* under the ſhade;
Say, now while *Phœbus* holds the middle Skie
Under what Rock does ſweet *Parthenia* ly?
Or through what Coaſts may I her wandrings trace?
Or in what fountain ſees ſhe now her lovely face?
Ah! tho our way of life be plain and courſe
Yet don't thou like thy Country e're the worſe
Since 't 'as thy happy *Parent* been and *Nurſe*.
Aſor. Ah! where's that ſweet retreat can thee detain
If thou thy native Country doſt diſdain?
Here are pure ſprings, and o're the ſprings are bowers,
Fine woods and fruit-trees, and a *world* of flowers.
Alph. But why fair Nymph would'ſt thou be abſent
When the ſweet Strawberry raiſes up his head (now,
Like Morning Sun all delicately red,
And Odorous bloſſoms ſpring from every bough?
Zeb. Don't you my Sheep *that* yonder bank come
'Tis to *Parthenia* ſacred all that's there, (near
Nor wou'd the graſs be touch'd by any but by Her.
Aſor. Before fierce *Boreas* blow with's boiſterous
Or rainy weather come on from the South (mouth,
Beſure *Parthenia* to return again
Leſt by the Cold thou ſuffer or the rain.
Alph. In a choice Garden is reſerv'd for thee
Sweet *Marjoram*, and a large Myrtle tree;
Myrtles thou always lov'ſt, come then if now
Thou ſtill lov'ſt flowers as thou wert wont to do.
Zeb. Ripe apples now hang dangling on the tree
Ready to drop, and only ſtay for thee.

The

The Fig of thy delay too does complain
The tender Fig, but let them both remain
'Till thou to thy dear *Nazareth* return again.
Aſor. Return ſweet Nymph, and with thee thou ſhalt bring
All the delights and beauties of the Spring.
Freſh graſs again ſhall on the mountains grow,
The Rivers ſhall with milk and nectar flow.
The Woods ſhall put on their green Livery,
And Nature in her *pomp* ſhall wait on thee.
The Country Swains ſhall Flowers and Preſents bring,
And I a Violet-garland for my Offering.
With me ſhall *Azarias* come along
Who with a ſmooth-wrought Pipe ſhall play the Song,
The Song that Iſrael's ſhepherd as he ſtood
By *Jordan*'s bank, play'd to the *liſtning* Flood.
Alph. But if thou longer ſhould'ſt our hopes deceive,
With Ruſhes I'le a basket for thee weave;
Here thy own *Nazareth* I'le repreſent,
How all things here thy abſence do lament;
The little Goats thou wandring here ſhalt ſee
Mournful and ſad, and all for want of thee.
The Rivers which before flow'd ſwift and clear
As glad the Image of thy face to bear,
Shall move benumm'd and ſlow, whileſt on each hand
Appears the *thirſty* and *forſaken* ſand.
The Corn ſhall droop and languiſh in the field,
The Meadows no freſh graſs or herb ſhall yield,
The Fir-tree which with ſtately pride before
Her curious ſhady locks towards heaven ſpread
Shall now with down-caſt boughs, and penſive head
Thy abſence mourn and thy return implore.
Thou round about ſhalt all things weeping ſee,
If tears in *ruſh-work* may deciphe'rd be.
Zeb. Preſerve ye Powers, if you don't us diſdain,
The Nymph, whileſt ſhe runs panting o're the plain.

And

And while ſhe's abſent ſince ſhe once had love
For theſe our fields, take care ye powers above
That neither rivers do their banks o'reflow (throw.
Nor Storms the paſtures ſpoil, or ripen'd corn o're-
(be free
Aſor. From night-fires let our ſtalls (ſweet Nymph)
Defend from heat the Roſe, from cold the Myrtle-tree,
While Roſe and Myrtle are belov'd by thee.
That if you chance to caſt a longing eye
Back on theſe fields, now naked and forlorn,
We may have ſtill ſome flowers left to ſupply
Garlands t' expreſs our Joy, and Dreſſes you t' adorn.
Alph. Haſte not, if through rough ways thy journy lye,
Haſte not, the Heat will prove an injury.
Let not the Sun thy *brighter* Beauties ſpoil:
Ah! why wilt thou undo thy ſelf with too much toil?
Take pleaſing ſhelter in ſome gentle ſhade
'Till the day ſlacken, and the heat b' allay'd.
Zeb. Parthenia why doſt thou our hopes prolong?
Perhaps too ſome ill Pipe, and worſer Song
Now grate thy ears, whil'ſt thy poor country Swain
On the deaf winds beſtows ſweet lays in vain.
Hang there my Pipe till ſhe return, and be
A ſilent Monument of my Miſery.
For what are ſongs or mirth without her Company?
Azor. Our hills ſhall mourn while diſtant coaſts you bleſs
Anamis ſhall not dance nor *Sabaris*. (ſhew.
The fields, the naked fields no ſongs ſhall know,
And Brooks their diſcontent by murmuring ſtreams ſhall
Thus did the Swains the abſent Nymph lament,
The neighbouring woods to Heav'n the doleful Accents
(ſent.

The

The tenth Ode of the ſecond Book of Horace *tranſlated.*

I.

'Tis much the *better* way, believe me 'tis,
Not far to venture on the great *Abyſs*,
Nor yet from ſtorms thy Veſſel to ſecure,
To touch too nigh upon the *dangerous* ſhore.

II.

The *Golden Mean*, as ſhe's too *nice* to dwell
Among the ruins of a filthy Cell,
So is her *Modeſty* withall as great
To baulk the *envy* of a Princely ſeat.

III.

Th' *ambitious* Winds with greater *ſpite* Combine
To *ſhock* the grandeur of the *ſtately* Pine.
The *height* of ſtructures makes the ruin *large*, (charge.
And Clouds againſt high hills their *hotteſt* bolts diſ-

IV.

An even *well-poiſ'd* mind an *evil* ſtate
With *Hope*, a *good* with *Fear* does moderate.
The Summers *pride* by Winter is brought down,
And flowers again the *Conquering* ſeaſon *Crown*.

V.

Take heart, nor of the laws of Fate Complain,
Tho now 'tis *Cloudy*, 'twill *Clear* up again.
The Bow *Apollo* does not always uſe
But with his *milder* Lyre ſometimes awakes the Muſe.

VI.

Be life and ſpirit, when fortune proves unkind,
And *ſummon* up the vigour of thy mind.
But when thou'rt driven by too *officious* gales,
Be wiſe, and *gather* in the *ſwelling* Sails.

The Diſcouragement.

I.

WHat wou'd the *wiſe* men's Cenſure be,
I wonder, ſhould they hear me ſay
I was reſolv'd to throw my *Books* away;
How wou'd ſome *ſcorn*, and others *pity* me!
Sure he's in *love*, 'tis for ſome Charming *Eve*
That he like *Adam Paradiſe* does *leave*.
This only difference would be
Between my great *Grandſire*, and me,
That I *my Paradiſe* forego
For *want* of appetite to *know*.

II.

'Tis not that Knowledge I *deſpiſe*;
No, you miſconſtrue my deſign;
Or that t' *Enthuſiaſm* I incline
And hope by *Inſpiration* to be *wiſe*.
'Tis not for this I bid my Books adieu,
No, I love *Learning* full as well as you,
And have the *Arts* great *Circle* run
With as much *Vigour* as the *Sun*
His *Zodiac* treads, till t'other day
A *thought* ſurpris'd me in my way.

III.

Thought I, for any thing I know,
What we have *ſtamp'd* for *ſcience* here,
Does only the *Appearance* of it wear
And will not *paſs* above, tho *Current* here below;
Perhaps they've other *rules* to reaſon by,
And what's *Truth* here, with them's *Abſurdity*.
We *Truth* by a *Refracted* ray
View, like the *Sun* at *Ebb* of day:
Whom the groſs, *treacherous Atmoſphere*
Makes where it is not, to *appear*.

IV.

Why then ſhall I with ſweat and pain
Digg Mines of *diſputable* Oar?
My *labour*'s certain, ſo is not my *ſtore*,
I may hereafter *unlearn* all again.
Why then for *Truth* do I my Spirits waſte,
When after all I may be *gull'd* at *laſt*?
So when the honeſt *Patriarch* thought
With ſeven years labour he had bought
His *Rachels* Love, by *morning* light
He found the *errour* of the *night*.

V.

Or grant ſome *Knowledge* dwells below,
'Tis but for ſome few years to ſtay
Till I'm ſet looſe from this *dark* Houſe of Clay,
And in an *Inſtant* I ſhall all things know.
Then ſhall I learn t' *Accumulate Degrees*
And be at once made *Maſter* of *all Sciences*.
What need I then *great Summs* lay out,
And that *Eſtate* with care *foreſtall*,
Which when few years are come about,
Into my hands of *Courſe* will *fall*?

The

The 63 Chap. of Isaiah *Paraphrased to the 6 Verse.*

A Pindarique ODE.

I.

STrange *Scene* of *Glory!* am I well awake?
Or is't my Fancy's *wild* mistake?
It cannot be a Dream, bright *beams of* light
Flow from the *Vision's* face, and *pierce* my tender sight.
No *Common* Vision this, I see
Some *Marks* of more than *Human* Majesty.
Who is this mighty *Hero*, who,
With *glories* round his *head*, and *terrour* in his *brow?*
From *Bozrah* lo he Comes, a scarlet die
O'respreads his cloaths, and does out-vy
The *Blushes* of the *Morning* Sky.
Triumphant and *Victorious* he appears,
And *Honour* in his *looks* and *habit* wears:
How *strong* he treads, how *stately* does he go!
Pompous and solemn is his pace,
And full of *Majesty*, as is his *face.*
Who is this mighty *Hero*, who?
'Tis I who to my promise faithful stand,
I who the Powers of *Death*, *Hell* and the *Grave*,
Have *foil'd* with this *all-conquering* hand,
I who most *ready* am, and *mighty* too to *save.*

II.

Why wear'st thou then this scarlet die?
Say mighty *Hero*, why?

Why do thy Garments look all red
Like them that in the *winefat* tread?
The *wine-press* I alone have trod,
That vaſt *unweildy* frame, which long did ſtand
Unmov'd, and which no *mortal* force cou'd e're com-
That ponderous Maſs I *ply'd* alone (mand,
And with me to *aſſiſt* were none;
A mighty task it was, *worthy* the Son of God.
Angels ſtood *trembling* at the dreadful ſight,
Concern'd with what *ſucceſs* I ſhould go through
The work I undertook to do;
Inrag'd I put forth all my might
And down the *Engine* preſs'd, the violent force
Diſturb'd the *Univerſe*, put *Nature* out of Courſe.
The Blood guſh'd out in ſtreams, and checquer'd o're
My Garments with its deepeſt gore;
With *Ornamental* Drops bedeck'd I ſtood,
And writ my *Victory* with my *Enemy*'s *Blood*.

III.

The day, the *Signal* day is come
When of my Enemies I muſt vengeance take;
The day when *Death* ſhall have its doom,
And the *Dark Kingdom* with its *Powers* ſhall ſhake.
Fate in her *Kalender* mark'd out this day with *red*,
She folded down the iron leaf, and thus ſhe ſaid,
This day, if ought I can divine be true,
Shall for a ſignal Victory
Be Celebrated to Poſterity:
Then ſhall the *Prince* of *light* deſcend
And reſcue Mortals from th' *Infernal* Fiend,
Break through his ſtrongeſt *Forts*, and all his *Hoſt* ſub-due.
This ſaid, ſhe ſhut the *Adamantin* Volume Cloſe
And wiſh'd ſhe *might* the *Crouding* years *tranſpoſe*;
So much ſhe long'd to have the *Scene diſplay*,
And ſee the vaſt *event* of this *important* day.

And

And now in midſt of the *revolving* years,
This *great*, this mighty one appears:
The faithful *Traveller* the Sun
Has *number'd* out the days, and the *ſet* Period run.
I lookt, and to aſſiſt was none,
My *Angelic guards* ſtood trembling by,
But durſt not venture *nigh*:
In vain too from my *Father* did I look
For help, my *Father* me forſook.
Amaz'd I was to ſee
How all deſerted me.
I took my *fury* for my ſole ſupport
And with my *ſingle* arm the Conqueſt won,
Loud *Acclamations* fill'd all Heavens Court,
The *Hymning* guards above
Strain'd to an higher pitch of *Joy* and *Love*,
The great *Jehovah* prais'd, and his *Victorious* Son.

The Elevation.

I.

TAke wing (my Soul) and upwards bend thy flight
To thy *Originary* Fields of Light.
Here's nothing, nothing here below
That can deſerve thy longer ſtay;
A ſecret *whiſper* bids thee go
To purer air, and beams of *native* Day.
Th' *ambition* of the towring Lark outvy,
And like him *ſing* as thou doſt *upward fly*.

II.

How all things *leſſen* which my Soul before
Did with the *groveling* Multitude adore!

Thoſe *Pageant* Glories diſappear,
Which charm and dazle mortals eyes:
How do I in this *higher* Sphere,
How do I *Mortals*, with their *joys* deſpiſe!
Pure, uncorrupted *Element* I breathe,
And pity their groſs *Atmoſphere* beneath.

III.

How vile, how ſordid *here* thoſe *Trifles* ſhew
That pleaſe the *Tenants* of that *ball* below!
But ha! I've loſt the little ſight,
The *Scene*'s remov'd, and all I ſee
Is one *confus'd* dark maſs of night.
What nothing was, now *nothing ſeems* to be:
How calm this Region, how ſerene, how clear!
Sure I ſome ſtrains of Heavenly muſic hear.

IV.

On, on, the task is eaſie now and light,
No ſteams of Earth can here retard thy flight.
Thou needſt not now thy ſtrokes renew,
'Tis but to ſpread thy Pinions wide,
And thou with eaſe thy ſeat wilt view,
Drawn by the *Bent* of the *Ethereal* tide.
'Tis ſo I find; How ſweetly on I move,
Not *let* by things *below*, and *help'd* by thoſe *above*!

V.

But ſee, to what new Region am I come?
I know it well, it is my native home.
Here led I once a life divine,
Which did *all* good, no evil know:
Ah! who wou'd ſuch ſweet Bliſs reſign
For thoſe vain *ſhews* which *Fools* admire below?
'Tis true, but don't of Folly paſt complain,
But *joy* to ſee theſe bleſt abodes *again*.

VI.

A good retrieve: But lo, while thus I ſpeak,
VVith piercing rays th' eternal day does break.
The Beauties of the face divine
Strike ſtrongly on my feeble ſight:
VVith what bright Glories does it ſhine!
'Tis one *immenſe* and *everflowing* Light.
Stop here my Soul; thou canſt not *bear more* Bliſs,
Nor can thy now *rais'd* Palate ever *reliſh leſs*.

Annotations.

THe general Deſign of the precedent Poem is to repreſent the gradual Aſcent of the Soul by Contemplation to the Supreme Good, together with its firm adherency to it, and its full acquieſcence in it. All which is done figuratively, under the Allegory of a Local Elevation from the feculent Regions of this lower World.

Pure uncorrupted Element I breathe
And pitty their groſs Atmoſphere beneath.

By *pure uncorrupted Element* is meant the refined intellectual entertainments of the *Divine life*, which are abſtracted from all Corporeal allays. Ἡδονὰς τὰς ἔξωτε as the divine *Plato* calls them, *thoſe Pleaſures which are proper to man as ſuch.* By *groſs Atmoſphere* is meant the more droſſy gratifications of the *Animal life*, which comes as ſhort in Purity of the *Divine*, as the thick *Atmoſphere* does of the *pure Æther.*

No ſteams of Earth can here retard thy flight,
&c.

The thing intended in this whole Stanza is to inſinuate the great facility and pleaſure of the Divine life to one that is arrived to an habit of it. For as the Magnetic influence of the Earth can

can have no force upon him that is placed in the upper Regions beyond the Sphere of its Activity, ſo (which is the Counterpart of the Allegory) the inclinations of the Animal nature have little or no power over him who has advanc'd to the Heights of habitual Contemplation. He looks down upon and obſerves the Tumults of his ſenſitive Appetite, but no way ſympathizes with it; He views the troubled Sea, but with the unconcernedneſs of a Stander by, not as one that ſails in it. His Soul tho in Conjunction with his body is yet above the reach of its guſts and reliſhes, and from her ſerene ſtation at once ſees and ſmiles at its little complacencies. As *Lucan* ſays of the Soul of *Pompey* when advanced to the Ethereal Regions.

——Illic poſtquam ſe lumine vero
Implevit, ſtellaſque vagas miratur, & aſtra
Fixa polis, vidit quanta ſub nocte jaceret
Noſtra dies, riſitque ſui ludibria trunci.

And here I cannot chuſe but take notice of a Difficulty which is very incident to the buſineſs in hand, and wherewith I my ſelf was once very much perplex'd when I firſt applyed my thoughts to Moral Contemplations. Tis in ſhort this, we have a receiv'd Axiom that the Difficulty of the performance Commends the merit of a good Action. Now if ſo, it ſeems to follow that he who by a long habitual courſe of Piety and Vertue has made his duty eaſie

and

and natural to himself, will be less perfect than another who does hardly abstain from Vice, or than himself before the acquisition of that habit. And then that Ἐγκράτεια which *Aristotle* in the 7th of his Ethics makes only a *Semi-vertue*, because of the difficulty of its performance, will for that very reason become *Virtus Heroica*, and if so, to make a Progress in Vertue will involve a contradiction. This I confess appear'd to me in no inconsiderable intricacy when it first occur'd to my Thoughts, and I could not presently *unwind* my self from it.

But in answer to it I consider, 1. That when the Difficulty of the performance is said to commend the Action, 'tis not so to be understood as if Difficulty did in it self as an ingredient add any moment to the excellency of a mans Vertue, but only that 'tis a sign of it *a Posteriori*. Because were not a man endow'd with such a degree of Vertue, he would not be able to conquer the suppos'd Difficulty. So that if a man has a stock of Resolution sufficient to conquer such a difficulty, his Vertue is the same tho he never be ingaged in it. For all the vertue is absolv'd in the degree of resolution, the difficulty is only a sign or indication of it. And upon this consideration 'tis that those whom nature has befriended with such an Εὐφυία or happy constitution as carries with it little or no temptation to vice may yet be accounted vertuous, because their Resolution to Vertue may

be

be ſo firm and peremptory, that they would adhere to it notwithſtanding any Oppoſition.

2ly. I conſider that we are to diſtinguiſh of a twofold difficulty. 1. There is a difficulty which ariſes from the nature of the work it ſelf. And 2ly. there is a Difficulty which ariſes from the Diſpoſition of the Agent. Now 'tis not this latter Difficulty that commends the excellency of Vertue, but only the former, which is no way diminiſh'd by the habit. For after the induction of the habit the work remains the ſame in its own nature which it was before, the only change is in the Agent, who by his habit is render'd more expedite and ready for the performance of what is good. But as for the latter difficulty which proceeds from the Agent himſelf, that is ſo far from commending the worth of any good action, that it derogates much from its commendation. 'Tis eaſineſs of performance that here gives the value. He that abſtains from ſenſual pleaſures with great abhorrency, and has ſet himſelf at a wide diſtance from it, diſcovers more and has more of a vertuous reſolution than he whoſe mind ſtands almoſt in an equipoiſe, and does but juſt abſtain. For ſince we become vertuous by a right application of our wills, the excellency of our vertues muſt be meaſured by the greater or leſs ſtrength of our reſolutions. And conſequently he who by a ſtrong habit has made his Vertue moſt natural and eaſie to

him

him is arrived to the greateſt Perfection.

Drawn by the bent of the Æthereal Tide;

This is in Alluſion to the *Carteſian* Hypotheſis of Vortices or whirl-pools of ſubtile matter. The Myſtic ſenſe is this, that the higher a Seraphic Soul advances in the Contemplation of the ſupreme good, the ſtronger he will find its Attractions.

I know it well, it is my native home.

This Verſe with the whole Stanza proceeds upon the *Platonic* Hypotheſis of Præ-exiſtence. I ſhall not here diſpute the Problem. Thoſe that deſire to be ſatisfied concerning it, I refer to the works of that Oracle of profound Wiſdom and Learning, the excellent Dr. *More*, to an ingenious Treatiſe call'd *Lux Orientalis*, and to the Account of *Origen*. In the mean while I hope the moſt rigid maintainer of *Orthodoxy* will allow me the liberty of alluding to it as an *Hypotheſis*, if not, I'm ſure the Laws of *Poetry* will. My Buſineſs here was to imitate Nature, and to repreſent how a Soul would be affected in ſuch a caſe, ſuppoſing it true: Which I think I have not done amiſs. For ſo the Ingenious Platoniſt *Boethius*,

Huc te ſi reducem referat via,
Quam nunc requiris immemor,
Hæc dices, memini, patria eſt mihi,
Hinc ortus hic ſiſtam gradum.

Tis

'Tis one immenſe and everflowing light.

My buſineſs was here to give a Compendious deſcription of God. Now among all the repreſentations we have of him I thought none ſo agreeable to the Genius of Poetry as a ſenſible one, and of all thoſe I could not find a better in all the Inventory of the Creation than this of Light. I ſhall not here endeavour a Parallel; It may ſuffice to ſay, that the Repreſentation is warranted by Authority both human and Divine. The School of *Plato* deſcribes the nature of God by an immenſe light or Lucid Fountain everflowing and diffuſing its refreſhing beams. And Holy Scripture goes further, and ſays in expreſs terms that *God is light, and in him is no darkneſs at all*, John 1. 5.

The

The Curioſity.

I.

UNhappy ſtate of Mortals here below,
Whom unkind Heaven does inſpire
With ſuch a *conſtant*, *ſtrong deſire*,
And with ſuch *ſlender faculties* to *know*!
And yet we not content to bear the pain
Of thirſt *unquencht* and *fruitleſs* Love,
With one more *curſe* our ills improve,
And *toil* and *drudge* for what we ne're can gain.

II.

With what ſtrange Frenzy are we all poſſeſt,
Contented Ignorance to refuſe,
And by *laborious* ſearch to loſe,
Not the *enjoyment* only, but our Reſt!
Something like *Oar* does on the ſurface *ſhine*,
We taken with the ſpecious ſhew,
With pains dig in the *flattering* Mine
But all alas in *vain*, *Truth* lies more *low*.

III.

The greateſt Knowledge we can ever gain
From ſtudying Nature, Books or Men,
Serves juſt t' employ dull hours; but then
It *yields* leſs *Pleaſure* than it *coſts* us *pain*.
Beſides, ſo *ſhort* and *treacherous* is our age,
No ſooner are we *counted* Wiſe,
But *envious* Death ſhuts up our eyes,
Juſt as our *part* is *learnt*, we quit the *Stage*.

IV. Could

IV.

Could I among the nobler Spirits find
One that would lay aſide his *State*,
And be my kind *confederate*,
That *ſuddainly* I might inrich my mind;
'Twould be ſome pleaſure this, if happy I
Could once at eaſe ſit and *ſurvey*
And my *great* victory *enjoy*,
And (not as now) ſtill *labour on* and *dye*.

The 114 *Pſalm Paraphraſed.*

I.

WHen conquer'd by the Plagues of *Moſes* Rod
Th' Egyptian Tyrant gave command
That Iſrael ſhould depart his Land,
Iſrael the choſen *Family* of God.
Among them dwelt the *Holy One*,
Juda his *Sanctuary*, and Iſrael was his *Throne*.

II.

The Sea beheld this *Scene*, and did admire,
Each Wave ſtood *ſilently* to ſee
The Power of the Divinity;
They ſaw, and fled the dreadful *guide* of *Fire*.
And *Jordan* too divided ſtood, (Flood.
The *Prieſts* the ſacred *Ark* bore through the *yielding*

III.

Mount Sinai with great Horrour ſtruck and dread,
Forgot her weight, and in a trance
Like a light Ram did skip and dance;
She fear'd, and fain would hide her *Palſy* Head.

The

The Hills their *Mother* Mountain ſaw,
The little Hills, and like young ſheep they ſtood in awe.

IV.

What made thee to retreat, thou Mighty Sea?
Tell me, for never any *Shore*
Knew ſuch a wondrous *Tide* before,
And thou great *Jordan*; ſay, what ailed thee?
Say *ſacred* Mount, what meant thy trance,
And you ſmall *under-hills* why did you skip and dance?

V.

You need not think it *ſhame* to *own* your *fear*;
What you diſmaid, the ſame would make
The univerſal Fabrick ſhake;
The cauſe was great, for *Jacob*'s God was there.
That God who did the *Rock* ſubdue,
And made it *melt* in *tears*, tho *harder* far than *you*.

The 148 *Pſalm Paraphraſed.*

I.

O Come let all created force conſpire
A general *Hymn* of Praiſe to ſing;
Join all ye Creatures in one ſolemn Quire,
And let your *Theme* be Heaven's Almighty King.

II.

Begin ye bleſt Attendants of his Seat,
Begin your high *Seraphic* lays,
'Tis juſt you ſhould, your Happineſs is great,
And all you are to give again, is *Praiſe*.

III. Ye

III.

Ye glorious Lamps that rule both night and day,
Bring you your *Allelujahs* too;
To him that Tribute of Devotion pay
Which once blind *Superſtition* gave to you.

IV.

Thou *firſt* and *faireſt* of material kind
By whom his other works we ſee,
Subtile and active as pure thought and mind,
Praiſe him thats *Elder* and more *fair* than thee.

V.

Ye Regions of the Air his praiſes ſing,
And all ye *Virgin* waters there
Do you *advantage* to the Conſort bring
And down to us the *Allelujah* bear.

VI.

In chaunting forth the great Jehovah's Praiſe
Let theſe the upper Conſort fill,
He ſpake, and did you all from nothing raiſe,
As you did then, ſo now obey his will.

VII.

His will, that fix'd you in a conſtant ſtate
And cut a *track* for Natures *wheel*,
Here let it run ſaid he, and made it fate,
And where's that Power which can this Law repeal?

VIII.

Ye Powers that to th' inferiour world retain,
Join you now with the Quire above.
And firſt ye Dragons try an higher ſtrain,
And turn your *angry* Hiſſings into *Praiſe* and *Love*.

IX.

Let fire, hail, ſnow and vapours that aſcend
Unlock'd by *Phœbus* ſearching rays,
Let Stormy winds ambitiouſly contend
And all their wonted force imploy in Praiſe:

X.

Ye ſacred tops which ſeem to brave the skies,
Riſe *higher*, and when men on you
Religious Rites perform and Sacrifice
With their *Oblations* ſend your *Praiſes* too.

XI.

Ye trees whoſe fruits both men and beaſts conſume
Be you in Praiſes *fruitful* too;
Ye Cedars, why have you ſuch choice *perfume*
But that ſweet *Incenſe* ſhould be made of you?

XII.

Ye Beaſts with all the humble Creeping train
Praiſe him that made your lot ſo high;
Ye Birds who in a nobler Province reign
Send up your Praiſes higher than you fly.

XIII.

Ye ſacred heads that wear *Imperial* gold
Praiſe him that you with power arrays,
And you whoſe hands the Scale of *Juſtice* hold
Be *Juſt* in this, and pay your *Debt* of Praiſe.

XIV.

Let ſprightly youth give *vigour* to the Quire,
Each Sex with one another vie;
Let feeble Age *diſſolv'd* in Praiſe *expire*,
And Infants too in *Hymns* their *tender* voices *try*.

XV. Praiſe

XV.

Praiſe him ye Saints who Piety profeſs
And at his Altar ſpend your days;
Ye ſeed of *Iſrael* your great Patron bleſs,
'Tis *Manna* this, for Angels food is *Praiſe*.

A Paſtoral

On the Death of his Sacred Majeſty King CHARLES *the* Second.

Menalcas, *Thyrſis* and *Daphnis*.

Thyr. WHat, ſad? *Menalcas*: Sure this pleaſant ſhade
Was ne're for ſuch a mournful Tenant made,
All things ſmile round thee, and throughout the Grove
Nature diſplays a Scene of Joy and Love.
But Shepherd where's thy flock? ——
Sure they in ſome forbidden paſtures ſtray
Whileſt here in ſighs thou number'ſt out the day.

Men. Ah *Thyrſis*, thou could'ſt witneſs heretofore
What ſtrange Affection to my flock I bore.
Thou know'ſt my *Thyrſis*, the *Arcadian* Plain
Could not afford a more induſtrious Swain,
But I no longer now that mind retain.

Thyr. What change ſo great but what Love's power can make?
Menalcas does his kids, and tender lambs forſake.
So I, when ſlave to *Galatea*'s eyes,
Did neither City nor the Country prize,
But all their Sports, and my Flock too deſpiſe,
Hang thou my Pipe (ſaid I) on yonder tree,
For then (alas) I had no taſt for melody.

Obſcurely in thick woods I ſate alone
And ſigh'd in conſort to the Turtles moan.
Men. 'Tis not fond Love that cauſes my diſtreſs,
No *Thyrſis*, you'r miſtaken in your gueſs.
The glorious Prize I have in Triumph born,
I am no longer now *Alexis* ſcorn.
Or if I were, I now could be unmoved
At every ſcornful glance, nor care where e're he loved.
A nearer grief preys on my ſpirits now,
And I beneath a heavier burthen bow.
The gentle God of the *Arcadian* plains
Pan that regards the ſheep, *Pan* that regards the Swains,
Great *Pan* is dead———
Throughout the fields the doleful tidings ran,
A ſwoon ſeiz'd all the Shepherds at the death of *Pan*.
Of *Pan*——But ſee the reſt that Tree will ſhew
Which wears the ſad inſcription of my woe,
Where, with the bark my ſorrows too will grow.
Thyr. How Shepherd, is it by Fames trumpet ſaid
Than *Pan* the beſt of all the Gods is dead?
Whom oft w' adored, and whom becauſe we knew
As *good* as they, we thought him as *immortal* too?
'Tis ſtrange; but Omens now I find are true.
In yonder Copſe a ſhady Oak there ſtood,
Stately, well rooted, and it ſelf a wood,
Her branches o're the inferiour trees were ſpread,
Who all ador'd her as their ſoveraign head:
Hither, when heated by the guide of Day
While their young wanton goats did skip and play,
Hither the Swains would conſtantly repair,
Here ſing, and in the ample ſhade drink freſher air.
This tree when I my Goats to paſture drove
While all was *clear above*, and *ſtill*, throughout the *grove*.
Struck by ſome ſecret force fall down I ſaw, (& awe.
The Wood-Nymphs all were ſeiz'd with wonder, grief

Nor

Nor had I left this ruin far behind
When lo (ſtrange ſight) a Nightingal I find,
Which from brisk airs enlivening all the Grove
Coo'd on a ſuddain like a mournful Dove.
Amaz'd I ſtand, and on my Pipe eſſay
With ſome brisk Song her ſorrows to aſſay.
But all in vain. She from the lofty tree (like thee.
Kept on her ſad Complaint, and mourn'd, and droop'd

Men. And why theſe ſlighter things doſt thou relate?
Nature her ſelf perceiv'd *Pan*'s mighty fate.
She fainted, when he drew his lateſt breath,
And almoſt ſympathiz'd with him to Death.
Each Field put on a languid dying face (graſs.
The Sheep not minding Food, with tears bedew'd the
The Lions too in tears their grief confeſt,
And ſavage Bears, *Pan*'s Enemies profeſt.
The Nymphs all wept, and all the noble Train
Of Deitys that frequent the Court of *Pan*.
Eccho that long by nought but voice was known,
In ſounds repeated others woes, but wept her own.
Th' *Arcadians* mourn'd, and preſs'd beneath the weighty
With cruelty they charg'd the Gods and every Star. (care

Thyr. And well they might; Heaven could not ſhew a
More mild, more good t' his Votaries than he. (Deity
He was all Love, all Peace, all Clemency;
H' allur'd the Love, and melted down the hate
Of all: he had no Enemy but Fate.
Pan kept the Fields, from Wolves ſecur'd the Stall,
He guarded both the humbls Shrubs, and Cedars tall.
The Summers heat obey'd *Pan*'s gentle hand,
And Winter winds blew ſoft at his command, (Land.
He bleſt the Swains with Sheep, and fruitful made their
Weep Shepherds, and in pomp your grief expreſs,
The ground with Flowers, your ſelves with Cypreſs (dreſs.

Let the *Arcadians* in a ſolemn train
March ſlowly on, let mournful Accents fill the plain,
Do this at leaſt in Memory of *Pan*.
Daph. But why this vain expence of tears and breath?
D'ye think *Pan* loſt and ſwallow'd up in Death?
He lives, and with a pleas'd and wondering eye
Contemplates the new Beauties of the Sky.
Whence on theſe fields he caſts propitious rays,
Now greater than our Sorrow, greater than our Praiſe.
I ſaw (for why mayn't I rehearſe the ſight)
Juſt as the Stars were kindled by the Queen of night
Another new-made milky way appear,
I ſaw, and wonder'd what event it might prepare.
When lo great *Pan* amaz'd my trembling ſight,
As through th' Æthereal plains he took his flight
Deck'd round with rays, and darting ſtreams of light.
Triumphant was his March, a ſacred throng
Of Gods incloſed him, *Pan* was all their Song,
The Sky ſtill brighten'd as they went along.
Men. Thy Viſion be all truth——
But who ſhall now the royal Sheep-crook hold,
Who patronize the Fields, who now ſecure the Fold?
Daph. Diſcharge that care, the royal ſtock does yield
Another *Pan.* to patronize the Field.
An Heir of equal conduct does the Scepter ſway,
One who long nurtured in the Paſtoral way,
In peace will govern the *Arcadian* Plains, (Swains.
Defend the tender Flocks, and chear the drooping
Thyr. Come then, let's tune the Pipe t' a briſker Key,
Let's with a Dance our ſorrows chaſe away,
And to new *Pan* in Sports devote the day.

Satiety.

I.

HAſte on dull *Time*, thy winged Minutes haſte,
I care not now how ſoon thou bring'ſt my laſt.
By what I've liv'd I plainly know
The *total* Sum of all below.
The days to come, altho they *promiſe* more,
I know will be as *falſe* as thoſe that went before.

II.

The *beſt* of life tho *once* enjoy'd, is vain,
And why ye Powers the ſelf-ſame o're again?
The *Comedy*'s ſo dull, I fear
'Twill not a *ſecond* acting bear.
No, I've enough; I cannot like the Sun
Each day the ſelf-ſame ſtage, and ſtill *unwearied*, run.

III.

What cruel Laws are theſe that me confine
Thus ſtill to dig in a *deceitful* Mine?
Be juſt ye Powers, my ſoul ſet free,
Give her her *native* Liberty.
'Tis 'gainſt the *Stage's* Law to force my ſtay,
I've ſeen an *Act* or two, and do not like the *Play*.

The Reply.

I.

Since you desire of me to know
Who's the *Wise* man, I'll tell you who.
Not he whose rich and fertile mind
Is by the *Culture* of the *Arts* refin'd,
Who has the *Chaos* of disorder'd thought
By Reason's *Light* to *Form* and method brought.
Who with a clear and piercing sight
Can see through *Nicetie*s as dark as *night*.
You err, if you think this is He,
Tho seated on the top of the *Porphyrian* Tree.

II.

Nor is it He to whom kind Heaven
A secret *Cabala* has given
T' undriddle the *mysterious* Text
Of *Nature*, with dark *Comments more* perplext.
Or to *decypher* her *clean writ* and *fair*
But most *confounding* puzling *character*.
That can through all her windings trace
This slippery wanderer, and *unveil* her face.
Her *inmost Mechanism* view,
Anatomize each part, and see her *through* and *through*.

III.

Nor he that does *the* Science know,
Our *only Certainty* below,
That can fram *Problems* dark and nice
Deduce *Truths* worthy of a *Sacrifice*.
Nor he that can *confess* the Stars, and see
What's writ in the black Leaves of *Destiny*.

That

That knows their Laws, and how the Sun
His *daily* and his *annual* Stage does run.
As if he did to them dispence
Their Motions, and there sate *supream Intelligence.*

IV.

Nor is it he (although he boast
Of Wisdom, and *seem* wise to *most*)
Yet 'tis not he, whose busie Pate
Can dive into the deep Intrigues of State.
That can the great *Leviathan* controul,
Menage and rule't, as if he were its *Soul.*
The *wisest* King thus gifted was
And yet did not in these *true Wisdom* place.
Who then is by the *Wise man* meant?
He that can want *all this*, and yet can be *content.*

My Estate.

I.

HOw do I pity that proud wealthy Clown
That does with scorn on my low state look down!
Thy vain contempt dull *Earth-worm* cease,
I won't for Refuge fly to this,
That none of fortune's Blessings can
Add any *value* to the *man*,
This *all* the *wise* acknowledge to be *true*;
But know I am as *rich*, *more* rich than *you.*

II.

While you a *spot* of *earth* possess with care
Below the notice of the *Geographer*,
I by the *freedom* of my Soul
Possess, nay more *enjoy* the *whole*;

To

To th' *Universe* a claim I lay;
Your *Writings* shew perhaps you'l say,
That's *your* dull way, my title runs more *high*,
'Tis by the *Charter* of *Philosophy*.

III.

From that a *firmer* title I derive
Than all your *Courts* of *Law* could ever give.
A *title* that more *firm* does stand
Than does even *your* very *Land*.
And yet so generous and free
That none will e're *bethink* it me,
Since my Possessions tend to no man's *loss*,
I all *enjoy*, yet nothing I *ingross*.

IV.

Throughout the Works divine I cast may eye,
Admire their *Beauty* and their *Harmony*.
I view the glorious Host above
And him that made them *Praise* and *Love*.
The flowry Meads and Fields beneath,
Delight me with their odorous breath.
Thus is my Joy by *you* not understood
Like that of *God*, when he said *all was good*.

V.

Nay (what you'd think less likely to be true)
I can enjoy what's *your's* much more than *you*.
Your Meadow's *Beauty* I survey,
Which you prize only for its *Hay*.
There can I sit beneath a Tree,
And write an *Ode* or *Elegy*.
What to *you care*, does to *me pleasure* bring,
You *own* the *Cage*, I in it *sit* and *sing*.

The

The Conqueſt.

I.

IN Power or Wiſdom to contend with thee
Great God, who but a *Lucifer* would dare?
Our ſtrength is but infirmity,
And when we this perceive our ſight's moſt clear:
But yet I will not be excell'd thought I
In *Love*, in *Love* I'le with my Maker vy.

II.

I view'd the Glories of thy Seat above,
And thought of every Grace and Charm divine,
And further to encreaſe *my* Love
I meaſured all the Heights and Depths of *thine*.
Thus there broke forth a Strong and Vigorous flame,
And almoſt melted down my mortal frame.

III.

But when thy Bloody Sweat and Death I view
I own (Dear Lord) the Conqueſt of thy Love,
Thou doſt my higheſt flights outdo,
I in a lower Orb, and ſlower move.
Thus in this ſtrife's a double weakneſs ſhewn,
Thy Love I cannot *equal*, nor yet *bear* my *own*.

The Impatient.

I.

WHat *envious* Laws are those of Fate,
Which fix a Gulph (Blest Souls) 'twixt us and you!
How 'twou'd refresh and chear our Mortal state,
When our dejected Looks confess
The emptiness of *earthly* Bliss,
Could we in this *black night* your brighter Glories view!

II.

Vain comfort when I thus complain
To hear the Wise and Solemn gravely say,
Your grief and curiosity restrain,
Death will e're long this Bar remove,
And bring you to the Blest above,
Till then with this *great Prospect* all your longings stay.

III.

But ah the Joy peculiar here
Does from the greater *excellence* arise,
'Twill be worth nothing in an *equal* Sphere.
Let me your noble converse have
Blest Spirits, on this side the Grave,
I shall hereafter be as great as you, as wise.

IV.

Besides, when plung'd in Bliss *divine*
I shall not taste, or need this *lesser* joy.
What comfort then does from this Prospect shine?
'Tis just as if in depth of night,
You rob a Traveller of his light;
And promise to restore't when 'tis clear *day*.

Content.

Content.

I.

I Bleſs my Stars I envy none,
Not great, nor wealthy, no nor yet the *Wiſe*,
I've learn't the Art to like my own,
And what I can't attain to, not to prize.
Vaſt Tracts of Learning I deſcry
Beyond the Sphere perhaps of my Activity,
And yet I'm ne're the more concern'd at this,
Than for the *Gems* that lye in the profound *Abyſs*.

II.

Should I my proper Lot diſdain
As long as further good eclipſes mine,
I may t' Eternity complain,
And in the Manſions of the Bleſt repine.
There ſhall I numbers vaſt eſpy
Of Forms more excellent, more wiſe, more Bleſt than I.
I ſhall not *then* lament my unequal fate,
And why ſhould larger Proſpects *now* moleſt my ſtate?

III.

Where all in equal ſtations move
What place for *Harmony* can there be found?
The lower Spheres with thoſe above
Agree, and dance as free and briskly round.
Degrees of *Effences* conſpire
As well as various *notes* t' accompliſh Heaven's Quire.
Thus would I have't *below*, nor will I care
So the Reſult be *Harmony*, what *part I* bear.

Againſt

Againſt Knowledge.

I.

WEll let it be the Cenſure of the Wiſe
That *Wiſdom* none but *Fools* deſpiſe:
I like not what they gravely preach
And muſt another Doctrin teach.
Since all's ſo falſe and vain below,
There's nought ſo *indiſcreet* as this, to *know*.

II.

The thoughtleſs, dull and leſs diſcerning mind
No *flaws* in earthly joys can find,
He Cloſes with what Courts his ſight,
All Coin will paſs by his dim light.
Though often baulk't, he hopes for reſt,
Sleeps on and dreams, and is in *Error* Bleſt.

III.

But he that has refin'd and high-rais'd ſenſe
Can nothing taſte but *Excellence*.
Nor can he Nature's faults ſupply
By Fancy's happy Imag'ry.
He ſees that all Fruition's vain,
Can't taſte the *preſent*, nor yet truſt *again*.

IV.

Our Joys like *Tricks*, do all on Cheats depend,
And when once known are at an end.
Happy and *Wiſe* two Bleſſings are
Which meet not in this *mortal* Sphere;
Let me be ignorant *below*,
And when I've *Solid* good, then let me *Know*.

Seeing

Seeing a great Perſon lying in State.

I.

WEll now I needs muſt own
That I hate Greatneſs more and more;
'Tis now a *juſt Abhorrence* grown
What was Antipathy *before*:
With other Ills I could diſpence,
And *acquieſce* in *Providence*.
But let not Heaven my *patience* try
With this *one Plague*, leſt I *repine* and *dye*.

II.

I knew indeed before
That 'twas the great man's wretched fate
While with the *living* to *endure*
The vain *impertinence* of *State*.
But ſure thought I, in *death* he'll be
From that and other troubles free.
What e're his *life*, he then will lye
As free, as undiſturb'd, as calm as I.

III.

But 'twas a groſs miſtake;
Honour that too *officious* ill,
Won't even his breathleſs Corps forſake,
But *haunts* and waits about him *ſtill*.
Strange *perſecution*, when the grave
Can't the diſtreſſed *Martyr* ſave!
What *Remedy* can there avail
Where *Death* the great *Catholicon* does fail?

IV. Thanks

IV.

Thanks to my Stars that I
Am with so low a fortune blest,
That what e're *Blessings* fate *deny*,
I'm sure of *privacy* and *rest*.
'Tis well; thus long I am content,
And *rest* as in my *Element*.
Then Fate, if you'l appear my friend,
Force me not 'gainst my *nature* to *ascend*.

V.

No, I would still be *low*,
Or else I would Be *very* high,
Beyond the state which *Mortals* know,
A kind of *Semi-deity*.
So of the Regions of the air
The *High'st* and *Lowest* quiet are,
But 'tis this *middle Height* I fear,
For *Storms* and *Thunder* are ingender'd *there*.

Second Chap. of the Cant. *from the* 10. *verſe, to the* 13.

I.

'TWas my Beloved ſpake,
I know his charming Voice, I heard him ſay,
Riſe up my Love, my faireſt one awake,
Awake and come away.

II.

The Winter all is paſt
And ſtormy Winds that with ſuch rudeneſs blew,
The Heavens are no longer *overcaſt*,
But *try* to look like *you*.

III.

The Flowers their Sweets diſplay,
The Birds in ſhort *præludiums* tune their throat,
The Turtle in low murmurs does eſſay
Her melancholy Note.

IV.

The fruitful Vineyards make
An odorous Smell, the Fig looks freſh and gay,
Ariſe my Love, myfaireſt one awake,
Awake and come away.

To a Friend in Honour.

I.

SOme thoughtleſs heads perhaps admire to ſee
That I ſo little to your *titles* bow;
But wonder not my Friend, I ſwear to me
You were as great *before* as *now*.
Honour to *you* does nothing *give*,
Tho from your *worth* much luſtre ſhe *receive*.

II.

Your *native* Glory does ſo far outdo
That of the *Sphere* wherein you *move*,
That I can nothing but *your ſelf* in *you*
Obſerve, admire, eſteem or love.
You are a *Diamond* ſet in *gold*,
The Curious the *rich ſtone*, not *this* behold.

III.

All that to your late Honour you can owe
Is only that you're brought in view;
You don't begin to *have*, but men to *know*,
Your *Votaries* are *increas'd*, not *you*.
So the Sun's height adds not t' his light,
But only does *expoſe* him more to *ſight*.

IV.

To ſome whoſe native worth more *dimly* ſhin'd
Honour might ſome *improvement* give,
As *Metals* which the Sun has *leſs* refin'd
A *value* from their *Stamp* receive.
But *you* like *gold*, paſs for no more
Tho *Stamp'd*, than for your *weight* you wou'd before.

A divine

A divine Hymn on the Creation.

I.

AWake my Lyre, and thy ſweet forces joyn
With me to ſing an Hymn divine,
Let both our Strains in pleaſing numbers flow,
But ſee, thy ſtrings with tediouſneſs and pain
Ariſe into a tuneful ſtrain,
How can'ſt thou ſilent lye?
The Univerſe is *Harmony*,
Awake, and move by *ſympathy*,
My *heart*'s already *tuned*, O why art *thou* ſo *ſlow*!

II.

Jehovah is our Theme, th' eternal *King*,
Whoſe Praiſe *admiring* Angels ſing,
They ſee with ſteddy and attentive eyes
His *naked* Beauties, and from *Viſion* raiſe
To *wondrous* heights their *Love* and *Praiſe*.
We Mortals only view
His *Back-parts*, and that *darkly* too,
We muſt fall *ſhort*, what ſhall we do,
But neither too can *they* up to his grandeur *riſe*.

III.

No power can juſtly praiſe him but muſt be
As great, as infinite as he,
He comprehends his *boundleſs* ſelf alone,
Created minds too ſhallow are and dim
His *works* to fathom, much more *him*.
Our Praiſe at height will be
Short by a *whole Infinity*,
Of his all glorious Deity,
He cannot have the *full*, and ſtands in *need* of *none*.

IV.

He can't be *less*, nor can he more *receive*,
But ſtands on fix'd *Superlative*.
He's in himſelf *compendiouſly* bleſt;
We, acted by the *Weights* of ſtrong deſire,
To good *without* our *ſelves* aſpire,
We're always moving hence
Like lines *from* the *Circumference*
To ſome more *in-lodg'd* excellence.
But he is one unmov'd *ſelf-center'd* Point of *Reſt*.

V.

Why then, if *full* of Bliſs that ne're could *cloy*,
Would he do ought but ſtill *enjoy*?
Why not *indulge* his *ſelf-ſufficing* ſtate,
Live to himſelf at large, calm and ſecure,
A *wiſe eternal Epicure*?
Why ſix days work, to frame
A Monument of Praiſe and Fame
To him whoſe Bliſs is ſtill the ſame?
What need the *wealthy Coin*, or he that's *Bleſt Create*?

VI.

Almighty *Love* the faireſt Gem that ſhone
All-round, and *half* made up his *Throne*,
His *Favorite* and *darling* excellence,
Whom oft he would his *Royal* vertue ſtile,
And view with a *peculiar* Smile,
Love moved him to create
Beings that might participate
Of their Creator's happy ſtate,
And that *good* which he could not *heighten*, to *diſpence*.

VII. How

VII.

How large thy Empire, *Love*, how great thy Sway!
Omnipotence does thee obey.
What *complicated* Wonders in thee ſhine!
He that t' *infinity* it ſelf is great
Has one way to be *greater* yet;
Love will the method ſhew,
'Tis to *impart*; what is't that thou
O Soveraign Paſſion can'ſt not do?
Thou mak'ſt *Divinity* it ſelf much *more divine*.

VIII.

With *pregnant* love *full-fraught*, the great *Three-one*.
Would now no longer be *alone*.
Love, gentle Love *unlocks* his *fruitful* Breaſt
And woke th' *Ideas* which there dormant lay,
Awak'd their Beauties they diſplay,
Th' Almighty ſmil'd to ſee
The comely Form and Harmony
Of his eternal *Imag'ry*;
He ſaw 'twas *good* and *fair*, and th' infant Platform *bleſt*.

IX.

Ye Seeds of Being, in whoſe fair Boſoms dwell
The Forms of all things poſſible;
Ariſe, and your Prolific force diſplay;
Let a fair Iſſue in your *Moulds* be *caſt*
To fill in part this empty waſte.
He ſpake. The empty ſpace
Immediately in *Travel* was
And ſoon brought forth a *formleſs* maſs,
Firſt matter came *undreſs'd*, ſhe made ſuch *haſte* t' obey.

X.

But ſoon a Plaſtick Spirit did ferment
The liquid dusky element.
The Maſs *harmoniouſly* begins to move,
Let there be Light, ſaid God, 'twas ſaid and done,
The Maſs *dipt through* with brightneſs ſhone.
Nature was pleas'd to ſee
This *feature* of Divinity,
Th' Almighty ſmil'd as well as ſhe,
He own'd his *likeneſs* there, and did his *Firſt-born* love.

XI.

But lo, I ſee a goodly frame ariſe,
Vaſt folding Orbs, and azure skies,
With lucid *whirle-pools* the vaſt Arch does ſhine,
The Sun by day ſhews to each world his light,
The Stars ſtand *ſentinel* by night.
In midſt of all is ſpread
That ponderous bulk whereon we tread,
But where is its foundation laid?
'Tis pompous all and great, and worthy hands divine.

XII.

Thy Temple's built great God, but where is he
That muſt admire both it and thee?
Ope one Scene more my Muſe, bleſs and adore,
See there in ſolemn Councel and debate
The great divine *Triumvirate*.
The reſt one Word obey'd,
'Twas done almoſt *before* 'twas ſaid;
But Man was not ſo *cheaply* made,
To *make* the world was *great*, but t' *epitomize* it *more*.

XIII. Th'

XIII.

Th' accomplish'd work ſtands his ſevere review
Whoſe Judgment's moſt exactly true.
In Nature's *Book* were no *Errata's* found,
All things are *good*, ſaid God, they anſwer well
Th' *Ideas* which within me dwell;
Th' Angelick voices join
Their *Praiſe* to the *Applauſe* divine,
The Morning Stars in Hymns combine,
And as they ſung and play'd, the *jocant* Orbs danc't round.

XIV.

With this thy Quire divine, great God I bring
My *Euchariſtick* Offering.
I cannot here ſing more exalted layes,
But what's defective now I will ſupply
When I enjoy thy Deity.
Then may'ſt thou ſleep my Lyre,
I ſhall not then thy help require,
Diviner thoughts will then me fire
Than thou tho play'd on by an Angels hand, canſt raiſe.

Plato's *two* Cupids.

I.

THe heart of man's a *living* Butt,
At which two different *Arches* ſhoot,
Their Shafts are *pointed* both with *fire*,
Both wound our hearts with *hot deſire*.

II.

In this they differ, he that lyes
A Sacrifice t' his Miſtreſs eyes,

In pain does *live*, in pain *expire*,
And *melts* and *drops* before the fire.

III.

But he that flames with Love divine,
Does not in th' heat *conſume*, but *ſhine*.
H' *enjoys* the fire that round him lyes,
Serenely *lives*, ſerenely *dyes*.

IV.

So *Devils* and *damned* Souls in Hell
Fry in the fire with which they dwell;
But Angels ſuffer not the ſame,
Altho their *Vehicles* be *flame*.

V.

The Heart whoſe fire's divine and chaſt
Is like the *Buſh* that did not *waſte*.
Moſes beheld the Flame with fear,
That *waſted* not, for *God* was *there*.

A Wiſh.

I.

WHatever Bleſſing you my *Life* deny,
Grant me kind Heaven this one thing when I *dye*.
I charge thee guardian Spirit hear,
And as thou lov'ſt me, *further* this my Prayer.

II.

When I'm to leave this groſſer Sphere, and try
Death, that amazing Curioſity,
When juſt about to breath my laſt,
Then when no *Mortal* joy can ſtrike my taſte,

III. Let

III.

Let me ſoft melting ſtrains of Muſick hear
Whoſe Dying ſounds may ſpeak Death to my ear;
Gently the Bands of life unty,
Till in ſweet Raptures I diſſolve and dye.

IV.

How ſoft and eaſie my new Birth will be
Help'd on by Muſick's gentle *Midwifery*!
And I who 'midſt theſe Charms expire
Shall bring a Soul well *tuned* to Heaven's Quire.

To Dr. More.

ODE.

I.

GO Muſe, go haſten to the Cell of Fame
(Thou know'ſt her reverend aweful ſeat,
It ſtands hard by your bleſt retreat)
Go with a brisk Alarm aſſault her ear,
Bid her her loudeſt Trump prepare
To ſound a more than Human name,
A name more excellent and great
Than ſhe could ever publiſh yet;
Tell her ſhe need not ſtay till *Fate* ſhall give
A *Licenſe* to his Works, and bid them *live*,
His Worth *now ſhines* through Envy's baſe *Alley*,
'Twill fill her wideſt Trump, and all her Breath employ.

II.

Learning which long like an *inchanted* Land
Did Humun force and Art defy,
And ſtood the *Vertuoſo's* beſt Artillery,
Which nothing mortal could ſubdue,
Has yielded to this Hero's *Fatal* hand,
By him is conquer'd, held, and peopled too.
Like Seas that boder on the Shore
The Muſes *Suburbs* ſome poſſeſſion knew,
But like the deep Abyſs their *inner* ſtore
Lay unpoſſeſs'd, till ſeiz'd and own'd by you.
Truth's *outer Courts* were trod before,
Sacred was her *receſs*, *that* Fate reſerv'd for *More*.

III.

Others in Learning's *Chorus* bear their *part*
And the great Work diſtinctly ſhare;
Thou our great *Catholick Profeſſor* art,
All Science is annex'd to thy unerring *Chair*.
Some leſſer *Synods* of the Wiſe
The Muſes kept in Univerſities;
But never yet till in *thy* Soul
Had they a Councel *Oecumenical*.
An Abſtract they'd a mind to ſee
Of all their ſcatter'd gifts, and ſumm'd them up in thee.
Thou haſt the Arts whole Zodiack run
And fathom'ſt all that here is known.
Strange reſtleſs Curioſity;
Adam himſelf came ſhort of thee,
He taſted of the *Fruit*, thou bear'ſt away the *Tree*.

IV.

Whilſt to be great the moſt aſpire
Or with *low* Souls to raiſe their Fortunes *higher*.

Know-

Knowledge the chiefeſt Treaſure of the Bleſt
Knowledge the *Wiſe* man's *beſt* Requeſt
Was made thy choice, for this thou haſt declin'd
A life of noiſe, impertinence and State.
And what e're elſe the Muſes hate
And mad'ſt it thy one buſineſs to inrich thy mind.
How calm thy life, how eaſie, how ſecure
Thou *Intellectual Epicure.*
Thou as another *Solomon* haſt try'd
All Nature through, and nothing to thy Soul *deny'd.*
Who can two ſuch Examples ſhew?
He all things try'd t' *enjoy*, and you all things to *know.*

V.

By *Babel*'s Curſe, and our Contracted ſpan
Heaven thought to check the ſwift career of man.
And ſo it prov'd till now, our age
Is much too ſhort to run ſo long a Stage.
And to learn words is ſuch a vaſt *delay*
That we're *benighted* e're we come half way.
Thou with unuſual haſte driv'ſt on
And doſt even *Time* it ſelf *out-run.*
No hindrance can retard thy Courſe
Thou rid'ſt the Muſes *winged* Horſe,
Thy Stage of Learning ends e're that of life be done.
There's now no work left for thy accompliſh'd mind
But to *Survey* thy Conqueſts, and *inform* mankind.

The Passion of the Virgin Mother Beholding the Crucifixion of her divine Son.

I.

NIgh to the *Fatal* and yet *Sovereign* Wood
Which crouds of wondring Angels did surround
Devoutly sad the Holy Mother stood,
And view'd her Son, and sympathiz'd with every wound

II.

Angelick Piety in her mournful face
Like rays of light through a watry Cloud did shine;
Two mighty Passions in her Breast took place
And like her Son sh' appear'd, half Human, half Divine

III.

She saw a blacker and more tragic Scene
Than e're the Sun before or then would see;
In vain did Nature draw her dusky Skreen,
She saw, and wept, and felt the dreadful Agony.

IV.

Grief in the Abstract sure can rise no higher
Than that which this deep Tragedy did move;
She saw in Tortures and in shame expire
Her Son, her God, her Worship and her Love.

V.

That Sacred Head which all Divine and bright
Struck with deep awe the Votaries of the *East*,
To which a Star paid *Tributary* light,
Which the (*then joyful*) Mother kiss'd, ador'd and blest.

VI. That

VI.

That head which Angels with pure light had crown'd,
Where Wisdom's Seat and Oracle was plac'd,
Whose air divine threw his Traitours to the ground,
She saw with pointed circles of rude thorns embrac'd.

VII.

Those hands whose sovereign touch were wont to heal
All wounds and hurts that others did endure,
Did now the piercings of rough Iron feel,
Nor could the wounded heart of his sad Mother cure.

VIII.

No, No it bled to see his body torn
With Nails, and deck'd with gems of purple gore,
On four great wounds to see him rudely born,
Whom oft her Arms a happy burthen found before.

IX.

It bled to hear that voice of grief and dread
Which the Earths Pillars and Foundations shook,
Which rent the Rocks, and woke the sleeping dead,
My God, my God O why, why hast thou me forsook?

X.

And can the tide of Sorrow rise more high?
Her melting face stood thick with tears to view,
Like those of Heaven his setting Glories dye,
As Flowers left by the Sun are charg'd with evening dew.

XI.

But see grief spreads her Empire still more wide,
Another Spring of tears begins to flow,
A barbarous hand wounds his now senseless side,
And Death that ends the *Son's*, renews the *Mother's* woe.

XII. She

XII.

She sees now by the rude inhuman stroke
The *Mystic* River flow, and in her Breast
Wonders by what strange *Figure* th' Angel spoke
When amongst all the Daughters he pronounc'd *her Blest*.

XIII.

Thus far did Nature, Pity, Grief and Love,
And all the Passions their strong Efforts try,
But still tho dark *below*, 'twas clear *above*,
She had (as once her Son) her *strengthening* Angel by.

XIV.

Gabriel the chiefest of th' Almighty's train
That first with happy tidings bleft her ear,
Th' Archangel *Gabriel* was sent again,
To stem the tide of Grief, and qualify her fear.

XV.

A large *Perspective* wrought by hands divine
He set before her first *enlightened* eye,
'Twas hewn out of the Heaven *Christ alline*,
One of whose ends did *lessen*, th' other *magnify*.

XVI.

With that his sufferings he expos'd to sight
With this his Glories he did represent,
The weight of this made th' other seem but light,
She saw the mighty odds, ador'd, and was content.

Damon and Pythias.

Or,

Friendſhip in perfection.

I.

Pyth. 'Tis true (my *Damon*) we as yet have been
Patterns of conſtant love, I know;
We have ſtuck ſo cloſe, no third could come between,
But will it (*Damon*) will it ſtill be ſo?

II.

Da. Keep *your* Love true, I dare engage that mine
Shall like my Soul immortal prove.
In friendſhip's Orb how brightly ſhall we ſhine
Where all ſhall *envy*, none *divide* our Love!

III.

Pyth. Death will; when once (as 'tis by Fate deſign'd)
T' *Eliſium* you ſhall be remov'd,
Such ſweet Companions there no doubt you'l find
That you'l forget that *Pythias* e're you lov'd.

IV.

Da. No, baniſh all ſuch fears; I then will be
Your Friend and guardian Angel too.
And tho with more refin'd Society
I'le leave *Elyſium* to converſe with *you*.

V.

Pyth. But grant that after fate you ſtill are kind,
You cannot long continue ſo;
When I, like you, become all thought and mind
By what mark then ſhall we each other know?

Da. With

VI.

Da. With care on your laſt hour I will attend,
And leſt *like* Souls ſhould me deceive
I cloſely will embrace my *new-born* friend,
And never after my dear *Pythias* leave.

The Indifferency.

I.

WHether 'tis from ſtupidity or no,
I know not, but I ne're could find
Why I one Thought or Paſſion ſhould beſtow
On *Fame*, that gaudy *Idol* of mankind.
Call me not *Stoick*, no I can purſue
Things *excellent* with as much *zeal* as you;
But here I own my ſelf to be
A very *luke-warm* Votary.

II.

Should thouſand excellencies in me meet
And one bright *Conſtellation* frame,
'Tis ſtill as men's phantaſtick Humours hit
Whether I'm *written* in the *Book* of *Fame*.
So tho the Sun be ne're ſo fair and bright
And ſhine with free, uninterrupted light,
'Tis as the Clouds *diſpoſed* are,
E're he can *paint* his *Image* there.

III.

The World is ſeldom to true merit juſt
Through *Envy* or through *Ignorance*,
True worth like *Valour* oft lies hid in duſt,
While ſome *falſe* Hero's grac'd with a *Romance*.

The

The *true* God's Altar oft neglected lies
When *Idols* have Perfumes and Sacrifice.
And tho the *true* one some *adore*
Yet those that do *blaspheme* are *more*.

IV.

Yet grant that merit were of fame secure,
What's *Reputation*, what is *Praise?*
Who'd one day's toil, or sleepless night endure
Such a vain *Babel* of *esteem* to raise?
Pleas'd with his hidden worth the *great* and *wise*
Can like his God this *foreign* good despise,
Whose Happiness would ne're be less
Tho none were made to *praise* or *bless*.

V.

Even I who dare not rank my self with those
Who *pleas'd* into themselves retire,
Find yet in great *Applauses less* repose,
And do *Fame* less, less than my *self* admire.
Let her loud Trumpet sound me far and near,
Th' *Antipodes* will never of me hear.
Or were I known throughout this *Ball*,
I've but a *Point*, when I have *All*.

VI.

Then as for Glory which comes after Fate,
All that can then of me be said
I value least of all, it comes too *late*,
'Tis like th' *embalming* of the *senseless* dead.
Others with *pleasure*, what me *labour* cost
May read, and praise, but to *me* all is lost.
Just as the Sun no Joy does find
In *that* his light which chears *mankind*.

VII.

Or should I after Fate has clos'd my eyes,
Should I my *living* Glories know,
My *wiser*, *improv'd* Soul will then despise
All that poor Mortals say or think below.
Even they who of mens ignorance before
Complain'd, because few did their works adore,
Will then the self same *Censure* raise
Not from their *silence*, but their *praise*.

VIII.

Or grant 'twou'd pleasure bring to know that I
After my death *live* still in *Fame*;
Those that *admire* me too must shortly *dye*,
And then where's my *Memorial*, where my *name*?
My Fame tho *longer-liv'd*, yet once shall have
Like me, its *Death*, its *Funeral*, its *Grave*.
This only *difference* will remain,
I shall, *that* never rise again.

IX.

Death and Destruction shall e're long deface
The World, the *work* of hands *divine*,
What Pillars then, or Monuments of Brass
Shall from the general ruin rescue *mine*?
All then shall equal be; I care not then
To be a while the *talk* and *boast* of *men*.
This only grant, that I may be
Prais'd by thy *Angels*, Lord, and *thee*.

The Infirmity.

I.

IN other things I ne're admir'd to ſee
Men injured by *extremity*.
But little thought in *Happineſs*
There might be danger of *exceſs*.
At leaſt I thought there was no fear
Of ever meeting with *too much* on't *here*.

II.

But now theſe melting ſounds ſtrike on my ſenſe
With ſuch a *powerful* excellence;
I find that Happineſs may be
Screw'd up to ſuch *extremity*,
That our too Feeble Faculties
May not be ſaid t' *enjoy*, but *ſuffer* Bliſs.

III.

So frail's our mortal ſtate, we can ſuſtain
A mighty *bliſs* no more than *pain*.
We loſe our weak *precarious* breath
Tortur'd or *tickled* unto death.
As *ſprights* and *Angels* alike fright
With too much *Horror*, or with too much *light*.

IV.

Alas! I'm *over-pleas'd*, what ſhall I do
The *painful* joy to *undergo*?
Temper your too melodious Song,
Your *doſe* of bliſs is much too *ſtrong*;
Like thoſe that too rich Cordials have,
It don't ſo much *revive*, as make me *rave*.

V.

What *Cruelty* 'twou'd be *ſtill* to confine
A *mortal* ear to Airs *divine?*
The Curſe of *Cain* you have on me
Inverted by your Harmony,
For ſince with that you charm'd my ear,
My *Bliſs* is much too *great* for me to *bear.*

VI.

Relieve this *Paroxyſm* of delight,
And let it be leſs *exquiſite.*
Let *down* my Soul; 'tis too high *ſet*;
I am not *ripe* for *Heaven* yet.
Give me a Region more *beneath,*
This *Element*'s too *fine* for me to *breath.*

The Arreſt.

I.

WHither ſo faſt fond Paſſion doſt thou rove,
Licentious and unconfin'd?
Sure this is not the proper *Sphere* of *Love,*
Obey; and be not *deaf,* as thou art *blind.*
All is ſo falſe and treacherous here
That I muſt *love* with *Caution,* and *enjoy* with *fear.*

II.

Contract thy Sails, leſt a too *guſty* blaſt
Make thee from ſhore launch out too far;
Weigh well this Ocean, e're thou make ſuch haſte,
It has a nature very *ſingular.*
Men of the treacherous *ſhore* complain
In *other* Seas, *here* moſt Danger's in the *Main.*

III. Should'ſt

III.

Should'ſt thou, my Soul, indulge thy forward Love,
And not controul its headlong courſe,
The Object in th' enjoyment *vain* will prove,
And thou on *Nothing* fall with *all* thy *force*.
So th' eager Hawk makes ſure of's prize,
Strikes with *full* might, but *overſhoots* himſelf and *dyes*.

IV.

Or ſhould'ſt thou with long ſearch on ſomething light
That might content and *ſtay* thy mind,
All good's here *wing'd*, and ſtands prepar'd for flight,
'Twill leave thee *reaching out* in vain, behind.
Then when *unconſtant* fate thou'ſt proved,
Thou'lt ſigh, and ſay with tears, *I wiſh I ne're had lovd*.

V.

Well then ye ſofter Powers that love Command
And wound our Breaſts with *pleaſing* ſmart,
Gage well your *Launce*, and bear a ſteddy hand,
Leſt it run in too *deep* into my Heart.
Or if you're fix'd in your deſigh
Deeply to wound my Heart, wound it with *Love divine*.

To the Memory of my dear Neece M. C.

I.

BY tears to eaſe my grief I've try'd,
And Philoſophick medicins have applied ;
From Books and Company I've ſought relief,
I've uſed all *Spells* and *Charms* of Art
To *Lay* this *Troubler* of my heart ;
I have, yet I'm ſtill *haunted* by my grief.
These give ſome *eaſe*, but yet I find
'Tis *Poetry* at laſt muſt *cure* my mind.

II.

Come then, t' aſſawage my pain I'l try
By the ſweet *magick* of thy *Harmony*.
Begin my Muſe, but 'twill be hard I know
For thee my Genius to *ſcrew*
To *heights* that to my *Theme* are due,
The *weight* of grief has *ſet* my Soul ſo *low*.
To grace her death my ſtrains ſhould be
As far above *Mortality* as *ſhe*.

III.

Is ſhe then *dead*, and can it be
That I can *live* to write her *Elegy* ?
I hoped, ſince 'twas not to my Soul deny'd
To ſympathize in all the pain
Which ſhe tho *long*, did *well* ſuſtain,
T' have carri'd on the *ſympathy*, and *dy'd*.
But Death was ſo o'repleas'd I ſee
At this *rich ſpoil*, that ſhe neglected *me*.

IV. Yet

IV.

Yet has ſh' of all things made me bare,
But *Life*, nor was it *kindneſs* here to *ſpare*.
So when th' Almighty would t' inform mankind
His *Eaſtern Hero*'s patience try
With the *Extreams* of miſery;
He gave *this* Charge to the malicious Fiend;
Of all Life's *Bleſſings* him deprive,
Vex him with *all* thy *Plagues*, but let him *live*.

V.

Yet I *will* live (ſweet Soul) to ſave
Thy *name*, ſince *thee* I cannot from the grave.
I will not of this *burthen* Life complain
Tho *tears* than *verſes* faſter flow,
Tho I am *plung'd* in grief and woe,
And like th' inſpired *Sibylls* write in *pain*.
To *dye* for friends is thought to be
Heroick, but I'll *Life* endure for thee.

VI.

'Tis juſt, ſince I in *thee* did *live*
That thou ſhould'ſt *Life* and *Fame* from *me* receive.
But how ſhall I this Debt of Juſtice pay?
The *Colours* of my Poetry
Are all too *dead* to *Copy* thee,
'Twill be *Abuſe* the beſt that I can ſay.
Nature that wrought thy curious frame
Will find it hard to draw *again* the *ſame*.

VII.

In *Council* the Almighty ſate
When he did *man* his *Maſter-piece* create.

His *Agent Nature* did the same for thee;
In making thee she wrought for *Fame*,
And with *slow* progress drew thy frame,
As he that painted for *Eternity*.
In her *best Mould* she did thee *cast*,
But thou wast *over-wrought*, and made *too fine* to *last*.

VIII.

Thy Soul the *Saint* of this fair *Shrine*
Was pure without *Alloy*, and all divine.
Active and nimble as *Æthereal* light,
Kind as the Angels are above
Who live on *Harmony* and *Love*;
The Rays thou shott'st were *warm*, as well as *bright*:
So mild so pleasing was thy fire,
That none could *envy*, and *all must admire*.

IX.

Sickness to whose strong *Siege* resign
The best of Natures did but set forth thine.
Wisely thou did'st thy Passions all Controul,
And like a Martyr in the fire
Devout and patient did'st expire,
Pains could *expel*, but not *untune* thy Soul.
Thou bore'st them all so *Moderately*
As if thou mean'st to teach how I should *mourn* for *thee*.

X.

No wonder such a noble mind
Her way again to Heaven so *soon* could find.
Angels, as 'tis but seldom they appear,
So neither do they make long stay,
They do but visit, and away,
'Tis pain for them t' endure our too gross Sphere.
We could not hope for a *Reprieve*,
She must *dye soon*, that made such *haste* to *live*.

XI. Hea-

XI.

Heaven did thy lovely Preſence want,
And therefore did ſo *early* thee *tranſplant*.
Not 'cauſe he dar'd not *truſt* thee longer here,
No, ſuch ſweet Innocence as thine
To take a *Stain* was too *divine*,
But ſure he *Coveted* to have thee *there*;
For meaner Souls he could delay,
Impatient for thine, he would not *ſtay*.

XII.

The Angels too did covet thee
T' advance their *Love*, their *Bliſs*, their *Harmony*.
They'd lately made an *Anthem* to their *King*,
An Anthem which contain'd a part
All ſweet, and full of Heavenly Art,
Which none but thy *Harmonious* Soul could ſing.
'Twas all Heaven's Vote thou ſhould'ſt be gone
To *fill* th' Almighty's *Quire*, and to *adorn* his *Throne*.

XIII.

Others when gone t' eternal reſt
Are ſaid t' augment the *number* of the Bleſt.
Thou doſt their very *Happineſs* improve,
Out of the Croud they ſingle thee,
Fond of thy ſweet Society,
Thou waſt *our* Darling, and art ſo *above*.
Why ſhould we of thy loſs Complain
Which is not only *thine*, but *Heaven's* gain?

XIV.

There doſt thou ſit in Bliſs and light,
Whileſt I thy Praiſe in mournful numbers write.

There

There dost thou drink at pleasures virgin Spring,
And find'st no *leisure* in thy Bliss
Ought to admire *below*, but this.
How I can *mourn*, when thou dost *Anthems sing?*
Thy Pardon my sweet Saint I implore,
My Soul ne're *disconform'd* from thine *before*.

XV.

Now will I now: My tears shall flow
No more, I will be blest 'cause thou art so.
I'll borrow Comfort from thy happy state,
In *Bliss* I'll *sympathize* with thee
As once I did in *misery*,
And by *Reflection* will be Fortunate.
I'll practise now, what's done above,
And by *thy* happy state my own improve.

The Resignation.

I.

LOng have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with *trembling* hand this *bitter Draught*;
'Twas now just to my Lips applied,
Nature *shrank* in, and all my Courage *dy'd*.
But now Resolv'd, and firm I'll be,
Since Lord, 'tis *mingled*, and *reach'd* out by *thee*.

II.

I'll trust my great *Physician*'s skill,
I know what *he prescribes* can ne're be ill;
To each *Disease* he knows what's fit,
I own him *wise* and *good*, and do submit.

I'll

I'll now no longer grieve or pine,
Since 'tis *thy* pleasure Lord, it shall be *mine.*

III.

Thy Med'cine put's me to great smart,
Thou'st wounded me in my most *tender* part;
But 'tis with a design to cure,
I must and will thy *Sovereign touch* endure.
All that I priz'd below is gone,
But yet I still will pray, *thy will be done.*

IV.

Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
With the most precious treasure of my heart,
I freely *that* and *more* resign,
My *heart* it self, as its *Delight*, is thine,
My little *All* I give to thee,
Thou gav'st a greater gift, thy *Son*, to me.

V.

He left true Bliss and Joys above,
Himself he *emptied* of all good, but *love*:
For me he freely did forsake
More good, than he *from* me *can* ever *take.*
A *mortal* life for a *Divine*
He took, and did at last even *that* resign.

VI.

Take all great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish, that I had still to give.
I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
My *Paradise*, I bless and do submit.
I will not murmur at thy word;
Nor beg thy Angel to sheath up his Sword.

To my guardian Angel.

I.

I Own (my gentle guide) that much I owe
For all thy *tutelary* care and love,
Through life's *wilde maze* thou'ſt led me hitherto,
Nor ever wilt (I hope) thy *Tent* remove;
But yet t' have been completely true,
Thou ſhoul'ſt have guarded her life too.
Thou know'ſt my Soul did moſt inhabit there,
I could have *ſpared* thee, t' have guarded *her*.

II.

But ſince by thy neglect, or Heavens Decree,
She's gone t' increaſe the *pleaſures* of the Bleſt,
Since in *this Sphere* my *Sun* I ne're ſhall ſee,
Grant me (kind Spirit) grant me this Requeſt.
When I ſhall eaſe thy charge and dye,
(For ſure I think thou wilt be by)
Lead me through all the numerous Hoſt above,
And bring my *new-flown* Soul to her I love.

III.

With what high Paſſion ſhall we then embrace!
What Pleaſure will ſhe take t' impart to me
The Rites and Methods of that ſacred place,
And what a Heaven 'twill be to learn from thee!
That *pleaſure* I ſhall then I fear
As ill as now my *ſorrow* bear;
And could then any Chance my life deſtroy,
I ſhould I fear then *dye again* with Joy.

The

The Defiance.

I.

WEll *Fortune*, now (if e're) you've have shewn
What *you* had in *your* power to do,
My *wandring* Love at length had *fix'd* on *one*,
One who might please even *unconstant you*.
Me of this one you have deprived
On whom I *stay'd*, my Soul, *in* whom I *liv'd*,
You've shewn *your* power and I resign,
But now I'll shew thee *Fortune*, what's in *mine*.

II.

I will not, no I will not grieve,
My tears within their banks shall stand;
Do what thou wilt, I am resolv'd to *Live*,
Since *thee* I can't, I will my self command.
I will my passions so controul
That neither *they*, nor thou shalt hurt my *Soul*;
I'll run so *counter* to thy will,
Thy *good* I'll relish, but not feel thy *Ill*.

III.

I *felt* the Shaft that *last* was sent,
But now thy *Quiver* I defy.
I fear no *Pain* from thee or *Discontent*,
Clad in the *Armour* of *Philosophy*.
Thy *last* seiz'd on me out of guard,
Unarm'd too far within thy reach I *dar'd*,
But now the *field* I'll *dearly* sell,
I'm now (at least by *thee*) *Impassible*.

IV. My

IV.

My Soul now ſoars high and ſublime
Beyond the *Spring* of thy *beſt* bow,
Like thoſe who ſo *long* on high Mountains climb
Till they ſee *rain*, and *thunder* hear *below*.
In vain thou'lt ſpend thy Darts on me,
My Fort's too ſtrong for thy Artillery,
Thy *cloſeſt aim* won't touch my mind,
Here's all thy gain, ſtill to be thought *more blind*.

Superſtition.

I.

I Care not tho it be
By the *preciſer* ſort thought *Popery*;
We Poets, can a *Licence* ſhew
For every thing we do,
Hear then my little Saint, I'll *pray* to thee.

II.

If now thy happy mind
Amidſt its various joys can leaſure find
T' attend to any thing ſo low
As what I ſay or do,
Regard, and be what thou waſt ever, *kind*.

III.

Let not the Bleſt above
Engroſs thee quite, but ſometimes hither rove;
Fain would I thy ſweet image ſee
And ſit, and talk with thee,
Nor is it *Curioſity*, but *Love*.

IV. A

IV.

Ah what delight 'twou'd be
Would'ſt thou ſometimes by ſtealth converſe with me!
How ſhould I thy ſweet Commerce prize
And other joys deſpiſe!
Come then, I ne're was yet *denyed* by thee.

V.

I would not long detain
Thy Soul from Bliſs, nor keep thee here in paint.
Nor ſhould thy fellow-Saints e're know
Of thy eſcape below,
Before thou'rt miſs'd, thou ſhould'ſt return again.

VI.

Sure Heaven muſt needs thy love
As well as other qualities improve.
Come then and recreate my ſight
With rays of thy pure light,
'Twill chear my eyes more than the Lamps above.

VII.

But if Fate's ſo ſevere
As to confine thee to thy bliſfull Sphere,
(And by thy Abſence I ſhall know
Whether thy ſtate be ſo)
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

The

The Complaint of Adam *turn'd out of Paradise.*

I.

And must I go, and must I be no more
The Tenant of this happy ground?
Can no *reserves* of pity me restore,
Can no *attonement* for my stay *compound*?
All the rich Odours that *here grow* I'd give
To Heaven in Incense, might I here but live.
Or if it be a Grace too high
To *live* in *Eden*, let me there but *dye*.

II.

Fair place, thy sweets I just began to know,
And must I leave thee now again?
Ah why does Heaven such *short-liv'd* Bliss bestow?
A *taste* of *pleasure*, but *full* draught of *pain*.
I ask not to be *chief* in this blest state,
Let Heaven some other for that place create.
So 'tis in *Eden*, let me but have
An *under-gardiner*'s place, 'tis all I crave.

III.

But 'twill not do I see, I must away,
My feet profane this sacred ground;
Stay then bright Minister, one Minute stay,
Let me in *Eden* take one *farewell* round.
Let me go gather but one fragrant Bough
Which as a *Relique*, I may keep and *shew*;

Fear

Fear not the *Tree* of *Life*; it were
A Curſe to be *immortal*, and not *here*.

IV.

'Tis done; Now farewell thou moſt happy place,
Farewell ye ſtreams that ſoftly creep,
I ne're again in you ſhall view my face,
Farewell ye Bowers, in you I ne're ſhall ſleep.
Farewell ye Trees, ye flow'ry Beds farewell,
You ne're will bleſs my *taſte*, nor *you* my *ſmell*.
Farewell thou Guardian divine,
To thee my *happy Rival* I reſign.

V.

O whither now, whither ſhall I repair
Exil'd from this Angelic coaſt?
There's nothing left that's pleaſant, good or fair,
The *World* can't recompence for *Eden* loſt.
'Tis true, I've here a Univerſal ſway,
The Creatures me as their chief Lord obey;
But yet the World tho *all* my Seat,
Can't make me *happy*, tho it make me *great*.

VI.

Had I loſt *leſſer* and but *ſeeming* Bliſs,
Reaſon my ſorrows might relieve,
But when the loſs great and ſubſtantial is,
To *think* is but to ſee good cauſe to *grieve*.
'Tis well I'm *mortal*, 'tis well I ſhortly muſt
Loſe all the *thoughts* of *Eden* in the duſt.
Senſeleſs and thoughtleſs now I'd be,
I'd loſe even my *ſelf*, ſince I've loſt *thee*.

To Sleep.

I.

BReak off thy Slumber gentle God
And hither bring thy *charming* Rod;
The Rod that weeping eyes does close
And gives to melancholy hearts repose;
With *that* my Temples stroke, and let me be
Held by thy *soft Captivity.*
But do not *all* my senses bind,
Nor *fetter* up too *close* my mind;
Let *mimic* Fancy wake, and freely rove,
And bring th' *Idea* of the Saint I love.

II.

Her lovely Image has been brought
So often to my *waking* thought,
That 'tis at length worn out and dead,
And with its fair Original is fled.
Or else my working overthoughtful mind
With much *intention* is made *blind*,
Like those who look on Objects bright
So long till they quite lose their sight.
Ah Cruel Fates, is't not enough for you
To take my *Saint*, but I must lose her *Image* too?

III.

Thee gentle *Charmer* I implore
This my *lost Treasure* to restore;
Thy *magic* vertues all apply,
Set up again my *Bank-rupt* memory,
Search every *Cell* and corner of my brain,
And bring my *Fugitive* again.

To

To thy dark Cave thy ſelf betake
And 'mong thy *Dreams* enquiry make;
Summon the *beſt Ideas* to appear
And bring that *Form* which moſt reſembles *her*.

IV.

But if in all thy ſtore there be
None (as I fear) ſo fair as ſhe,
Then let thy *Painter Fancy* limn
Her Form *anew*, and ſend it by a Dream.
Thou can'ſt him all her lively Features tell
For ſure I think thou knew'ſt her well.
But if *deſcription* wont ſuffice
For him to draw a Piece ſo *nice*,
Then let him to my *Breaſt* and *Heart* repair,
For ſure her *Image* is not *worn out there*.

The Grant.

I.

'TWas when the *Tide* of the *returning* day
Began to chaſe ill forms away,
When pious Dreams the ſenſe imploy,
And all within is *Innocence* and *Joy*,
My Melancholy, thoughtful mind
O'recome at length, to ſleep reſign'd;
Not common ſleep, for I was bleſt
With ſomething more *divine*, more *ſweet* than *reſt*.

II.

She who her fine-wrought Clay had lately left,
Of whoſe ſweet *form* I was bereft,
Was by *kind* Fancy to me brought,
And made the Object of my *happy* thought.

The Defence.

I.

THat I am colder in my Frienſhip grown,
My Faith and Conſtancy you blame,
But ſure th' inconſtancy is all your own,
I am, but *you* are not the ſame.
The flame of Love muſt needs expire
If you ſubſtract what ſhould maintain the fire.

II.

While to the Laws of Vertue you were true,
You had, and might retain my heart;
Now give me leave to turn Apoſtate too,
Since you do from your ſelf depart.
Thus the *Reform'd* are counted free
From *Schiſm*, tho they deſert the *Roman* See.

III.

The ſtricteſt Union to be found below
Is that which Soul and Body tyes,
They all the *Myſteries* of Friendſhip know
And with each other ſympathize.
And yet the Soul will bid adieu
T' her *much diſtemper'd* Mate, as I leave you.

The Retractation.

I.

I'Ve often charg'd all ſublunary bliſs
With vanity and emptineſs:
You Woods and Streams have heard me oft complain
How all things, how even *your* delights were vain.
Methought I could with one ſhort ſimple view
Glance o're all human joys, and ſee them through.
But now great *Preacher* pardon me,
I cannot wholly to thy charge agree,
For *Muſick* ſure and *Friendſhip* have no *vanity*.

II.

No, each of theſe is a firm *maſſy* joy,
Which tho eternal, will not cloy.
Here may the *Venturous* Soul love on, and find
Graſp what ſhe can, that more remains behind.
Such *Depths* of joy theſe living *Springs* contain
As Man t' Eternity can never *drain*.
Theſe Sweets the *truth* of Heaven prove,
Only there's *greater* Bliſs with Saints above,
Becauſe they've *better Muſick* there, and *firmer Love*.

The Proſpect.

I.

WHat a ſtrange *moment* will *that* be
My Soul, how full of Curioſity,
When wing'd, and ready for thy eternal flight
Tho th' utmoſt edges of thy tottering Clay,
Hovering and wiſhing longer ſtay
Thou ſhalt advance, and have *Eternity* in *ſight*!
When juſt about to try that unknown Sea,
What a ſtrange *moment* will *that* be!

II.

But yet how much *more* ſtrange that ſtate
When looſen'd from th' embrace of this cloſe mate
Thou ſhalt at *once* be *plung'd* in Liberty,
And move as ſwift and active as a Ray
Shot from the lucid *ſpring* of day!
Thou who juſt now waſt clogg'd with dull Mortality,
How wilt thou bear the mighty change, how know
Whether thou'rt then the *ſame* or no!

III.

Then to ſtrange Manſions of the air
And ſtranger Company muſt thou repair:
What a new Scene of things will then appear!
This World thou by *degrees* waſt taught to know
Which *laſſen'd* thy ſurprife below,
But Knowledge all at *once* will *overflow* thee *there*.
That World as the *firſt* man did *this*, thou'lt ſee,
Ripe-grown, in full maturity.

IV. There

IV.

There with bright Splendours muſt thou dwell,
And be--what only thoſe pure Forms can tell.
There muſt thou live a while, gaze and admire,
Till the great Angel's Trump this Fabrick ſhake
And all the ſlumbering Dead awake,
Then to thy old, forgotten ſtate muſt thou retire.
This Union then will ſeem as ſtrange, or more,
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greateſt Change prepare,
To ſee the only Great, the only Fair.
Veil now thy feeble eyes, gaze and be bleſt;
Here all thy turns and Revolutions ceaſe,
Here's all Serenity and Peace:
Thou'rt to the *Center* come, the native ſeat of *reſt*.
There's now no further change, nor need there be;
When *One* ſhall be *Variety*.

The Return.

I.

DEar Contemplation my divineſt Joy,
When I thy ſacred Mounts aſcend
What Heavenly ſweets my Soul employ!
Why can't I there my days for ever ſpend?
When I have conquer'd thy ſteep Heights with Pain
What pity 'tis that I muſt down again!

II.

And yet I must; my Passions would rebel
Should I too *long* continue here:
No, here I must not think to *dwell*,
But mind the Duties of my proper Sphere.
So Angels, tho they Heaven's Glories know,
Forget not to attend their Charge below.

The 137 Psalm Paraphrased to the 7 Verse.

I.

Beneath a reverend gloomy shade,
Where *Tigris* and *Euphrates* cut their way,
With folded Arms and Heads supinely laid
We sate, and wept out all the tedious day,
Within its Banks Grief could not be
Contain'd, when, *Sion*, we remember'd thee.

II.

Our Harps with which we oft have sung
In solemn strains the great Jehovah's praise,
Our warbling Harps upon the Trees we hung,
Too deep our grief to hear their pleasing Layes.
Our Harps were sad, as well as we,
And tho by Angels toucht, would yield no Harmony.

III.

But they who forc'd us from our seat,
The Happy Land, and sweet abode of Rest,
Had one way left to be more cruel yet,
And ask'd a Song from hearts with grief oppress.

Let's

Let's hear, say they, upon the Lyre
One of the *Anthems* of your *Hebrew Quire*

IV.

How can we frame our voice to sing
The Hymns of Joy, Festivity and Praise
To those who're Aliens to *our Heavenly* King,
And want a *taste* for such exalted Layes?
Our Harps will here refuse to sound;
An *Holy Song* is due to *Holy ground.*

V.

No, dearest *Sion*, if we can
So far forget thy melancholy state
As now thou mourn'st, to sing one chearful strain,
This ill be added to our *Ebb* of Fate;
Let neither Hap nor Voice e're try
One *Hallelujah* more, but ever silent lye.

The 139 *Psalm Paraphrased to the* 14 *Verse.*

I.

IN vain, great God, in vain I try
T' escape thy quick all-searching eye.
Thou with one *undivided* view
Dost look the whole Creation through.
The unshap'd *Embryo's* of my mind
Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought,
The tender *rudiments* of thought
Thou see'st, before she can her own *Conception* find.

IL My

II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
In *Solitude* I'm not *alone*;
Thou round my Bed a guard doſt keep,
Thy eyes are open, while mine ſleep.
My ſofteſt Whiſpers reach thy ear:
'Tis vain to fancy ſecrecy;
Which way ſo e're I turn thou'rt there,
I am all round *beſet* with thy *Immenſity*.

III.

I can't wade through this Depth, I find,
It drowns and ſwallows up my mind.
'Tis like thy immenſe Deity,
I cannot fathom that, or thee.
Where then ſhall I a refuge find
From thy bright comprehenſive eye?
Whither, O whither ſhall I fly,
What place is not poſſeſt by thy all-filling mind!

IV.

If to the heavenly Orbs I fly,
There is thy Seat of Majeſty.
If down to Hell's Abyſs I go
There I am ſure to meet thee too.
Should I with the ſwift wings of Light
Seek ſome remote and unknown Land,
Thou ſoon would'ſt overtake my flight,
And all my Motions rule with thy *long-reaching* hand.

V.

Should I t' avoid thy piercing ſight,
Retire behind the skreen of night;
Thou canſt with one celeſtial ray
Diſpel the ſhades, and make it day.

Nor

Nor need'ſt thou by ſuch Mediums ſee,
The force of thy clear, radiant ſight
Depends not on our groſſer light,
On Light thou ſitt'ſt *enthron'd*, 'tis *ever* Day with *thee*.

VI.

The *Springs* which Life and Motion give
Are thine, by thee I move and live.
My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
Thou know'ſt my whole *Anatomy*.
T' an Hymn of Praiſe I'le tune my Lyre;
How amazing is this work of thine!
VVith *dread* I into my *ſelf* retire,
For tho the *Metal's baſe*, the *Stamp* is all *divine*.

To Dr. Plot *on his Natural Hiſtory of* Stafford-ſhire.

I.

WHat ſtrange Perverſity is this of Man!
VVhen 'twas a *Crime* to taſte th' *inlightning* Tree
He could not *then* his hand refrain,
None then ſo *inquiſitive*, ſo Curious as He.
But now he has *Liberty* to try and know
God's whole *Plantation* below;
Now the Angelic fruit may be
Taſted by all whoſe Arms can *reach* the Tree:
H' is now by *Licence careleſs* made,
The *Tree* neglects to *climb*, and *ſleeps* beneath the *Shade*.

II.

Such drowſie *ſedentary* Souls have they
VVho could to *Patriarchal* years live on
Fix'd to *Hereditary* Clay
And know no Climate but their own.

Contracted

Contracted to their narrow Sphere
Rest before *Knowledge* they prefer,
And of this Globe wherein they dwell
No more than of the Heavenly Orbs can tell.
As if by Nature plac'd below
Not on this Earth to *dwell*, but to take *root* and *grow*.

III.

Dull Souls, why did great Nature take such care
To write in such a *Splendid* character;
If Man the only thing below
That can pretend her hand to know
Her fair-writ Volume does despise,
And tho design'd for *Wisdom* won't be *wise*?
Th' Almighty gets no *Praise* from this dull kind,
The Sun was never worship'd by the *Blind*.
Such Ignorance can ne're *Devotion* raise,
They will want *Wisdom* and their Maker *Praise*.

IV.

They only can this Tribute *duely* yield
Whose active Spirits range abroad,
Who traverse o're all Nature's field
And view the great Magnificence of God.
They see the hidden wealth of Nature's store
Fall down, and *Learnedly* adore;
but They *most* justly yet this Tribute pay
Who don't *Contemplate* only, but *display*,
Comment on Nature's Text, and to the sense
Expose her latent excellence,
Who like the Sun, not only *travel* o're
The World, but give it *light* that *others* may adore.

V.

In th' Head of these *Heroic Few*
Our Learned Author first appears in view,

Whose

Whose searching Genius like the Lamp of day
Does the Earth's Furniture display,
Nor suffers to lye bury'd and unknown
Nature's rich Talent or his own.
Drake and *Columbus* do in thee revive,
And we from thy *Research* as much receive.
Thou art as great as they, for 'tis all one
New Worlds to *find*, or *nicely* to *describe* the *known*.

VI.

On Mighty Hero, our whole Isle survey,
Advance thy Standard, conquer all the way,
Let nothing but the *Sea* controul
The Progress of thy active Soul.
Act like a pious Courteous *Ghost*,
And to Mankind retrieve what's *lost*.
With thy victorious charitable hand
Point out the hidden *Treasures* of our Land.
Envy or *Ignorance* do what they will,
Thou hast a *Blessing* from the *Muses Hill*.
Great be thy Spirit as thy Works divine,
Shew *them* thy *Maker*'s Praise, we *Poets* will sing *thine*.

The

The Exchange.

I.

WHen *Corydon* had loſt his Liberty
And felt the Tyrant's heavy chains,
He ſwore, could he but once get free,
He'd never, no, he'd never love again.

II.

But ſtay dull Shepherd, if you *quench* your fire,
Too *dear* you'l buy your *Liberty*:
Let not ſuch vigorous heats *expire*,
I'l teach thee how to *love*, and yet be *free*.

III.

Take bright *Urania* to thy Amorous breaſt,
To her thy *flaming* heart reſign;
Void not the *room*, but change the *gueſt*,
And let thy *ſenſual* love commence *Divine*.

IV.

The Swain obey'd, and when he once had known
This *fore-taſte* of the joys above,
He vow'd, tho he *might* be his own,
Yet he would ever, yes, he'd ever love.

The

The Refinement.

I.

WEll, 'twas a hard Decree of Fate,
My Soul, to *Clip* thy *pinions* so,
To make thee leave thy pure Ethereal state,
And breath the Vapours of this Sphere below,
Where he that can pretend to have
Most Freedom, 's still his *body*'s Slave.

II.

Was e're a Substance so divine
With such an unlike Consort joyn'd?
Did ever things so wide, so close combine
As massy Clods and Sun-beams, Earth and mind?
When yet two *Souls* can ne're agree
In *Friendship*, but by *parity*.

III.

Unequal match! what wilt thou do,
My Soul, to raise thy *Plumes* again?
How wilt thou this gross vehicle subdue,
And thy first Bliss, first Purity obtain?
Thy Consort how wilt thou refine,
And be again *all o're* divine?

IV.

Fix on the Sovereign Fair thy eye,
And kindle in thy breast a flame;
Wind up thy Passions to a pitch so high
Till they melt down, and rarify thy frame.
Like the great *Prophet* then aspire,
Thy *Chariot* will like *his*, be *Fire*.

To Melancholy.

I.

MYſterious Paſſion, *deareſt* Pain, (theſe
Tell me, what wondrous Charms are
With which thou doſt *torment* and *pleaſe*,
I *grieve* to be thy *ſlave*, yet would not *Freedom* gain.
No Tyranny like thine we know,
That half ſo cruel e're appear'd,
And yet thou'rt *Lov'd* as well as *Fear'd*,
Perhaps the *only Tyrant* that is ſo.

II.

Long have I been thy Votary,
Thou'ſt led me out to Woods and Groves;
Made'ſt me deſpiſe all other Loves,
And give up all my *Paſſions*, all my *Soul* to thee.
Thee for my *firſt* Companion did I chuſe,
Firſt, even before my *darling Muſe*;
And yet I know of thee no more
Than thoſe who never did thy ſhrine adore.

III.

Thou'rt Myſtery and Riddle all,
Like thoſe thou inſpireſt, thou lov'ſt to be
In *darkneſs* and *obſcurity*,
Even learned *Athens* thee an *unknown God* might call.
Strange contraries in thee combine,
Both *Hell* and *Heaven* in thee meet,
Thou greateſt bitter, greateſt ſweet,
No *Pain* is like *thy* Pain, no *Pleaſure* too like *thine*.

IV.

'Tis the *grave* doctrin of the Schools
That Contraries can never be
Conſiſtent in the *high'ſt* degree, (Rules.
But thou muſt ſtand exempt from their dull narrow
And yet 'tis ſaid the brighteſt mind
Is that which is by thee refin'd.
See here a *greater* Myſtery,
Thou mak'ſt us *wiſe*, yet *ruin'ſt* our *Philoſophy*.

The Diſcontent.

I.

NOt that it is not made my Fate
To ſtand upon the dangerous heights of ſtate,
Nor that I cannot be poſſeſt
Of th' hidden treaſures of the *Eaſt*,
Nor that I cannot bathe in Pleaſure's Spring
And rifle all the ſweets which Natures gardens bring
Do I repine, my Deſtiny,
I can all theſe *deſpiſe* as well as you *deny*.

II.

It ſhall not diſcompoſe my mind
Though not one Star above to me prove kind.
Their influence may ſway the *Sea*,
But make not the leaſt change in *me*.
They neither can *afflict* my ſtate, nor *bleſs*,
Their greateſt *gifts* are *ſmall*, and my *deſires* are *leſs*.
My Veſſel bears but little *ſail*,
What need I then a full and ſwelling *gale*?

III.

And yet I'm disconted too,
Perhaps y' aspiring Souls as much as *you*;
We both in equal trouble live,
But for much different *Causes* grieve;
You, that these gilded Joys you can't *obtain*,
And I, because I know they're *empty* all and *vain*.
You still *pursue* in hopes to *find*,
I stand, and dare not *flatter* on my mind.

IV.

This *Tree* of *Knowledge* is, I see,
Still *fatal* to poor man's *felicity*.
That which yields others great repast,
Can't please my now *enlighten'd* taste.
Before, tho I could nothing *solid* find,
Yet still with specious *Prospects* I could *please* my mind.
Now all the farthest I can see
Is one perpetual *Round* of Vanity.

Beauty.

Beauty.

I.

BEſt Object of the Paſſion *moſt* divine,
What excellence can Nature ſhew
In all her various ſtore *below*,
Whoſe Charms may be compar'd to thine?
Even *Light* it ſelf is therefore fair
Only becauſe it makes *thy* Sweets appear.

II.

Thou ſtreaming Splendor of the face divine
What in the Regions *above*,
Do Saints like thee adore or love,
What excellence is *there* like thine?
I except not the *Divinity*.
That great and Sovereign good, for thou art *He*.

III.

He's Beauties vaſt Abyſs and boundleſs Sea,
The Primitive and greateſt Fair,
All his Perfections *Beauties* are,
Beauty is all the Deity.
Some ſtreams from this vaſt Ocean flow,
And that is all that *pleaſes*, all that's *Fair* below.

IV.

Divine Perfection who alone art all
That various *Scene* of Excellence
Which pleaſes either *mind* or *ſenſe*,
Tho thee by different names we call!

Search Nature through, thou ſtill wilt be
The *Sum* of all that's *good* in her *Variety*.

V.

Love, that moſt active Paſſion of the mind,
Whoſe roving Flame does traverſe o're
All Nature's good, and reach for more,
Still to thy *magic Sphere*'s confin'd.
'Tis *Beauty* all we can deſire,
Beauty's the *native Manſion* of Love's *Fire*.

VI.

Thoſe Finer Spirits who from the Croud retire
To ſtudy Nature's artful Scheme,
Or ſpeculate a Theorem,
What is't but *Beauty* they admire?
And they too who enamour'd are
Of *Vertues* face, love her becauſe ſhe's *Fair*.

VII.

No Empire, Sovereign Beauty, is like thine,
Thou reign'ſt *unrivall'd* and *alone*,
And *univerſal* is thy Throne,
Stoicks themſelves to thee reſign.
From Paſſions be they ne're ſo free
Something they needs muſt love, and that is *Thee*.

VIII.

He whom we all adore, that mighty He,
Owns thy ſupreme dominion,
And happy lives in thee alone,
We're bleſt in *him*, and He in *thee*:
In thee he's *infinitely* bleſt,
Thou art the *inmoſt Center* of his *Reſt*.

IX. Pleas'd

IX.

Pleas'd with thy Form, which in his Eſſence ſhin'd,
Th' Almighty choſe to multiply
This *Flower* of his Divinity
And leſſer Beauties ſoon deſign'd.
The unform'd Chaos he remov'd,
Tinctur'd the Maſs with *thee*, and then it *lov'd*.

X.

But do not thou My Soul, fixt here remain,
All Streams of Beauty here below
Do from that immenſe Ocean flow,
And thither they ſhould lead *again*.
Trace then theſe Streams, till thou ſhalt be
At length *o'rewhelm'd* in Beauty's *boundleſs Sea*.

Love.

I.

IMperial Paſſion! Sacred fire!
When we of *meaner* Subjects ſing,
Thou tune'ſt our Harps, thou doſt our Souls inſpire,
'Tis *Love* directs the Quill, 'tis *Love* ſtrikes every ſtring.
But where's *another* Deity
T' inſpire the man that ſings of *thee*?

II.

W' are by miſtaken *Chymiſts* told
That the moſt active part of all
The various *Compound* caſt in Nature's *mould*
Is that which they *Mercurial ſpirit* call.
But ſure 'tis *Love* they ſhould have ſaid,
Without this even *their Spirit* is *Dead*.

III.

Love's the great *Spring* of Nature's *wheel*,
Love does the Maſs pervade and move,
What 'ſcapes the *Sun*'s, does *thy* Warm influence feel,
The Univerſe is kept in tune by Love.
Thou Nature giv'ſt her *Sympathy*,
The *Center* has its *Charm* from thee.

IV.

Love did great *Nothing*'s barren womb
Impregnate with his genial fire;
From this firſt Parent did all Creatures come,
Th' Almighty *willed*, and made all by *Deſire*.

Nay

Nay more, among the Sacred *Three*,
The *third ſubſiſtence* is from thee.

V.

The Happieſt Order of the Bleſt
Are thoſe whoſe *Tide* of *Love*'s moſt *high*,
The bright *Seraphick* Hoſt; who're more poſſeſt
Of good, becauſe more like the Deity.
T' him they advance as they improve
Their noble *heat*, for *God is Love*.

VI.

Shall then a Paſſion ſo Divine
Stoop down and *Mortal* Beauties know?
Nature's great Statute Law did ne're deſign
That *Heavenly* fire ſhould kindle here *below*;
Let it aſcend and dwell above,
The proper *Element* of Love.

The

The Consummation.

A

Pindarick Ode.

I.

THe rise of Monarchies, and their *long, weighty* fall
My Muse outsoars; she proudly leaves behind
The Pomps of Courts, she leaves our little *All*,
To be the *humble* Song of a less reaching Mind.
In vain I curb her tow'ring flight;
All I can here present's too small.
She presses on, and now has lost their sight,
She flies, and hastens to relate
The last and dreadful Scene of Fate,
Nature's great solemn Funeral.
I see the mighty Angel stand
Cloath'd with a Cloud, and Rain-bow round his head,
His right foot on the Sea, his other on the Land,
He lifted up his dreadful arm, and thus he said;
By the mysterious great Three-one
Whose Power we fear, and Truth adore
I swear the Fatal Thred is spun,
Nature shall breath her last, and *Time shall be no more.*
The Antient Stager of the Day
Has run his Minutes out, and number'd all his way.
The parting *Isthmus* is thrown down
And all shall now be overflown.
Time shall no more her *under-current* know
But one with great Eternity shall grow,
Their streams shall *mix*, and in *one Circling* Chanel flow.

II. He

II.

He ſpake. Fate writ the Sentence with her Iron Pen,
And mighty Thunderings ſaid, *Amen.*
What dreaJful ſound's this ſtrikes my ear?
'Tis ſure th' Arch-angel's Trump I hear,
Nature's great Paſſing-bell, the *only* Call
Of Gods that will be heard by *all.*
The Univerſe takes the Alarm, the Sea
Trembles at the great Angel's ſound,
And roars almoſt as loud as he,
Seeks a new channel, and would fain run under-ground.
The Earth it ſelf does no leſs quake;
And all throughout, down to the Center ſhake,
The Graves uncloſe, and the deep Sleepers there awake.
The Sun's *arreſted* in his way,
He dares not forward go,
But wondring ſtands at the great hurry here below.
The Stars forget their Laws, and like looſe Planets ſtray.
See how the Elements reſign
Their numerous charge, the ſcatter'd Atoms home repair,
Some from the Earth, ſome from the Sea, ſome from the (Air:
They know the great Alarm,
And in confus'd mixt numbers ſwarm,
Till rang'd, and ſever'd by the *Chymiſtry* divine.
The Father of Mankind's amaz'd to ſee
The Globe too narrow for his Progeny.
But 'tis the *cloſing* of the Age,
And *all* the *Actors* now at once muſt grace the *Stage.*

III.

Now Muſe exalt thy wing, be bold and dare,
Fate does a wondrous Scene prepare;
The *Central* fire which hitherto did burn
Dull like a Lamp in a moiſt clammy Urn,

Fann'd

Fann'd by the breath divine begins to glow,
The Fiends are all amaz'd below.
But that will no confinement know
Breaks through its Sacred Fence, and plays more fie
Than thou with all thy vaſt *Pindarick* Liberty.
Nature does ſick of a ſtrong *Fever* lye:
The fire the ſubterraneous Vaults does ſpoil;
The Mountains ſweat, the Sea does boil;
The Sea, her mighty *Pulſe*, beats high;
The waves of fire more proudly rowl;
The Fiends in their deep Caverns howl,
And with the frightful Trumpet mix their hideous cr
Now is the Tragic Scene begun;
The Fire in Triumph marches on; (Su
The Earth's girt round with flames, and ſeems anothe

IV.

But whither does this lawleſs Judgment roam?
Muſt *all* promiſcuouſly expire
A Sacrifice in *Sodom*'s fire?
Read thy Commiſſion, *Fate*; ſure *all* are not thy due,
No, thou muſt ſave the vertuous Few.
But where's the Angel guardian to avert the doom?
Lo, with a mighty Hoſt he's come:
I ſee the parted Clouds give way;
I ſee the Banner of the Croſs diſplay.
Death's Conquerour in Pomp appears,
In his right hand a Palm he bears,
And in his looks he wears:
Th' illuſtrious glory of this Scene
Does the deſpairing Saints inſpire
With Joy, with Rapture and deſire;
Kindles the *higher* life that *dormant* lay within.
Th' awaken'd vertue does its ſtrength diſplay
Melts and refines their droſſy Clay;

New-cast into a pure Æthereal frame
They fly and mount aloft in vehicles of flame.
Slack here my Muſe thy roving wing,
And now the World's *untun'd*, let down thy *high-ſet* (ſtring.

Freedom.

I.

I Do not ask thee Fate, to give
This little ſpan a *long* Reprieve.
Thy pleaſures here are all ſo poor and vain,
I care not hence how ſoon I'm gone.
Date as thou wilt my Time, I ſhan't complain;
May I but ſtill live *free*, and call it all my *own*.

II.

Let my Sand ſlide away apace;
I care not, ſo I *hold* the *Glaſs*.
Let me my *Time*, my *Books*, my *Self* enjoy;
Give me from cares a ſure retreat;
Let no impertinence my hours employ,
That's in one word, kind Heaven, let me ne're be *great*.

III.

In vain from *chains* and *fetters* free
The *great* man boaſts of *Liberty*.
He's *pinion'd* up by formal rules of ſtate;
Can ne're from noiſe and duſt retire;
He's haunted ſtill by Crouds that round him wait,
His lot's to be in *Pain*, as that of *Fools* t' *admire*.

IV.

Mean while the *Swain* has calm repoſe,
Freely *he* comes and freely goes.

Thus

Thus the bright Stars whose station is more *high*,
Are *fix'd*, and by *strict measures* move,
While *lower* Planets *wanton* in the sky,
Are bound to no *set* Laws, but *humour fomly* rove.

To his Muse.

I.

COme Muse, let's cast up our Accounts, and see
How much you are in *Debt* to me:
You've reign'd thus long the Mistress of my heart,
You've been the ruling *Planet* of my days,
In my spare-hours you've had your part,
Ev'n *now* my servile hand your sovereign Will obeys.
Too *great* such service to be *Free*,
Tell me what I'm to *have* for being thy *Votary*.

II.

You have *Preferments* in your *gift*, you say,
You can with *gold* my service pay;
I fear thy boast, your sacred Hill I'm told
In a *poor*, *curs'd* and *barren* Country lies;
Besides, what's *state* to *me*, or *gold*,
These *you* long since have taught me to *despise*:
To put me off with this, would be
Not to *reward*, but tax my ill *Proficiency*.

III.

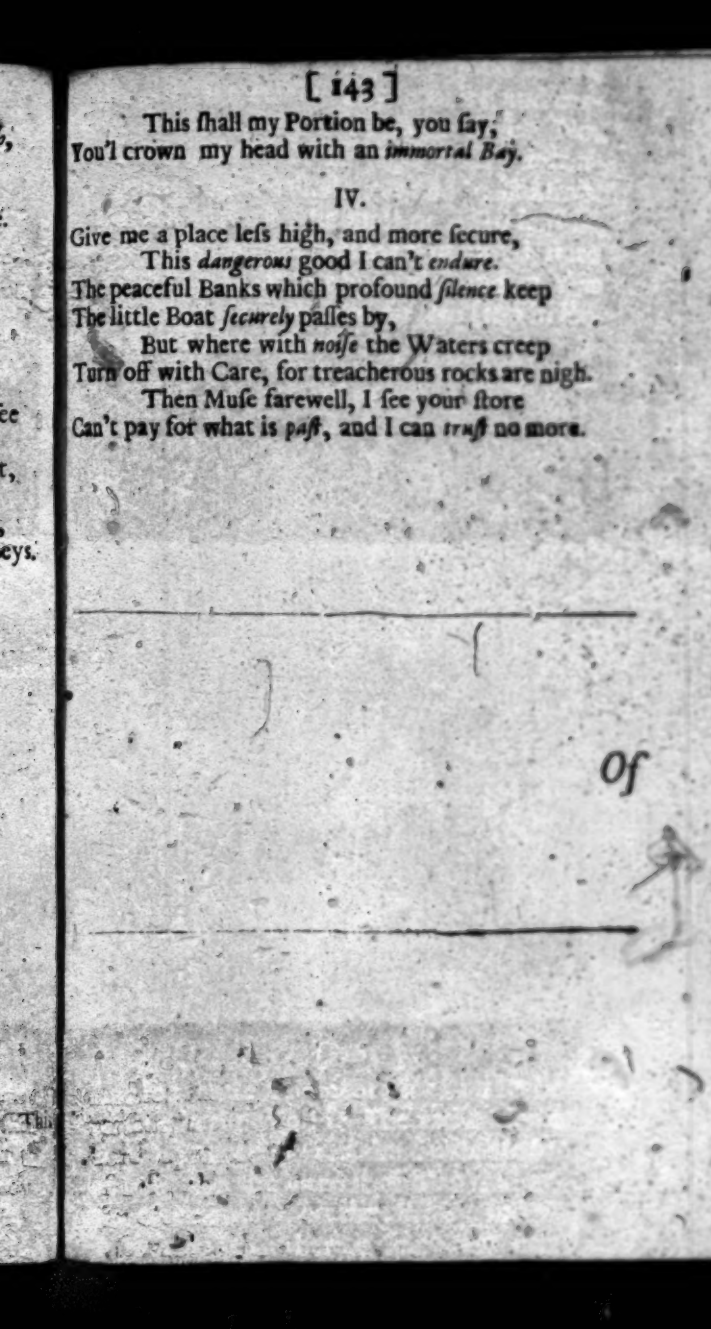
But *Fame* you say will make amends for all,
This you your sovereign Blessing call,
The only *lasting* good that never *dies*,
A good which never can be bought *too dear*,
Which all the wise and vertuous prize,
The *Gods* too with delight their *Praises* hear.

This

This ſhall my Portion be, you ſay,
You'l crown my head with an *immortal Bay*.

IV.

Give me a place leſs high, and more ſecure,
This *dangerous* good I can't *endure*.
The peaceful Banks which profound *ſilence* keep
The little Boat *ſecurely* paſſes by,
But where with *noiſe* the Waters creep
Turn off with Care, for treacherous rocks are nigh.
Then Muſe farewell, I ſee your ſtore
Can't pay for what is *paſt*, and I can *truſt* no more.



Of the Advantages of Thinking.

MAN being the only Creature here below design'd for a ſociable life, has two faculties to diſtinguiſh him from other Creatures, *Thinking* and *Speaking*. The one, to fit him for the ſociety of others; and the other, to qualifie him alſo for his own. As to the later of theſe Faculties, there's no fear of its gathering ruſt for want of uſe. We are rather apt to ſpeak too much; and the moſt Reſerv'd have reaſon to pray with the Pſalmiſt, *Set a watch O Lord before my mouth, and keep the door of my lips.*

But the former, is that which generally lies *fallow* and neglected; as may be gueſs'd from the intemperate uſe of the other. There are few indeed, that are *capable* of thinking to any great purpoſe: but among thoſe that *are*, there are fewer that *employ* this excellent Talent. And for ought I know, however ſtrange it may ſeem, among the Ingenious and well educated, there are as few *Thinkers* as among the Herd of the vulgar and illiterate. For either they live a *Popular* life; and then what for Buſineſs, Pleaſures, Company, Viſits, with a world of other impertinencies, there's ſcarce

room for so much as a Morning reflexion. Or else, they live *retir'd*, and then either they doze away their time in drowsiness and brown studies; or, if brisk and active, they lay themselves out wholly upon devouring Books and making Common places, and scarce entertain their Solitude with a Meditation once in a Moon.

But 'tis merely for want of Thinking that they can allow themselves in doing so. For by a little of this, they would soon discover, that of all the Methods of Improvement that can be used, there is none so advantagious as Thinking; either for our Intellectuals or our Morals; to make us wiser, or to make us better. And first, for our Intellectuals. 'Tis the perfection of our Rational part to *know*; that is, to be able to frame clear and distinct conceptions, to form right Judgments, and to draw true consequences from one thing to another. Now besides that the Powers of the mind are made more bright, vigorous, and active by use, as all other faculties are; there is this further advantage, that by habitual thinking the object is made more familiar to the Understanding, the Habitudes and Relations of Idea's one towards another, by frequent comparing, become more visible and apparent; and consequently, 'tis more easie to divide what ought to be divided, and to compound what ought to be compounded; wherein consists the sum of all *Truth* and *Science*. *Reading*

Reading is indeed very excellent and *useful* to this purpose; but Thinking is *necessary*. This may do without the other, as appears in the first Inventers of Arts and Sciences; who were fain to think out their way to the Recesses of Truth; but the other can never do, without this. Reading without thinking, may indeed make a rich *Common place*, but 'twill never make a rich *head*; it may, indeed, bring in a great store of *Hyle*, but 'tis yet *without form* and *void*, till Thinking, like the Seminal spirit, agitates the dead shapeless lump, and works it up into figure and symmetry.

But of what advantage Thinking is to the advancement of Knowledge, will further appear, by considering some of the chief impediments of it; and how they are removed by Thinking. And the first that I shall mention, is the Prejudice of Infancy. We form infinite rash judgments of things, before we duly understand any thing; and these grow up with us, take root, spread and multiply; till, after long use and custom, we mistake them for common notions and dictates of nature; and then we think it a crime to go about to unlearn or eradicate them. And as long as we stand thus affected, we are condemn'd to errours and perpetual wandrings. So great reason had the excellent *Des-Cartes* to lay the foundation of his Philosophy in an *Equipoise* of mind; and

to make the removal of these Prejudices the very entrance and beginning of wisdom.

But now when a man sets upon a course of Thinking, nothing will be so obvious as to consider, that since we come so late to the perfect use of our reason; among those many judgments we have made, 'tis very likely the major part are false and erroneous. And this is a fair step to the shaking off those infant-Prejudices; at least he will be thereby induc'd not to believe any thing the rather, because he had given it such early entertainment. From this general reflexion he proceeds to examin the things themselves. And *now* he is a capable Judge, can hear both sides with an indifferent ear, is determin'd only by the moments of truth; and so retracts his *past* errors, and has the best Moral security against any for the *future*.

Another great hindrance to knowledg is the wrong *perception* of things. When the simple Idea's of our minds are confus'd, our Judgments can never proceed without errour. 'Tis like a fault in the first concoction, which is never corrected in either of the other. For how can I judge whether the Attribute agree to the subject, if my notion of both be *confus'd* and *obscure*? But now, the only cause of the confusedness of our notions, next to the natural inability of our faculties, is want of *Attention* and close *application* of mind. We don't *dwell* enough upon the object; but speculate it transiently

ſiently and in haſt; and then, no wonder that we conceive it by halves. Thinking therefore is a proper Remedy for this defect alſo.

Another great hindrance to knowledg is *ambiguity of Terms and Phraſes.* This has bred a world of confuſion and miſunderſtanding, eſpecially in controverſies of Religion; a great many of which, if thoroughly ſifted and well compared, will be found to be mere *verbal* contentions. As may appear from what the excellent Monſieur *Le Blanc* has perform'd in this kind. But now, this is owing merely to want of thinking. There is a latitude in the Phraſe; and one writer not ſufficiently attending to that determinate ſenſe of it which his Adverſary intends, very haſtily and furiouſly denies what the other does not affirm; and he again as furiouſly affirms what this does not deny. So that they are really agreed all along, and yet fight on like Fools in the dark. And there is no hopes they will ever be reconciled, till either they will take the pains to think themſelves, or ſome body elſe will be ſo kind, as to think for 'em.

Another great hindrance to knowledg is an *over-fond* and *ſuperſtitious deference to Authority*, eſpecially that of *Antiquity*. There is nothing that cramps the Parts, and fetters the underſtandings of men like this ſtrait-lac'd humour. Men are reſolv'd never to outſhoot their forefathers mark; but write one after another,

and ſo the dance goes round in a circle; and the world is never the *wiſer* for being *older*. Take an inſtance of this in the *School-men*, and in the beſt of them, *Aquinas*. 'Tis pleaſant to ſee how that great Wit is oftentimes put to't to maintain ſome unlucky Authorities, for the ſalving of which he is forced to ſuch ſhifts and expedients, which he muſt needs (ſhould he dare to think freely) ſee through and diſcern to be falſe; and yet ſuch a ſlave was he, that he would rather loſe truth, than go out of the Road to find it. This alſo makes men, otherwiſe ſenſeful and Ingenious, quote ſuch things many times out of an old dull Author, and with a peculiar emphaſis of commendation too, as would never paſs even in ordinary converſation; and which they themſelves would never have took notice of, had not ſuch an Author ſaid it. But now, no ſooner does a man give himſelf leave to think, but he perceives how abſurd and unreaſonable 'tis, that one man ſhould preſcribe to all Poſterity: that men, like beaſts, ſhould follow the foremoſt of the Herd; and that venerable *non-ſenſe* ſhould be preferr'd before *new-ſenſe*. He conſiders, that that which we call *Antiquity*, is properly the nonage of the world; that the ſageſt of his Authorities were once new; and that there is no other difference between an ancient Author and himſelf, but only that of time; which, if of any advantage, 'tis rather on his ſide, as living in a more refined

fined and mature age of the world. And thus having caſt off this *Intellectual* ſlavery, like one of the brave Ἐλευθεροι, mention'd by *Laertius*, he addicts himſelf to no Author, Sect or Party; but freely picks up Truth where-ever he can find it; puts to Sea upon his own bottom; holds the Stern himſelf; and now, if ever, we may expect new diſcoveries.

There are other notable impediments to the improvement of knowledg, ſuch as Paſſion, Intereſt, fear of being tax'd with inconſtancy, ſcorn of being inform'd by another, Envy, the humour of Contradiction, and ſometimes Flattery in applauding every thing we hear, and the like. Now as to the manner how all theſe are remov'd by thinking, it may ſuffice to ſay in general, that they are all obviouſly abſurd and ridiculous; and however unthinking men may be abuſed by them, yet a free and cloſe Thinker muſt needs quickly perceive that they are ſo: and there is no better Moral way that I know of to be quit of ill habits, than the being convinc'd of their Folly and Miſchief.

But the greateſt advantage of thinking is yet behind, that it improves our Morals as well as our Intellectuals; and ſerves to make us Better, as well as Wiſer. This is in a great meaſure included in the other. All therefore that I ſhall further remark concerning it is this, that conſidering the great influence the Underſtanding has upon the Will, there are but two

things neceſſary to preſerve us in our duty First an habitual Theory of what we ought and ought not to do; and of all the motives and engagements to the one and to the other. Secondly, an actual and clear preſence of all this to the mind, in every Inſtant of action. And this is for the moſt part the thinking man's condition. He does not only Habitually *know*, but actually *attends* both to his Duty, and to all the engagements for its performance. He has thoſe Conſiderations almoſt always preſent with him which to others are the Principles of *Repentance*; and this keeps him *in* his Duty, which brings others *to* it; and makes him live like thoſe *Righteous* perſons of whom our Saviour ſays, that they *need no Repentance*.

Of

Of the Care and Improvement of Time.

TO be careful how we manage and employ our Time, is one of the *first* Precepts that is *taught* in the School of Wiſdom, and one of the *laſt* that is *learn'd*. The firſt and *leading* dictate of Prudence is, That a Man propoſe to himſelf his true and beſt intereſt for his End; and the next is, That he make uſe of all thoſe means and opportunities whereby that end is to be attain'd. And betwixt theſe two there is ſuch a cloſe connexion, that he who does not *do* the *later*, cannot be ſuppoſed to *intend* the *former*. He that is not careful of his actions, ſhall never perſwade me that he ſeriouſly propoſes to himſelf his beſt intereſt, as his *end*, for if he did, he would as ſeriouſly apply himſelf to the regulation of the *other*, as the *means*. And ſo he that is not careful of his Time, cannot in reaſon be ſuppoſed to be careful of his Actions; for if he were, he would certainly have a ſpecial regard to the *opportunity* of their performance.

But, as I obſerv'd in the beginning, though this Precept be one of the *Elementary* dictates of Prudence, and ſtands written in the *firſt page* of

of the *Book of Wiſdom*; yet ſuch is the ſottiſhneſs and ſtupidity of the World, that there is none that is more *ſlowly learn'd*. And 'tis a prodigious thing to conſider, that, although among all the *Talents* which are committed to our *Stewardſhip*, Time upon ſeveral accounts is the moſt precious, yet there is not any one of which the generality of men are more profuſe and regardleſs. Tho it be a thing of that ineſtimable value, that 'tis not diſtributed to us *intirely*, and at once, like other Bleſſings, but is *dealt* out in minutes and little parcels, as if man were not fit to be truſted with the *intire* poſſeſſion of ſuch a *choice* Treaſure, yet there are very many that think themſelves ſo *overſtock'd* with it, that inſtead of *husbanding* it to advantage, the main buſineſs of their thoughts is how to rid their hands of it, and accordingly they catch at every ſhadow and opportunity of *relief*; ſtrike in at a venture with the next Companion, and ſo the *dead Commodity* be *taken off*, care not who be the *Chapman*. Nay, 'tis obvious to obſerve, that even thoſe perſons who are frugal and thrifty in every thing elſe, are yet extremely prodigal of their beſt *Revenue*, Time; *Of which alone* (as *Seneca* neatly obſerves) *'tis a Vertue to be Covetous*.

Neither may this Cenſure be faſtned only upon the *unthinking* multitude, the *Sphere* of whoſe Conſideration is ſuppoſed to be very

narrow,

narrow, and their Apprehenſion *ſhort-ſighted*; but I obſerve that many of thoſe who ſet up for Wits, and pretend to a more than ordinary ſagacity, and delicacy of Senſe, do notwithſtanding ſpend their Time very *unaccountably*, and live away whole days, weeks, and ſometimes months together, to as little purpoſe (tho it may be not ſo innocently) as if they had been aſleep all the while. And this they are ſo far from being aſhamed to own, that they freely boaſt of it, and pride themſelves in it, thinking that it tends to their Reputation, and commends the greatneſs of their Parts, that they can *ſupport* themſelves upon the Natural *ſtock*, without being beholden to the *Intereſt* that is brought in by Study and Induſtry.

But if their Parts be ſo good as they would have others believe, ſure they are *worth* improving; if not, they have the more *need* of it. And tho it be an Argument of a *rich* mind, to be able to *maintain* it ſelf without *labour*, and *ſubſiſt* without the *advantages* of Study, yet there is no man that has ſuch a portion of Senſe, but will underſtand the uſe of his Time better than to put it to the trial. Greatneſs of Parts is ſo far from being a diſcharge from *Induſtry*, that I find Men of the moſt exquiſite Senſe in all Ages were always moſt curious of their Time: Nay, the moſt Intelligent of all Created Beings (who may be allow'd to paſs a truer eſtimate upon things than the fineſt Mortal

Mortal Wit) value Time at a high rate. *Let me go* (says the Angel to the importunate Patriarch) *for the day breaketh.* And therefore I very much suspect the excellency of those men's Parts, who are dissolute and careless mis-spenders of their Time: For if they were men of *any thoughts*, how is it possible but these should be some in the number? (*viz.*) 'That this Life is 'wholly in order to another, and that Time is 'that *sole opportunity* that God has given us for 'transacting the great business of Eternity: 'That our work is great, and our day of work-'ing short, much of which also is lost and ren-'der'd useless, through the cloudiness and dark-'ness of the *Morning*, and the thick Vapours 'and unwholesome Fogs of the *Evening*; the 'ignorance and inadvertency of *Youth*, and the 'Diseases and Infirmities of *Old Age*: That our 'portion of Time is not only short, as to its du-'ration, but also uncertain in the possession: 'That the loss of it is irreparable to the loser, 'and profitable to no body else: That it shall 'be severely accounted for at the great Judg-'ment, and lamented in a sad Eternity.

He that considers these things (and sure he must needs be a *very unthinking* man that does not) will certainly be choice of his Time, and look upon it no longer as a bare state of *duration*, but as an *Opportunity*; and consequently will let no part of it (no *considerable* part at least) slip away either *unobserv'd* or *unimprov'd*. This

is

is the moſt effectual way that I know of to ſecure to ones ſelf the *Character* of a Wiſe-man *here*, and the *reward* of one *hereafter*. Whereas the *vain Enthuſiaſtic* Pretenders to the *Gift* of Wit, that trifle away their Time, betray the *ſhallowneſs* and *poverty* of their Senſe to the *diſcerning few*; or whatever they may paſs for here among their fellow Mortals, do moſt infallibly make themſelves *cheap* in the ſight of *Angels*.

Of

Of Solitude.

IT has been urg'd as an Objection, by ſome *Atheiſtical* Perſons, againſt the exiſtence of a God, that if there had been ſuch a perfect Being, who was *compleatly* happy in the enjoyment of himſelf, he would never have gone about to make a World. Now, tho this Objection contributes nothing to the ſupport of Atheiſm (the deſign of God in Creating the World being not to *increaſe* his happineſs, but to *Communicate* it) yet it proceeds upon this true ſuppoſition, That *Society* is a *Bleſſing*. It is ſo, and that not only *reſpectively*, and in reference to the preſent circumſtances of the World, and the Neceſſities of this Life, but alſo *ſimply*, and in its own Nature; ſince it ſhall be an *Acceſſory* to our bliſs in Heaven, and add many *moments* to the *weight* of *Glory*. Neither will the truth of this aſſertion be at all weaken'd by alledging that no benefit or advantage accrues to God by it; for that it becomes unbeneficial to him (tho a Bleſſing in its own nature) is purely by accident, becauſe God eminently containing in himſelf all *poſſible* good, is uncapable of any *New* Acceſſion.

And as Society is in its own nature an inſtrument of Happineſs, ſo is it made much more ſo by

by the indigencies and infirmities of Men. Man, of all Creatures in the World, is least qualify'd to live alone, because there is no Creature that has so many necessities to be reliev'd. And this I take to be one of the great *Arts* of Providence, to secure mutual amity and the *reciprocation* of good turns in the World, it being the Nature of Indigency, like common danger, to indear men to one another, and make them herd together, like *Fellow-Sailers* in a *Storm*. And this indeed is the true case of Mankind, we all Sail in one *bottom*, and in a *rough* Sea, and stand in need of one anothers help at every turn, both for the *Necessities* and *Refreshments* of Life. And therefore I am very far from commending the undertaking of those *Ascetics*, that out of a pretence of keeping themselves *unspotted from the World*, take up their quarters in *Desarts*, and utterly abandon all Human Society: This is in short (to say no more of it) to put themselves into an incapacity either of *doing* any good to the World, or of receiving any from it: and certainly that can be no desirable state. No, this *Eremetical* way of Living is utterly inconsistent with the Circumstances and Inclinations of Human Nature; he must be a God, *Self-sufficient* and *Independent* that is fit for this state of absolute and perfect Solitude, and in this *rigorous* sense, *It is not good for man* (tho in *Paradice* it self) *to be alone*.

But

But tho Society, as 'tis opposed to a state of perfect and perpetual Solitude, be a Blessing, yet considering how little of it there is in the World that is *good*, I think it advisable for every man that has sense and thoughts enough, to be his own Companion, (for certainly there is more required to qualifie a man for his *own* company than for *other* men's) to be as frequent in his Retirements as he can, and to communicate as little with the World as is consistent with the duty of doing good, and the discharge of the common offices of Humanity. 'Tis true indeed (as *Seneca* says) *Miscenda & alternandæ sunt Solitudo & frequentia: Solitude and Company are to have their turns, and to be interplaced.* But Wise-men use to dedicate the largest share of their Lives to the former, and let the *best* and *most* of their Time go to make up the *Canonical Hours* of Study, Meditation and Devotion. And for this, besides the practice of Wise-men, we have the *Authentic* example of our B. Lord himself, Who, as 'tis reasonably supposed (for he had past the thirtieth year of his Life before he enter'd upon the Stage of Action, and then also sought all opportunities to be alone, and oftentimes purchas'd Retirement at the expence of Night-watches) allotted the greatest part of his little Time here on Earth to Privacy and Retirement; and 'tis highly probable, would have liv'd much more reservedly, had not the peculiar business of his

function

function made it necessary for him to be conversant in the World. The inclination of our Lord lay more toward the *Contemplative* way of Life, tho the interest of Mankind engaged him oftentimes upon the *Active*. And 'tis very observable, that there is scare any one thing which he vouchsafed to grace with so many marks and instances of favour and respect, as he did Solitude. Which are thus sum'd up by the excellent Pen of a very great Master of Learning and Language; *It was Solitude and Retirement in which Jesus kept his Vigils; the desart places heard him pray, in a privacy he was born, in the Wilderness he fed his thousands, upon a Mountain apart he was transfigured, upon a Mountain he died, and from a Mountain he ascended to his Father. In which Retirements his Devotion certainly did receive the advantage of convenient circumstance, and himself in such dispositions twice had the opportunities of Glory.* The Great Exemplar.

Indeed, the *Satisfactions* and *Advantages* of Solitude (to a person that knows how to improve it) are very great, and far transcending those of a *Secular* and *Popular* Life. First, as to Pleasure and Satisfaction, whosoever considers the great variety of mens humours, the peevishness of some, the pride and conceitedness of others, and the impertinence of most; he that considers what unreasonable *terms of Conversation* some persons impose upon those

that

For 'tis but here to ſubjoin when an Evil is truly eligible, and the Idea of Courage will be ſufficiently determinate and expreſs. Now to make a thing eligible, 'tis neceſſary that ſome way or other it appear good; evil being no way eligible under its own formality. And to make an evil put on the nature and appearance of good, two things are neceſſary. 1ſt. That it be a leſſer evil than ſome other; and 2ly, That the chuſing of it be a neceſſary Medium for the preventing of that other. Then, and in no other caſe, is evil truly eligible: and conſequently, we ſhall not be miſtaken in the Idea of Courage, if we define it to be ſuch a firm and conſtant ἕξις, or diſpoſition of mind, whereby a man is fix'd and determin'd never to dread any evil, ſo far as to decline it when the chuſing it is the only remedy againſt a greater. And this is moſt eminently ſignalized in the caſe of Martyrdom, when a man ſubmits to the greateſt evils of Pain, to avoid that much greater one of Sin. This is the very ſummity and perfection of Courage, that which an *Hannibal* or a *Scipio* could never equal in all their gallantry and feats of war: And I dare venture to pronounce, That he who would rather dye, or part with any worldly intereſt than commit a ſin, can never be a Coward.

And here I cannot but take notice of a falſe notion of Honour and Courage, whereby the world has been generally abuſed; eſpecially

those

those men that make the highest pretensions to both. According to these mens Measures of things, 'tis sufficient reason to post a man up for a Coward if he refuse a Duel; and to merit a badge of Honour from the Herald's Office if he accept it. These men would be ready to laugh at me, I know, as a lover of Paradoxes, should I tell them that their characters must be quite transposed to make them true. And yet I cannot help it; so it falls out, that he who declines the Duel, is indeed the man of Honour and Courage, and he who accepts it is the Coward. For he who declines it, despises the obloquy and scorn of the world, that he may approve himself to God and his own Conscience, would rather be pointed and hiss'd at, than be damn'd; and so chuses a lesser evil to avoid a greater. But he that accepts the Duel, so dreads the loss of his Credit among those whose good Opinion is of no value, that to avoid it, he chuses to incur sin and damnation; and so chuses a greater evil to avoid a less. And if this be Courage, we must strike it out of the Catalogue of the Vertues; for nothing is so, that is not under the direction of *Prudence*; much less what is down-right Folly, and the very *exaltation* of Madness.

Of Seriousness.

SInce I began to consider so far as to make Reflections upon *my self*, the most early and prevailing disposition which I observ'd was an Inclination to *Seriousness*; and since I consider'd the nature of *things*, and the circumstances of Human Life, I found I had reason to thank the kind influence of my birth for making that my *Temper*, which otherwise I must have been at more cost to *acquire*.

For tho it be generally reckon'd only as a *Semi-vertue*, and by some as no vertue at all; yet certainly nothing is of greater advantage both as to Intellectual and Moral Attainments, than to be of a serious, composed and recollected spirit. If it be not it self a vertue, 'tis at least the *Soil* wherein it naturally grows, and the most visible mark whereby to know those that have it. This is that whereby a *Man* is chiefly distinguish'd from a *Child*, and a *Wise* man from a *Fool*. For (as the Son of *Sirac* observes) *a man may be known by his look, and one that has understanding by his Countenance when thou meet'st him.* And again speaking of levity and dissoluteness of behaviour, *A man's attire, excess of laughter and gait shew what he is*, that is, it shews he is none of

Eccles. 19.

the

the *wiſeſt*. And that this was his true meaning we may be aſſured from another Character of his, where he expreſly makes the ſigns of wiſdom and folly to conſiſt in theſe two properties, (*viz.*) that *a Fool liſts up his voice with laughter, but a Wiſe man does ſcarce ſmile a little.* Eccles. 21.

There is indeed a near Relation between Seriouſneſs and Wiſdom, and one is a moſt excellent Friend to the other. A man of a ſerious ſedate and conſiderate temper, as he is always in a ready diſpoſition for Meditation (the beſt improvement both of knowledg and manners) ſo he thinks without diſturbance, enters not upon another Notion till he is maſter of the firſt, and ſo makes *clean work* with it. Whereas a man of a looſe, volatile and ſhatter'd humour thinks only by fits and ſtarts, now and then in a *Morning interval*, when the ſerious mood comes upon him, and even then too let but the leaſt trifle croſs his way, and his deſultorious fancy preſently takes the *Scent*, leaves the unfiniſh'd and *half-mangled* notion, and skips away in purſuit of the new *game*. So that altho he *conceives* often, yet by ſome chance or other he always *miſcarries*, and the iſſue proves *Abortive*.

Indeed nothing excellent can be done without Seriouſneſs, and he that *courts* wiſdom muſt be in *earneſt*. St. *James* aſſures us that 'tis *cap.* 1 *v.* 7. to no purpoſe for a *wavering* and *unſtable* man

to

to *pray*, because he shall be sure not to *speed*. And as 'tis in vain for such a one to *Pray*, so is it in vain for him to *Study*. For a man to pretend to work out a neat scheme of thought with a magotty unsettled head, is as ridiculous and non-sensical, as to think to write *streight* in a jumbling Coach, or to draw an exact Picture with a *Palsie* hand. No, he that will *hit* what he *aims* at, must have a steddy hand as well as a quick eye; and he that will think to any *purpose*, must have fixedness and composedness of humour, as well as smartness of parts.

And accordingly we find, that those among the Philosophic Sects that profess'd more than ordinary Eminency in Wisdom or Vertue, assumed also a peculiar gravity of Habit, and solemnity of Behaviour, and the most sacred and mysterious rites of Religion were usually perform'd with *silence*; and that not only for *decency*, but for *advantage*. Thus the *Italians*, who are the gravest, are also the most ingenious people under Heaven; and 'tis a known observation of *Aristotle*'s concerning *melancholy*, that it furthers Contemplation, and makes great Wits. Thus again the *Discipline* of *Silence* was a considerable part of the *Pythagoric* Institution: And we have it storied of our B. Lord himself, who was the *wisdom* of his Father, that he never *laugh'd*.

But because a solemn deportment may sometimes disguise an unthinking mind, and *grave*

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in some men's Dictionaries, signifies the same as *Dull*, I shall put the Character a little more home, and define more closely wherein the true Idea of Seriousness consists, or what it is to be in good earnest a *serious man*.

And 1*st*, I shall remove it from the neighborhood of those things which by their symboling with it in outward appearance prove oftentimes the occasion of mistake and confusion. It does not therefore consist in the morosity of a *Cynic*, nor in the severity of an *Ascetic*, nor in the demureness of a *Precisian*, nor in the deadness and sullenness of a *Quaker*, nor in the solemn meen of an *Italian*, nor in the slow pace of a *Spaniard*: 'Tis neither in a drooping head, nor a mortify'd Face, nor a Primitive Beard.

'Tis something very different, and much more excellent than all this, that must make up a serious man. And I believe I shall not misrepresent him, if I say, he is one that duly and impartially weighs the moments of things so as neither to value Trifles, nor despise things really Excellent: That dwells much at *home*, and studies to know himself as well as Books or Men: 'That considers why he came into the world, 'how great his business, and how short his stay 'in it; how uncertain 'tis when he shall leave it; 'and whither a sinner shall then betake him- 'self, when both Heaven and Earth shall Rev. 20. 'fly from the presence of the Judg. That con- 'siders God as always present, and the Folly

'of

' of doing what must be repented of, and of go-
' ing to *Hell* when a man *may* go to *Heaven*. In
' one word, that knows how to distinguish be-
' tween a moment and eternity.

This is to be truly *serious*, and however the Pretenders to gaiety and lightsomness of Humour may miscall and ridicule it by the name of Melancholy, dullness and stupidity, *&c.* He that is thus affected cannot miss of being wise and good here, and happy hereafter. And then 'twill be *his* turn to *laugh*, when the others shall *mourn* and *weep*.

Of the slightness of all Secular, and the importance of minding our Eternal Interest.

IDleness and Impertinence, a doing of *nothing*, or of *nothing* to the *purpose*, are always signs of a vain, loose, and inconsiderate spirit, but they are never *more* so, than where there is some very momentous and weighty business to be done. The man that sleeps away his happy *Retirements*, or with the *Roman* Emperor, spends them in killing flies, betrays a great deal of weakness and incogitancy; but should he do the same at the *Bar*, when he's to plead for his *life*, he would certainly be thought a mere *changeling* or mad-man.

And yet this I fear will prove the case of the most of those who stile themselves *Rational*. for besides that the generality of men live at random, without any aim or design at all, and those that propose some ends, seldom take up with any that are important and material, or if they do, they seldom proportion their *care* to the *weight* of things, but are serious in trifles, and trifling in things serious: I say, besides all this, there is nothing relating purely to *this* world

And 1ſt, it highly concerns us to be very careful concerning our final intereſt, becauſe of the vaſt, the infinite Moment of the thing. For certainly it can be no leſs, whether a man ſhall be *Damn'd* or *Saved*, *eternally* Happy, or *eternally* Miſerable. No man certainly that thinks at all, can think this an *indifferent* matter, or if he does, he will one day be ſadly convinc'd of the contrary, when he ſhall curſe the day of his Birth, and wiſh for the *Mercy* of *Annihilation*. The loweſt Conception we can frame of the condition of the *Damn'd*, is an utter excluſion from the Beatific preſence of God. And tho the non-enjoyment of this be no great puniſhment to *ſenſual* men in this State and Region of *exile*, who perhaps would be content that God ſhould keep Heaven to himſelf, ſo he would let them have the free uſe of the *Earth*; yet hereafter, when the powers of their Souls ſhall be awaken'd to their full vigour and activity, when they ſhall have a lively and thorough apprehenſion of true Happineſs, and of the infinite Beauties of the Supreme good, there will ariſe ſuch a vehement *Thirſt*, ſuch an intenſe longing in the Soul, as will infinitely exceed the moſt exalted Languiſhments of *Love*, the higheſt Droughts of a *Fever*. The Soul will then *point* to the *Center* of Happineſs with her full bent and *verticity*, which yet ſhe ſhall find utterly out of her reach, and ſo full of *Deſire*, and full of *Deſpair*, ſhe ſhall lament both her *Folly* and

and her *Misery* to eternal ages. And who is able to dwell even with *these* everlasting Burnings?

But 2*ly*, as an Argument for our great Care we may consider, that as the interest is great, so a more than ordinary care is necessary to secure it. And that upon several accounts. 1*st*, Because our Redemption by Christ is not our immediate and actual discharge from sin, (as the *Antinomians* would have it) but only an instating us into a *Capacity* of Pardon and Reconciliation, which is to be *actually* obtain'd by the performance of *Conditions*, without which we shall be so far from being the better for what has been done and suffer'd for us, that our Condemnation will be so much the heavier for neglecting to *finish* so great Salvation.

2*ly*, Because the Conditions of our Salvation, tho temper'd with much mercy and accommodation to human infirmity, are yet so difficult as to engage us to put forth our whole might to the work. A great part of Christianity is very harsh to Flesh and Blood, however to the *Habituated* Disciple, Christ's *yoke* may be *easie* and his *burthen light*. And accordingly the Path that leads to life is call'd *narrow*, and the gate (tho open'd by our Saviour) is yet so *strait*, that we are bid to *strive* to enter in at it. And *the Righteous scarcely are sav'd*.

Again, because there is a strong confederacy against us among the Powers of darkness. We have a very potent and malicious enemy, who envies

envies man should arrive to those happy mansions from whence himself *by transgression* fell. And accordingly, there is a great woe pronounc'd by the Angel against the Inhabitants of the Earth, because the Devil is come down among them having great wrath. And this is made by the Apostle himself an Argument for more than ordinary care and circumspection: *Be sober*, says he, *be vigilant, because your adversary the Devil, walks about as a roaring Lion, seeking whom he may devour.*

Again, because we have but a little time for this our great work, and that too very precarious and uncertain. Our *glass* holds but very little *sand* tho' 'twere to be *all* spent, and drawn out in the *running*. But there are also several accidental impediments that may *intercept* its passage: And therefore as this was alledg'd as an argument for *indifferency* about the things of *this* world, so for the same reason, it concerns us to be eminently careful in the grand business of the *next*. He that duly considers how many persons dye suddainly, how many more *may*, and that none can engage for it that he *himself* shall not, must needs confess himself extremely concern'd to improve this *short*, this *uncertain* opportunity, this *only* time of Probation, and to work with all his might while 'tis *day*, before the *night come*, *when no man can work*.

Lastly, It concerns us to use a more than ordinary care and diligence in securing this our great

great interest, because after all our Care and Vigilancy, all our Strictnesses and Severities, we don't know the just and precise measures of *Qualification*, and how much *Trimming* of our *Lamps* is requisite to fit 'em for the *Sanctuary* of God. For tho we are well assured in *general* from the terms of the Evangelical Covenant, that if we *repent* we shall be *forgiven*, yet there is a great Latitude in Repentance, and what degree in some cases will be available, is a secret God has kept to himself. For we don't know the full heinousness of our Sins, nor how far God was provoked by 'em, nor consequently by what degrees of sorrow and amendment he will be appeas'd. And 'tis most certain there is a mighty difference. To *Simon Magus* 'twas almost a desperate case: *If peradventure* Act. 8. 22. *the thoughts of thy heart may be forgiven thee.* And some are said to be sav'd with *fear*, & Jud. 23. as it were pull'd out of the *fire*. And we know what the great Apostle has said, *I know nothing by my self, yet I am not thereby justify'd.* All which argues a great latitude and variety, even in *necessary* preparations; and how to state the matter *exactly* we don't know, and therefore as far as we are able should be sure to do *enough*, for we may easily do too *little*, and can never do too *much* in a matter of such high importance.

From all which I conclude, 1st, That those who withdraw themselves (as far as is consistent with

with charity and the prosecution of the public good) from the noise, hurry and business of the world, that they may apply themselves more serenely and entirely to a life of Devotion and Religion, and more freely and undistractedly attend upon the grand concern of another world, act very *wisely* and *prudently*. For *this* is *wisdom*, to take a right estimate of things, to proportion our care to their value, and to mind that most which is most concerning. This is what the Apostle commends, *to lay aside every weight*, that we may be the surer to win the great *prize*, and *so to run as to obtain*. This lastly is the very part which *Mary* chose, and which our Lord assures us shall *never be taken away from her*.

Again I conclude, that all those who are either wholly negligent of this their grand interest, or that do not principally regard it, and as our Saviour speaks, in the first place *seek the kingdom of God*, that are more intent upon this world than the next, that will venture to play the knave for a little *preferment*, that make use of Religion as an instrument for secular designs; in one word, that in any kind forfeit their great interest in the *other* world, for a little in *this*, are the greatest *Fools* in nature. This Measure I confess will take in a great many, and some perhaps, who would think it a great affront to be reckon'd of the number. But it can't be help'd, the charge is most unquestionably true,

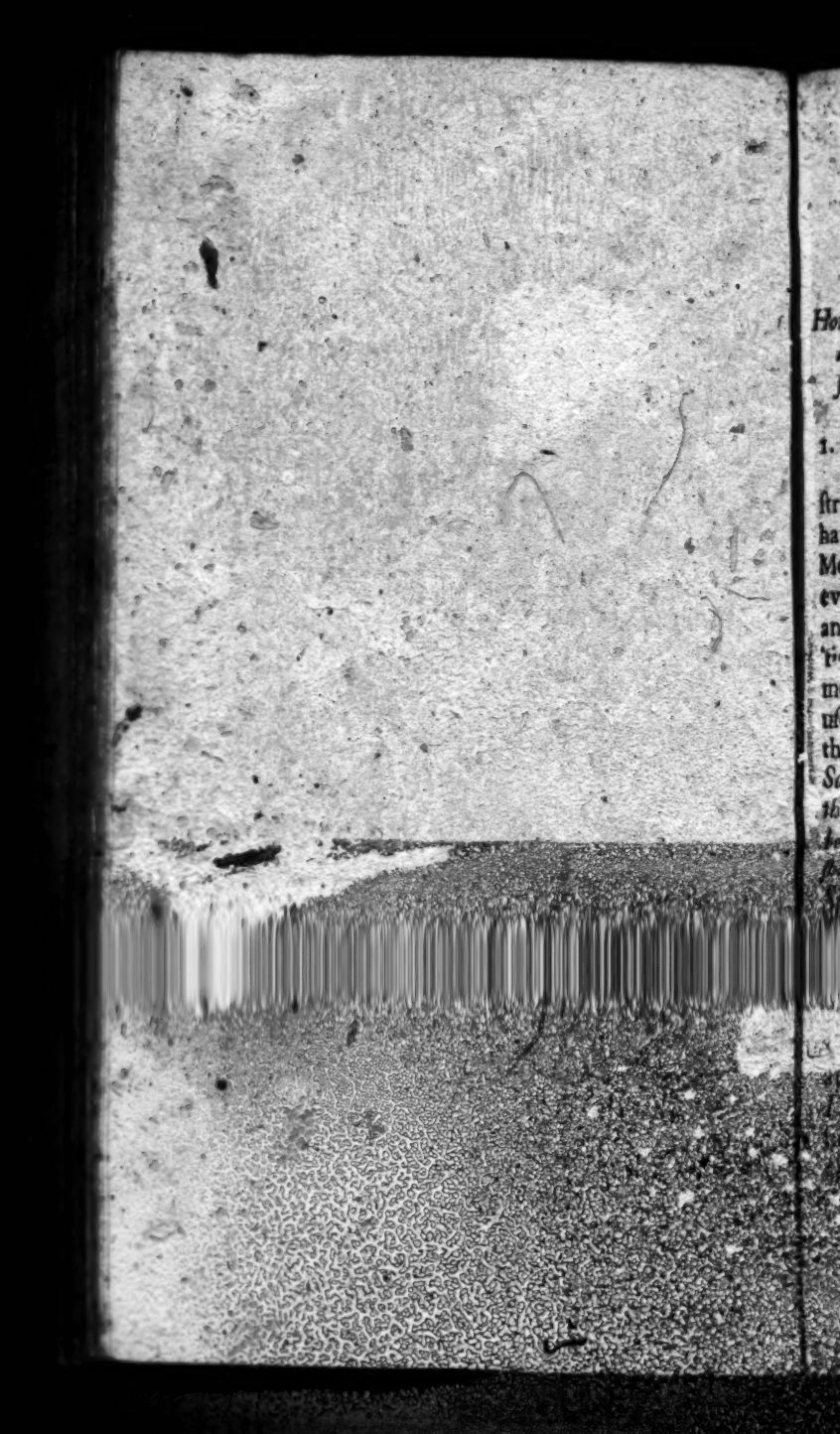
and

and they themſelves however conceited of their wit and parts now, will once be of the ſame Opinion, when they ſhall ſay, *we Fools thought his life madneſs.*

God grant we may all ſo number our days, and ſo compare our two intereſts, as to apply our hearts to *greater* wiſdom.

A Me-

A METAPHYSICAL ESSAY TOWARD THE *Demonstration of a GOD,* From the Steddy and Immutable nature of Truth.



A Metaphysical Essay, &c.

SECT. I.

How difficult a thing 'tis to demonstrate a God by any new medium, and how far the present Essay may pretend to do so.

1. IT has been the curious employment of so many and so excellent Pens to demonstrate the Existence of a God; and this they have done with such variety of Arguments, Moral, Physical and Metaphysical, that however easie it may be to contrive new *Postures*, and ring other Changes upon the same Bells, 'tis yet almost as difficult to find out an Argument for the proof of a God that has not been used already, as to resist the Cogency of those that *have*. So that here if any where, that of *Solomon* is more than ordinarily verify'd, *The thing that hath been it is that which shall be, and that which is done is that which shall be done, and there is no new thing under the Sun.* Eccles. 1. 9.

2. The latest indeed that has of late years appear'd to the world, is that of the celebrated *Des Cartes*, taken from the Idea of God consider'd both absolutely in its self, as including all kinds and degrees of Perfection, and consequently

quently Existence, and as 'tis subjected in the mind of man, which (as he contends) could never have had such an Idea, were there not something which had all that Perfection in it *Formally* or eminently, which is in the Idea *objectively*.

3. Now tho this Procedure of his be extraordinarily fine and subtile, and such as (to the first part at least) will appear no less strong and concluding to any capable and indifferent Person, that considers it as 'tis managed at large by its ingenious Author, yet this was not a Notion newly excogitated, but only revived by him. For *Aquinas* had before lighted upon the former and refused it; and he is beholding to St. *Austin* and the School of the *Platonists*, for the latter.

4. I speak not this to diminish any thing from the *glory* of that incomparable Speculatist. That which I remark here is not the Barrenness of his *Invention*, but that of the *exhausted Subject*. The matter had been squeez'd before to the last drop, and his only fault was, that he was not *born sooner*. Which might be a sufficient Apology if this Procedure of mine were not entirely new and *unheard upon*. Whether it be or no, 'tis not possible (without examining all the books in the world absolutely) to determin. This much I believe I may venture to say, that 'tis no where universally received, not by any that I know of, industriously [illegible]

fessedly managed, and that lastly, 'tis as new as the matter will now afford, and consequently as any man in reason ought to expect.

SECT. II.

The various acceptations of Truth, and which that is which is made the ground of the present Demonstration.

1. HAving undertaken to demonstrate the Existence of God from the steddy and immutable nature of *Truth*, I am first to distinguish the *Equivocalness* or latitude of the word, and then to point out to that determinate part, which I intend for the ground of my *Demonstration*.

2. The most general Partition of Truth is into *Truth of the Things* and *Truth of the Understanding*, or (according to the language of the Schools) Truth of the *Object*, and Truth of the *Subject*. Both of these again have a double *subdivision*. For by Truth of the Object may be understood either that *Transcendental* Verity which is [illegible] with *Ens*, and runs through the whole Circle of Being, whereby every thing is really what it is, which is *simple* Truth. Or else certain Relations and Habitudes of things one towards another, whether Affirmatively or Negatively, which is *Complex* Truth.

tudes can no more ſubſiſt by themſelves than any other *Relations* can, they muſt have their *Simple Eſſences* as the other have their *Subject* and *Term*, upon the poſition of which they immediately *reſult*.

3. If therefore there can be no Truth of the Object *Complex*, without Truth of the Object *Simple*, and there can be no Habitudes and Relations of Compoſition and Diviſion without the ſimple Eſſences themſelves, it follows that whenſoever the one does exiſt, the other muſt exiſt alſo; and conſequently, if the one be eternal, the other muſt be eternal alſo; and ſo (to recur to the former inſtance) if it be a Propoſition of eternal Truth, that if two Circles touch one another inwardly, they have not the ſame Common Center, the two diſtinct ſimple Eſſences of *Circle* and *Center* muſt be from Eternity alſo, and conſequently the ſimple Eſſences of things are eternal and immutable, which was the point to be *here* demonſtrated.

SECT.

SECT. V.

That the Simple Eſſences of things being not Eternal in their Natural ſubſiſtences, muſt be ſo in their Ideal ſubſiſtences or realities.

1. FRom the eternity of eſſential Habitudes we have demonſtrated the neceſſity that the ſimple eſſences of things ſhould be eternal. And now ſince they are not eternal (as is too plain to need Proof) in their *natural* ſubſiſtencies, it follows that they muſt be eternal in their *Ideal* ſubſiſtences or realities.

2. For there are but two conceivable ways how any thing may exiſt, either *out* of all underſtanding, or *within* ſome underſtanding. If therefore the ſimple Eſſences of things are eternal, but not *out* of all underſtanding, it remains they muſt have an eternal exiſtence *in* ſome Underſtanding, or rather they are the ſame with that Underſtanding it ſelf, conſider'd as variouſly *exhibitive* or *repreſentative* according to the various modes of *Imitability* or *Participation*, which is the true Notion of *Idea's* as 'tis generally expreſs'd both by Platoniſts and School-men, and as I have more at large explain'd it in my Letter of Idea's; to which for brevities ſake I refer.

SECT.

SECT. VI.

That there is therefore an Eternal Mind or Understanding, Omniscient, Immutable, and endow'd with all possible Perfection, the same which we call God.

1. THis evidently follows from the Conclusion of the foregoing Section; for if the simple Essences of things have a real and eternal Existence in some Understanding, what consequence can be more plain, than that there is a Mind or Understanding eternally existing? An Essence can no more *eternally* exist in a *Temporary* Understanding, than a Body can be *infinitely* extended in a *finite* space. The mind therefore wherein it does exist must be eternal; there is therefore in the first place an *Eternal* Mind.

2. 'Twill follow also in the next place, that this Mind is *Omniscient* as well as Eternal. For that Mind which is eternally fraught with the *simple Essences* of things, must needs contain also in it self all the several *Habitudes* and *Respects* of them, these necessarily arising from the other by way of *Natural result*. For as before, the Argument was good from the Habitudes of things to their simple Essences, so is it as good backwards from the simple Essences of things to their Habitudes. But these are the same with *Truths*. That Mind therefore which has

has all *these* has all *Truths*, which is the same as to be *Omniscient*.

3. 'Twill follow hence also in the next place, that this Mind is *Immutable* as well as *Omniscient* and *Eternal*. For if that Mind which has existing in it self from all Eternity, all the simple Essences of things, and consequently all their possible Scheses or Habitudes should ever *change*, there would arise a new *Schesis* in this Mind that was not before, which is contrary to the supposition. 'Tis impossible therefore that this Mind should ever undergo any mutation, especially if these eternal Idea's and Habitudes be one and the same with this Mind, as I have already *hinted*, and elsewhere *proved*. *See my Letter of Idea's.*

4. Lastly, 'Twill follow that this Mind is not only *Eternal*, *Immutable* and *Omniscient*, but that in a word 'tis endow'd with all *possible* perfection. For to *have*, and it self to *be* all the Essences and Habitudes of things, is to *have* and to *be* all that can *possibly* be, to be the *rule* and *measure* of all perfection, to be supreme in the *Scale* of Being; and to be the *Root* and Spring of all *Entity*, which is the same as to be *God*. This *Mind* therefore so accomplish'd, is no other than *God*, and consequently *there is a God*, which was the thing I undertook to *demonstrate*.

Post-

Post-Script.

THis *Essay* has lain by me a considerable time, and I have lately review'd it with all the *coldness* and *indifferency* of a *Stranger*, and with more *severity* perhaps than I am like to meet with from the most *Prejudiced Reader*. I have *turn'd* it and *view'd* it on all sides, and, after the most deliberate and impartial scrutiny that I could make, I must needs own, that I am not conscious of the least *flaw* in the whole Procedure.

I know but of one place that is liable to any *reasonable* exception, and that is in the fourth Section. The Proposition there maintain'd is this, That *since there are eternal and immutable Verities or Habitudes of things, the simple Essences of things must be also eternal and immutable.* Here it may be objected, that these Habitudes are not attributed *absolutely* to the simple Essences as *actually* existing, but only *Hypothetically*, that whensoever they *shall* exist, they shall also carry such *Relations* to one another. There is you'll say only an Hypothetical Connexion between the *Subject* and the *Predicate*, not an absolute *Position* of either.

But in answer to this I say first, that these Habitudes are not (as is supposed) only by way of

of *Hypotheſis*, but *abſolutely* attributed to the ſimple Eſſences as *actually* exiſting. For when I ſay, for inſtance, that every part of a Circle is equally diſtant from the Center, this Propoſition does not hang in *ſuſpence*, then to be verify'd when the things ſhall exiſt in *Nature*, but is at *preſent actually* true, as true as it ever *will* or *can* be; and conſequently, I may thence infer, that the things themſelves *already* are. There is no neceſſity, I confeſs, they ſhould exiſt in *Nature*, (which is all that the Objection proves) but *exiſt* they muſt. For of *Nothing* there can be no *Affections*.

But 2*ly*, Suppoſe I grant what the Objector would have, that theſe Habitudes are not *abſolutely* attributed to the ſimple Eſſences, but only by way of *Hypotheſis*; yet I don't ſee what he can gain by this conceſſion. For thus much at leaſt is attributed to the ſimple Eſſences at *preſent*, that whenſoever they *ſhall* exiſt, ſuch and ſuch Habitudes will attend them. I ſay, thus much is attributed *actually*, and at *preſent*: But now how can any thing be ſaid of that which is not? There is therefore another way of exiſting beſides that *in rerum Natura*; namely, in the *Mundus Archetypus*, or the *Ideal world*, where all the *Rationes rerum*, or ſimple Eſſences of things, whereof there are ſtanding and immutable Affirmations and Negations, have an eternal and immutable Exiſtence, before ever they enter upon the *ſtage* of *Nature*.

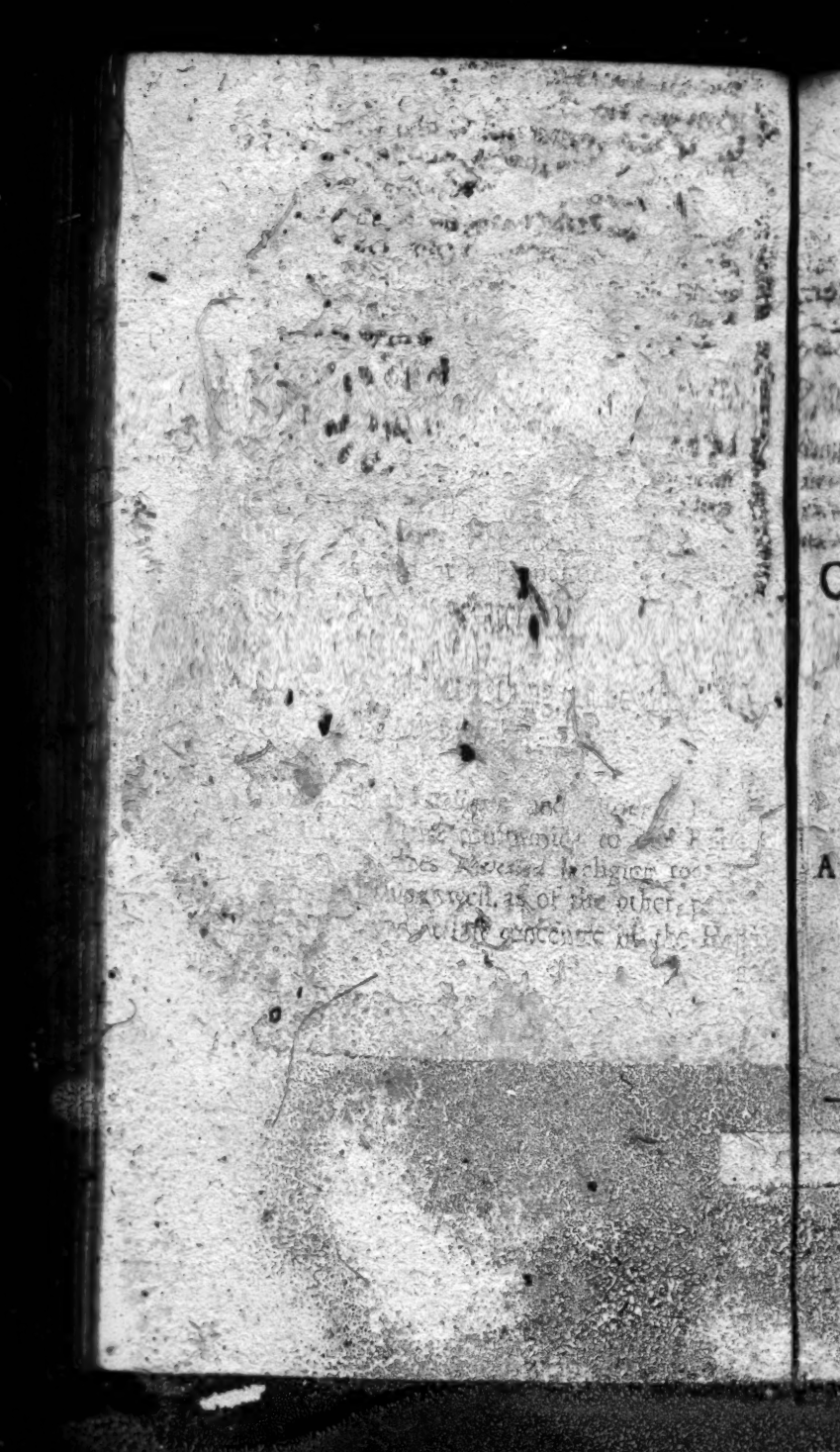
Nor

Nor ought this *Ideal* way of ſubſiſting to ſeem ſtrange, when even while things have a *Natural* ſubſiſtence, the Propoſitions concerning them are not verify'd according to their *Natural*, but according to their *Ideal* ſubſiſtences. Thus we demonſtrate ſeveral Propoſitions concerning a right line, a Circle, &c. and yet 'tis moſt certain that none of theſe are to be found in Nature according to that *exactneſs* ſuppoſed in the *Demonſtration*. Such and ſuch Attributes therefore belong to them, not as they are in *Nature*, but as they are in their *Ideas*. This is a Notion very frequently *glanc'd* at by Saint *Auſtin*; and 'tis the Concluſion of *Aquinas*, that the Soul *Omnia vera cognoſcit in rationibus æternis*, Part 1. Qu. 84. Art. 5. And of late years this Notion has been much improv'd by the ingenious Philoſopher *Du Hamel* in his book *De Mente humana*. And if this be true in Propoſitions whoſe Subjects are in *Nature*, much more is it in *eternal* Propoſitions, whoſe ſimple Eſſences have not always a *natural* exiſtence. Theſe can no otherwiſe be verify'd, but by the *coeternal* Exiſtence of *ſimple Eſſences* in the *Ideal* world.

One thing I have more to add in the vindication of this *Eſſay*; Whereas in the 3d Section it was aſſerted, that the nature of Truth is ſted-[illegible] and immutable, and ſuch as has no precarious exiſtence or arbitrarious dependence upon any underſtanding whatever, and yet in the

4th Section 'tis affirm'd, that it owes its existence to some mind or other; lest one part of this Meditation should be thought to clash against another, I thought it requisite to adjust this seeming contradiction. For the clearing of which, we must be beholding to that celebrated Distinction of the Platonic School, of the Divine Mind into νοῦς ποιητικὸς and νοῦς πρακτικὸς, *Conceptive* and *Exhibitive*. Truth does by no means *depend* upon any mind as *Conceptive*, whether Human or Divine, but is *supposed* by it, which is the sense of the 3d Section. But upon Mind as *Exhibitive*, it may and does *ultimately* depend; so that if there were no *God* or Eternal Mind, there could be no *Truth*, which is the sense of the 5th Section. So that here is no contradiction, but all Harmony and Agreement. See more of this in my Letter of Idea's.

THE



THE CHRISTIAN LAW

Asserted and Vindicated:

OR,

A general Apology for the Christian Religion, both as to the *Obligativeness* and *Reasonableness* of the Institution.

thing *but* Faith, whereas that (as we ſhall ſee anon) equally requires *Obedience*. And they contradict common *ſenſe* in requiring *ſuch* a Faith. For they put the Concluſion before the Premiſes, and make that the firſt Act of Faith which ſuppoſes others, and in due order ought to be the laſt. And beſides, they make that Act of Faith contribute *inſtrumentally* towards the *effecting* of Juſtification, which in order of nature is *conſequent* to it, and ſuppoſes it *already effected*. For I muſt be firſt Juſtified before I can rightly believe that I am ſo, otherwiſe I ſhall believe a falſe Propoſition, ſince (as the moſt elementary Logician well knows) the certitude of the ſubject does not *make*, but *ſuppoſe* that of the Object.

9. But I could diſpenſe with the *unphiloſophicalneſs* of this their Hypotheſis, were it not withall *unchriſtian*, and utterly deſtructive of all Piety and Vertue. The great miſchief is, they untie the cords of Duty, and exclude the neceſſity of Obedience as *really* and effectually, tho' not ſo *formally* and expreſly as the *Antinomians* do. For they require nothing but Faith to qualifie a Man for Pardon, and tho' afterwards for Modeſties ſake they come in halting with good Works, yet 'tis at ſuch a time when they might as well have left them out. 'Tis when the grand buſineſs (for which alone they could be neceſſary) is over, *When the man is numbred among the Children of God, and his lot is among the Saints.*

And

And to say here that good Works are necessary to *Salvation*, tho not to *Justification*, is a Mystery above my Conception, or rather an absurdity below my further notice. Nor will it salve the matter to say that they are necessary to *declare* our Justification before *Men*, or to ascertain it to our *selves* and the like; for alas what does such a necessity amount to? No more than this, that they are necessary for *such* ends which *themselves* are not necessary. And besides, how can they *declare* or ascertain our Justification when they are not the *conditions* of it? So that 'tis plain both from the *lateness* of the time when, and from the *incompetency* of the grounds for which they insert good Works, that they put them merely out of *Complaisance*, not because they think them necessary, but because they are ashamed to declare expressly that they are not. Which appears yet further from the *nature* of those Works they are at *length* pleased to insert. They are such (for there is nothing that these Men are so much affraid of as *meriting*) as are much short of that sincerity and perfection which is required by the Gospel. For 'tis notorious that they set the state of Regeneration so *low* that 'tis consistent with the dominion and prevalency of sin. A bare reluctancy of the Spirit (tho' foil'd in the conflict) against the Flesh, is esteemed a sufficient mark of a *Regenerate* Person; and this every sinner that has the least Remains of Conscience, the least

leaſt *Twilight* of natural light left him, muſt needs have; for no Man loves ſin for it *ſelf*, nay he hates it as 'tis in its ſelf abſolutely an evil, only he chuſes and wills it *Comparatively* to avoid (as he then thinks) a greater evil.

Mat. 15. 6. 10. Thus as the *Jewiſh* Doctors did the *Law*, do theſe Men make the *Goſpel*, of none effect by their *Traditions*, and would queſtionleſs, were our Lord now on Earth, have a ſeverer woe pronounced againſt them as Perverters of a more excellent, a more perfect Inſtitution. Strange, that Men ſhould corrupt and ridicule ſo admirable a Diſpenſation, and turn ſo great a grace of God into wantonneſs! That there ſhould be ſome δυσνόητα in the Goſpel which unlearned and unſtable Men might wreſt to their own Deſtruction, is no very hard matter to imagine; but that Men ſhould at once pervert the whole ſcope and deſign of it, is prodigious as well as Antichriſtian, a *Myſtery* of *wonder* as of Iniquity. And have *theſe* Men the face to declaim againſt the Papiſts for leaving out *one* of the Commandments, when as they draw a black ſtroke over the whole Table? Nay further, have they the face to call themſelves Chriſtians, and that of the Purer ſort too, who thus evacuate the *Myſtery* of *Godlineſs*? By the ſame figure of ſpeech might the Heathen Emperours aſſume that ſacred name, when they endeavoured to perſecute it out of the World. Nay, much more plauſibly, for they only

ly lopt off the Branches, but these strike at the very Root of Christianity; they applied their forces against the Professours of the Christian Religion, these against the Religion it self, and (what aggravates the malice) not as open Enemies, but as Treacherous Friends, under the demure pretence of *Purity*, *Orthodoxy* and *Saintship*. They Cancel the Law of Christ, and at the same time pretend to advance his Kingdom, call him Master, Kiss and Betray him. And how can it now be expected, that these Men should be more forward than they are to yield Obedience to the *King*, who have found out an Expedient to slip their Necks out of *Christ*'s Yoke, and have made the Gospel in a worse sense, a *Dead* Letter than the *Law*?

11. But certainly the Gate that leads to Heaven is much Streighter than these Men are pleased to make it, otherwise there would be no need of *striving* to enter in at it. Luk. 13. 24. There are things to be done, as well as to be believed and understood under the Evangelical dispensation, and Christianity is a *Service* as well as a *Profession*. To the clearing and Establishing of which Proposition I shall consider the Gospel under a double Capacity, 1*st* as a Law, and 2*ly* as a Covenant. And first as a *Law*. 'Tis most certain that Christ was a Law-giver as well as *Moses*; only as he was an *Introducer of a better Hope*, so he required better and sublimer Services. Heb. 7. 19. The advantage

vantage of Christianity does not consist in having any abatements of Duty; for Christ was so far from diminishing or retrenching the *Moral* Law (for 'tis of that I speak) that he improv'd every part of it to higher senses than the most exquisite of the Jewish Doctors *understood*, or at least conceiv'd themselves *obliged* to; As is evident from his Divine Sermon on the Mount, which from the Perfection and Sublimity of its Precepts St. *Chrysostom* calls Ἀκρον τῆ Φιλοσοφίας *the Top and Height of Philosophy.*

12. And that he thus improv'd the Law of *Moses*, besides the evidence of *Comparison*, we have his own express word for it: *I come not to destroy the Law, but to perfect*, compleat or fill it up. For so the word (Πληρῶσαι) properly signifies. The Σκιαγραφία or rude draught was *Moses* his part, but the ζωγραφικὴ πλεία or the Painting to the Life was Christ's. *Moses* drew out the main Lineaments, the *Skeleton* of the Picture (which was therefore call'd the *Body of Moses*) but 'twas Christ that fill'd up all its intervals and vacuities, and gave it all its Graces, *Air* and *Life-touches*. And this is no more than what the Analogy of the Christian dispensation required. The great end and design of God incarnate was to perfect Holiness, as well as to retrieve Happiness, to advance the Interests of the Divine Life, and make us *Partakers of the Divine Nature*; and accordingly as he himself was the *express Image*

Mat. 5. 17.

Jud. 9.

2 Pet. 1. 4.

Heb. 1. 3.

Image of his Fathers Perſon, ſo 'twas requiſite he ſhould Conſign to us an expreſs Image, or correct Copy of his Fathers Will. He was to make us better Men, and accordingly, 'twas fit he ſhould give us a better Law, a Law that could not be ſatisfied but by ſuch a Righteouſneſs, as ſhould exceed even the ſtricteſt among the Jews, that of the Phariſees. So that we are by no means releaſed, but rather more deeply engaged in Duty by the Goſpel, as 'tis a *Law*.

13. Nor 2*ly*, are we releaſed by it as 'tis a *Covenant*. Here indeed begin the *Abatements* of the Goſpel, not as to *Duty* and *Obligation*, for the Goſpel makes all that our Duty which the Law did, and more; only (which in ſhort is the true difference between the two Covenants) it does not make the ſtrict and exact performance of it the Meaſure, the ultimate Meaſure whereby we are to ſtand or fall, but admits of *Pardon* which the Law knew nothing of. Not of *Abſolute* Pardon, for then the Goſpel would be a *Covenant* without a *Condition*, nor of Pardon without Repentance and actual Reformation of Manners, for then the Goſpel as a *Covenant* would interfere with its ſelf as a *Law*, but upon the ſole Conditions of Faith and Repentance. For 'tis a great miſtake to think what we are actually juſtified or Pardoned by the ſatisfaction of Chriſt; this wou'd be the moſt ready expedient to verifie the falſe charge of the Scribes and Phariſees, and make him in *their* ſenſe a Friend

Friend to Publicans and Sinners, to encourage all manner of vice and immorality, and to turn the *Mystery of Godliness* into a *Mystery of Iniquity*. No, Christ in this sense has redeemed no Man. All that he either did or could in Wisdom do for us as satisfying, was in short to instate us in a Capacity and Possibility of Pardon and Reconciliation, by procuring a grant from his Father, that Faith and Repentance should now be available to Justification, which without his satisfaction would not have been accepted to that purpose. Whereby it appears that he was so far from superseding the necessity of Repentance and good Works, that he designed only to make way for the *success* of them; He did so *much*, that Repentance might not be in *Vain*, and he did no *more* that it might not be *needless*. And thus does the *Wisdom* as well as the *Goodness* of God lead us to Repentance, by so ordering the matter, that we may obtain Pardon with it, and not without it, which are the two strongest engagements to *Action* in any concern, that our *Reason* either *demands*, or our *deliberation* can *Suggest*.

14. This I conceive to be the true Hypothesis and state of Christianity, which I might yet further confirm by infinite Authorities from Scripture, which every where presses the necessity of good Works as *Conditions* to our *Justification* and acceptance before God; but I think the more rational and unprejudiced part of the World

World are pretty well satisfied in that Point, and know how to accommodate St. *James* and St. *Paul* better than some late *Reconcilers*. And besides, the wisdom of the Hypothesis sufficiently approves it self; 'Tis such as becomes the Perfections of the Divine Nature to exhibit to the World, and which the Angels may well desire to look into. For 'tis at once fitted to the *necessities* of Man, and to the *Honour* of God, to the infirmities of the *Animal* life, and to the advancement of the *Divine*, to the relief of the *Sinner* and to the suppression of *sin*. Here *Mercy and Truth meet together, righteousness and peace kiss each other*. The Sacrifice of the Altar does not prejudice the Ballance of the Sanctuary, and the Divine Justice is so satisfy'd that the necessity of Holiness and Obedience remains secured. Much is *forgiven*, and much is to be *done*; Duty continues as fast as ever, and even the *Law* of *Liberty* is a *Service*. 1 Pet. 1. 12.

15. And now that this may not be thought a *Hard* saying, and make some of Jesus his Disciples to go back, (as once they did) and walk no more with him when they hear of Duty and something to be done, I shall now proceed to demonstrate the *Reasonableness* of that Service which Christianity requires of us, which was the 2*d* general Proposition I purposed to speak to.

16. Religion is so very agreeable both to the *Inclinations* and *Discursings* of *Humane Nature*

Mat. Mark *and thy Neighbour as thy self.* Luke These he told him were the two great Commandments, and that there were none greater than these: and certainly none more *reasonable.* For since Man is not his own end, but has an *Amorous Principle* within him which transports him to good without himself; since he is not a *Central* and *self-terminating* Being, but by the weight of his affections gravitates and inclines to something *further*, what is more Reasonable than that he fix upon *God* as his *Center*, who is as well the *End* as the *Author* of his Being? And since whatever Portion of his Love is not directed thither, will necessarily light (for it cannot be idle, and must fix somewhere) upon disproportionate and vain Objects, which neither *deserve* it nor *can satisfie* it, and consequently will but vex and torment him, what can be more Reasonable than that he *Unite* and *Consenter* all the rays of his affection both Intellectual and sensitive upon God, and according to the *strictest* sense of this great Commandment love him with all his Heart, Soul, and mind? *Vision* and *Love* make up the full composition of our Celestial Happiness hereafter, and they are the nearest approach we can make to it here.

30. Nor is the 2*d.* great Commandment less reasonable than the first. The truest and most effectual way a Man can take to love himself, is to love his neighbour as himself. For since Man is a necessitous and indigent Creature (of all Crea-

Creatures the moſt indigent) and ſince he cannot upon his own ſolitary ſtock ſupply the neceſſities of his nature (the want of Society being one of them) and ſince of all Creatures here below none is capable of doing him either ſo much *good* or ſo much *harm* as thoſe of his own Species; as 'twill be his beſt *ſecurity* to have as many Friends and as few Enemies as he can; ſo, as a means to this, to hate and injure none, but to love and oblige all, will be his beſt *Policy*. So far is the ſtate of Nature from being (according to the Elements of the *Leviathan*) a ſtate of Hoſtility and War, that there is no one thing that makes more apparently for the intereſt of mankind than univerſal Charity and Benevolence. And indeed, would all Men but once agree to eſpouſe one anothers intereſts and proſecute the publick good truly and faithfully, nothing would be wanting to verifie and realize the Dreams of the Golden Age, to anticipate the *Millennial* Happineſs, and bring down Heaven upon Earth. Society would ſtand firm and compact, like a *Mathematical Frame of Architecture*, ſupported by mutual dependencies and coherences, and every Man's kindneſſes would return again upon himſelf in the *Circle* and *Reciprocation* of Love.

31. But beſides this Conſideration of *Intereſt*, there is another which equally contributes to recommend this Law of univerſal Benevolence, and perhaps with more ſweetneſs of inſinuation

tion than the former, and that is Pleasure. These two are put together by the Psalmist, who tells us, that *'tis both good and pleasant for Brethren to dwell together in Unity.* There is certainly a most Divine pleasure in the acts and expresses of Benevolence; so that if God may be said to take pleasure in any one thing besides the richness of his own infinity, it must be in the *Communication* of it. Sure I am, no Man can do good to another without Recreating and Feasting his own Spirit; nay, even the most happy and self-sufficient Man who as to his *interest* has the least need to be kind and obliging, yet as to his *Pleasure* has the greatest. For he enjoys his happy state most when he Communicates it, and takes a Partner with him into Paradise, and receives a more vigorous joy from the *Reflexion*, than from the *Direct incidency* of his Happiness.

Psal. 133. 1.

32. I might here take occasion to shew the Reasonableness of Justice and Honesty, with other particular Branches of this great Law; but the necessity of these is so *notorious* (no Society being able to subsist without them) and withal so *attested* by the Common Vote and experience of the World (it being the business of all Human Laws, and the end of all Civil Government, to engage Men to the Observance of them) that I shall not need to make any Plea in their behalf. Instead therefore of lending any farther Light to what Shines already so con-

conſpicuouſly by its own, I ſhall now proceed to juſtifie the Chriſtian Law in ſome of thoſe inſtances which ſeem *moſt* to croſs the preſent intereſt of Mankind.

33. There are ſome Precepts of the Chriſtian Law which ſeem *directly* and in their *whole* kind to be againſt the intereſt of Man. For (as for thoſe which may *accidentally* and in ſome junctures of Circumſtances, I ſhall conſider them afterwards.) Now theſe I ſhall derive from that Abſtract of Chriſtian Philoſophy the Divine Sermon on the Mount. The *1ſt.* inſtance ſhall be in the Precept of Meekneſs, which our Divine Law-giver has extended ſo far as τῷ πονηρῷ μὴ ἀντιστῆναι, that we reſiſt not Mat. 5. 39. evil; which is not to be underſtood in Prejudice either of the Civil Sword, or of Legal Proſecutions for the reparation of injuries (for this would be to give the worſt of Men a continual advantage againſt the beſt) nor of public Wars between diſtinct Kingdoms (for they being under no common juriſdiction, have no other expedient whereby to right themſelves when injured) but only as to *Private* Perſons, who by Vertue of this Precept are not permitted (unleſs in apparent danger of Life, for then the Law of ſelf-preſervation takes place, the Benefit of other Laws being not at Hand) I ſay are not permitted to Retaliate Evil, but obliged rather with their Divine Maſter to *give their backs to the Smiters*, Iſa. 50. 6.

and

and their Cheeks to them that Pluckt off the Hair.

34. Now this may seem a very disadvantagious and inconvenient Command, in as much as it may be said by tying up our hands, to expose us to all manner of contumelies and affronts, and invite the ill treatments of rude and disingenuous spirits. But whoever seriously considers the matter will find, that pure and simple Revenge is a thing very absurd, and very productive of ill consequences, and in some respects, worse than the *first* injury. For *that* may have some ends of profit and advantage in it, but to do another Man a diskindness merely because he has done me one, serves to no good purpose, and to many ill ones. For it contributes nothing to the reparation of the first injury (it being impossible that the *Act* of any wrong should be rescinded, tho' the *permanent effect* may) but instead of making up the breach of my *Happiness*, it increases the objects of my *Pity*, by bringing in a *new* misery into the World more than was before, and occasions fresh returns of malice, one begetting another like the *encirclings* of disturbed Waters, till the evil becomes fruitful and multiplies into a long succession, a *Genealogy* of mischiefs. And by this time I think the Man has reason to repent him of his Revenge, and to be convinced of the Equity of the Law which forbids it.

35. The next instance I shall mention, is that of loving *Enemies*. This runs higher than the former,

former, that being only negative, not to return evil, but this positive to do good. A strange Precept one would think, and highly contradictory to *Reason* as well as *Nature*. But whoever considers the great usefulness of Love and Benevolence to the interest of Society, will quickly perceive, that he ought not to be disingaged from the observance of so necessary a Duty upon so slight a ground as anothers default in it. I grant 'tis neither Reasonable nor possible to love an Enemy for being so, (that is no proper motive of Love) but yet 'tis very reasonable to Love the *Man* notwithstanding his *enmity*. Because the necessity of Charity is so indispensable, that it ought to oblige in *all* cases. And besides, as by this means all enmity is certainly prevented on one side (which is of very great consideration to the Publick Peace) so is it the likeliest method to bring over the other. Kindnesses will at length prevail upon him, who is proof against all the sense of Duty and Conscience, and the Coals of Fire which are heaped upon his Head (when nothing else will do it) will melt him down into Love and Sweetness.

6. There is one instance more, wherein the Christian Law seems not to consult the interest of Humane Life, and that is in the matter of *Divorce*, which our Saviour allows in no case but that of Adultery. Now this also seems to be one of the *hard sayings*. For the natural propen-

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Perſeverance in Holineſs.

1. ALL that is of any moment for the full Diſcharging of this Subject, will be abſolved in theſe three Conſiderations. 1*ſt*; that Man has one way or other ſufficient Power to Perſevere in a courſe of Holineſs if he will; otherwiſe all Exhortations would be in *vain*. 2*ly*, That 'tis alſo impoſſible for him to fall from a ſtate of Holineſs; otherwiſe they would all be *ſuperfluous*. And laſtly, by ſhewing him what vaſt encouragements, what infinite engagements he has to ſtand.

2. I begin with the firſt, that Man has one way or other ſufficient Power to Perſevere in a courſe of Holineſs if he will. Where by *Perſeverance*, I do not underſtand a continuedly uniform, equal courſe of obedience, and ſuch as is not interrupted with the leaſt act of ſin, (for this is a perfection not to be hoped for, under the *Diſadvantages* of *Mortality*) but only ſuch a conſtancy of obedience as excludes all *contrary Habits*, and likewiſe all *ſuch acts* of ſin as are ſaid

ſaid directly to waſt the Conſcience, thoſe I mean, which are committed againſt the clear and expreſs Dictate either of Natural Reaſon, or Supernatural Revelation. And withall (to compleat the Character) ſuch an Obedience as is attended with a ſedulous care and hearty endeavour to correct and ſubdue even thoſe *pitiable* infirmities, which can never be *wholly* put off in this ſtate, but will always adhere like *ſpots* to the *brighteſt Star* in the *Firmament*. This I conceive to be all one with that diſpoſition of Soul which with more compendiouſneſs we uſually call *ſincerity*, in oppoſition to a *perfect* and *ſinleſs* Obedience. Now that Man has ſufficient power to perſevere in ſuch a courſe of Life as is here deſcribed, (not to call in the aſſiſtance of any other Argument) ſeems to me evidently demonſtrable from this ſingle conſideration, that to be *found* in the ſtate above mentioned is the condition of the *New-Covenant*, upon the fulfilling of which, all our hopes of Pardon and Salvation depend. I do not ſay 'tis the indiſpenſable Condition of our Salvation, that we perſevere *uninterruptedly* even in this ſtate of *Evangelical Righteouſneſs* (it being poſſible for a Man after an interruption of a ſalvable ſtate to recover into it again, as is plain from the caſe of David, St. *Peter* and many others) but that we be *found finally* in this ſtate *is* the Condition of our Salvation. *For if the Righteous Man turneth away from his Righteouſneſs, and*

com-

committeth iniquities and Dies in them, the righteousness that he hath done shall not be mentioned, in the sin that he hath sinned shall he Die. Well then, if Salvation be not to be had *out* of this state, then it follows, that it must never become impossible to a Man without his own fault to be found *in it*, since 'tis repugnant to the very nature of a Covenant (much more of this great Covenant of *mercy*) to have a condition annex'd to it, which in *some* circumstances, and that *without our fault* may prove *impossible*.

3. The Condition then of this new Covenant must be as possible to Man in this state of degeneracy, now his *Locks are Shaven and his great Strength is departed from him*, as the Condition of the first Covenant was to him in his primitive might and vigour. *Do this and live*, is equally common to both; the only difference lies in the *This* that is to be *done*, not in the *possibility* of the *performance*. Or if there are degrees of possibility, the advantage ought to lie on this side, this being (as was hinted before) a Covenant of *Grace* and *Mercy*.

4. Well then, if to be found finally in the state above described be the indispensable condition of our Salvation, and if for that very reason (as it has been prov'd) it must not in any circumstance become impossible without our fault, it unavoidably follows, that 'tis also possible to *Persevere in it without interruption*, because otherwise we having not the disposal of

our

our own lives, it will *oftentimes* prove impossible for us (and that without our own fault) to be found *finally* in that state which is the Condition of Salvation; which is contrary to the supposition. The short is (to speak all in a word) the possibility of being *found* in a salvable state cannot be sufficiently secured, without a possibility of always *persevering in it*, and therefore I conclude it possible for a Man to do so, which was the thing I undertook to prove.

5. But now left Man upon a survey of his natural strength, and of the Auxiliaries of the Divine Grace, should pronounce himself absolutely impregnable, and should begin to say in his Heart (as the *Psalmist* did in another case) *I shall never be remov'd, thou Lord of thy goodness hast made my hill so strong*, 'tis high time to turn the *Perspective*, and give him a more near, full and distinct view of his Condition, that instead of *stretching* himself upon the *Bed of security*, he may learn to work out his Salvation with *fear and trembling*. Which we shall do, by advancing to the 2*d*. thing proposed, which is, that altho' Man has sufficient Power to persevere if he will, yet 'tis also possible for him to fall from a state of Holiness. *Navigat enim adhuc*, for he is still *upon the Waters*, and tho' with the use of diligence and Prudent Conduct he may decline both *Rocks* and *Shallows*, yet if he venture to *sleep* within the vessel which he should *govern*, upon a groundless presumption that an

Angel

Angel will be his *Pilot*, and that he ſhall be infallibly Steer'd to the right Point by the Arm of Omnipotence, he may notwithſtanding the *paſt* ſucceſs of his Voyage, and his *confidence* of the *future*, be Shipwrack'd even within *ſight* of the *Haven*.

6. I confeſs, when I conſider with what ſtrength and combination of Argument Chriſtianity both as to *Faith* and *Practice* does approve it ſelf to be the moſt Rational thing in the World, when I conſider the nobleneſs of its *Original* (God being its Author) the excellency of its *Nature* (it being moſt agreeable to, and perfective of our beſt faculties) its wholeſome *effects* and operations (the intereſts of Kingdoms and States as well as of private Perſons depending upon it) and laſtly, the greatneſs of its *End*, which is no leſs than everlaſting Bliſs and Happineſs, I ſay when I conſider all this, I am ready to conclude it the moſt Prodigious thing in nature that ſo very *few* ſhould be in Love with the *Beauty* of *Holineſs*, were I not immediately ſurpriſed with a *greater* Miracle, which is, that many of *thoſe few* after ſome conſiderable Progreſs in Vertue retract their *beſt* choice, and after the good Angel has brought them within ſight of the *Mountain of Safety*, look back upon the Region of Wickedneſs.

7. This certainly is a Condition no leſs *ſtrange* than *deplorable*, and calls for our *wonder* as well as our *Pity*. 'Tis true indeed, ignorance of the

ſweets

sweets of Religion may something lessen the wonder of not embracing it, and the *Food of Angels* may lie neglected on the ground so long as Men *wist* not what it is; but for those who are once *enlightned, and have tasted of the Heavenly Gift, and are made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted the good Word of God, and the Powers of the World to come*, one would think it as *difficult* for such to fall away, as the Apostle assures us 'tis to *renew them again to Repentance*.

8. But such is the imperfection and unsteadiness of Human Nature, that from the beginning of things there have been instances of this kind. *Paradise* could not preserve Man in his Innocence, and the *Garden of the Lord* degenerated into a *Wilderness*. Neither is this to be observ'd only in *Man*; who sits in the lowest form of Intellectual Beings, but the very *Angels* also, who are greater in power and might

Job 4. 18.

are *charged with Folly* for leaving their own *Habitation*. Those bright Sons of the Morning could not long *endure* to be Happy, but grew *giddy* with the sublimity of their station and fell from the *Heights* of Glory. And altho the Blessed Inhabitants of that serene and peaceful Mansion are now (as 'tis piously believed) fully confirmed in *Holiness* and *Happiness*, yet Man like this sublimary Region which falls to his lot to inherit, is still nothing else but a Scene of Changes and Revolutions, but in no-

thing

thing so changeable, as in that wherein he ought to be most fixt, the practice of *Vertue and Religion*. 'Tis a narrow and a rugged Path, and he that treads surest is not secure from falling.

9. This will plainly appear to him that considers, that no Habit, tho contracted by never so great a repetition of Acts, does *necessitate* the faculty, but only dispo'es it to act with greater *facility*, and consequently leaves it still indiferent to opposite Operations. Whence 'tis easie to conceive, that an Habit of Holiness may by degrees be abolish'd by contrary actions. For as this Habit was at first *begotten* by frequent acts, so may it be *destroyed* by the opposite ones, and (what is more) a contrary Habit may be at length produced.

10. This I say is very possible in the *ordinary* course of things, and that God should interpose here with an *irresistible* power to prevent it, we have no grounds from *Scripture* or *Reason* to expect, and therefore 'twou'd be a most intolerable presumption to rely upon it. *My Grace is sufficient for Thee* was the utmost degree of consolation conclused to the *chosen Vessel*; He had Gods faithfulness engaged for it, that he should not be tempted above his strength, but yet notwithstanding this *sufficiency*, it must have been possible for him to have fall'n from his *own steadfastness*, otherwise I cannot imagine to what purpose he should *[illegible] to [illegible], keep under his Body, and bring it into subjection*, and

all

it, as I could eaſily demonſtrate, but that it has been already done by many excellent Hands and particularly with *Mathematic* evidence by a late Writer of our own.

Dr. Cumberland.

And altho' it happen ſometimes through the unreaſonableneſs and injuſtice of Men that Duty and Intereſt *interfere*, and that Vertue be defeated of the Portion ſhe is *naturally* endow'd with, yet ſhe ſhall recover her own again at the great Aſſize, at the *day of the Revelation of the Righteous Judgments of God*. And altho' inſtead of being *rewarded* it be our fortune to *ſuffer* for Righteouſneſs ſake, yet we Chriſtians know that it intitles us to one of our Saviours *Beatitudes*, and we are alſo well aſſured from one whoſe caſe it was to be ſo dealt with, that *the ſufferings of the preſent time are not worthy to be compared with the Glory that ſhall be revealed*, and that *our light affliction which is but for a moment, worketh for us* καθ' ὑπερβολὴν εἰς ὑπερβολὴν αἰώνιον βάρος δόξης, *a far more exceeding and Eternal weight of Glory*. So that whatever difficulties and hardſhips Religion may ſometimes engage a Man in, yet when the whole account is caſt up, he will find the *Practice* of Religion as *gainful*, as the *belief* of it is *rational*, that to be Holy is his beſt choice, and that he has infinite reaſon to pray in the words of *Balaam*, *Let me die the Death of the Righteous, and let my laſt end be like his.*

20. And

20. And now one would think, that one who has so great and so apparent reason for his choice as the Religious Man has, should not easily be brought to retract it, and say with those in *Malachi*, *it is vain to serve God, and what profit is it that I have kept his Ordinances?* But because 'tis observ'd to be the Nature of Man to be more strongly affected with *Punishments* than *Rewards*, I shall for his better establishment in the purposes of Holiness present him with the 2*d* general Consideration, which is, that if notwithstanding the excellency of his choice he does retract it, he will not only lose the *advantages* of it, but also incur an *opposite portion of misery*, and that in *greater* measures than other sinners.

21. That he will lose the advantages of his first and best choice, is plain from the whole tenour of the Gospel, Perseverance to the end being the express condition of Salvation. And that he will incur an opposite portion of misery, is plain from the double Sanction of Rewards and Punishments wherewith God has bound us to the observance of his *otherwise* sufficiently profitable Laws. And altho' this be sufficient in the severest Trials to preserve us from *Apostasie*, and when flames of fire surround us to secure our footing in the *Holy ground*, yet thus far is but to Dye the *common Death of sinners, and to be visited after the Visitation of the Impenitent. But now if the Lord make a new*

thing,

thing, and the Deſertor of Piety be puniſh'd in a greater meaſure than other ſinners, *then ſhall we underſtand that this Man has provoked the Lord.*

22. And that he ſhall be ſo puniſh'd is the peculiar conſideration which I ſhall now inſiſt upon, and which I prove from the *heinouſneſs* of his crime, *Apoſtaſie* having in it many aggrees of evil beyond the *common* ſtate of ſin. *For if after they have eſcaped the Pollutions of the World through the knowledg of the Lord and Saviour Jeſus Chriſt, they are again entangled therein and overcome, the latter end is worſe with them than the beginning. For it had been better for them not to have known the way of Righteouſneſs, than after they have known it to turn from the Holy Commandment deliver'd unto them.*

23. But to repreſent the heinouſneſs of Apoſtaſie a little more particularly, and that this ſin above all others may appear to be *exceeding ſinful*; let me deſire the unthinking Man to conſider, 1*ſt*, that he that falls back from a courſe of Holy living, does in a ſpecial manner grieve the Holy Spirit of God. He *facr legionſly* takes that from him which he had once moſt ſolemnly *conſecrated* to his Service, he defiles the ſeat of his reſidence, alienates it to *profane* uſes, blots out the *Tetragrammaton* of the Temple, and ſuffers it to be no longer *Holineſs to the Lord.* He diſinherits his God, diſturbs his reſt, and forces him to leave the habitation whereof he had once ſaid, *This ſhall be my reſt for ever,*

here

here will I dwell for I have a delight therein. Add to this affront of the Holy Spirit that resided in him, that he grieves the Angels that attended him, and with much *concern* and *hopes* minister'd to his Salvation. Those *disappointed* and *unsuccessful Guardians* with sorrow cry out to one another as the Angels did in the *Jewish Temple*, when through many profanations it was no longer fit for their charge, Μεταβαινωμεν εντευθεν let us depart hence. *Josephus de Bell. Jud. lib. 7.* Neither does he disappoint the Tutelar Ministers of his Salvation only, but causes *universal* grief in Heaven. Those kind and compassionate Spirits who before rejoyc'd at his *Repentance and Conversion*, and began to reckon upon the *new accession* they should have to the *Quire* of Heaven, now tune their *Harps* to the *strains of sorrow* and lament the disappointment of their hopes.

24. Consider secondly, that to the sin of Apostasie is added the circumstance of *inexcusableness*. The Man has entred within the *veil*, has seen the inner Beauties of the Holy place, and has been taught the *secrets* of the Kingdom; his understanding has been instructed, and his Will has been entertain'd; he has given proof of his Powers and Abilities and has conquer'd the *steepest* part of the *Mount*, his difficulties lessen and his strength encreases, so that if now he retreat and slide back to the *bottom* of the hill, he has nothing whereby to excuse him-

himself either before God or Man; but stands in the highest sense of the phrase Αυτοκατάκριτος *self-condemn'd.* We generally make some allowances for the miscarriages of those who were never *enlightned*, and have had no acquaintance with the substantial delights of Religion, and the satisfaction of sober Counsels; because indeed they *knew no better*; but when we are told that the *wisest of Men* after a *censure of Vanity* pass'd upon the *whole Creation*, and a long application of his mind to the excellent Theories of *Moral* and *Divine* Knowledge, was yet toward the *Evening* of his Life when the Sun drove hard and the *shadows encreas'd*, drawn aside by strange Women, and that his wisdom departed from him like the *Dream* wherein it was given him, this indeed we may *lament*, but cannot *excuse*.

25. Consider thirdly, that he who falls from a state of Holiness must needs do strange violence to his *Reason*. If he be a *new Convert* he cannot sure without great reluctancy defile that Temple which he has so lately *swept* and *garnish'd*. And if he be a Saint of some *considerable standing*, sure he must be the more unwilling to break off a *long-dated* Innocence for the unsatisfying pleasure of a moment. For tho' (as 'tis well observed by *Plutarch*) Men of desperate and Bankrupt Fortunes have little regard to their expences, because should they save them, the tide of their Estates wont rise much the higher,

higher, and so they think it impertinent to be *frugal*, when there's no hopes of being *rich*. Yet they that see their heaps begin to swell, and that they are within the *Neighbourhood* of wealth, think it worth while to be saving and improve their growing Stock. But then after a long Thrift and Sparing, to throw away the hard purchase of many Years in one *Nights Gaming*, is one of the Prodigies of Folly and Indiscretion. And yet this is the very case of him that lets go his Integrity.

26. Consider fourthly and lastly, that the Apostate has the greatest *ingratitude* imaginable to aggravate his folly. Indeed every sinner is a very ungrateful Person, because he trespasses against his *best Friend and Benefactor*, against him that Made him, against him that Died for him, and against him that Follows him with the daily offers of his Grace, and lays *stratagems of Mercy* for his Reformation. But the *Back-sliding* Man sins against greater Mercies, endearments and obligations yet. He has liv'd in the service of his Lord, has receiv'd the earnest of his Spirit, he has been of his Family, nay more, he has been call'd his *Friend*, he has Eaten with him at his Table, he has dwelt under the endearments of Familiar Converse, he has been with him in his *Banqueting House* where *the Banner that was over him was Love*, he has plighted his Faith, given his Heart and said with Passion, *My Beloved is mine and I am his*, so that to

turn

turn *Renegade* now is the greatest baseness and ingratitude conceivable, 'tis to betray his Lord and Master after the Obligations of Intimacy and *Discipleship*, 'tis to break the Tables of his Law after he has been with him on the Mount, and seen the *back parts* of his glory.

27. Since therefore the Apostate has so many peculiar circumstances to aggravate his crime beyond the guilt of common sinners, *of how much sorer punishment suppose ye shall he be thought worthy who has thus trodden under Foot the Son of God, and has counted the Blood of the Covenant wherewith he was Sanctified an unholy thing, and has done despite to the Spirit of Grace?* which was the last general consideration.

28. What now remains, but that upon a serious consideration of the Premises, He that is Holy think himself highly concern'd to be Holy still. That he *lift up the Hands that hang down, and strengthen the feeble Knees*; that he *hold fast that which he has, that no man takes his Crown*; that he *unravel* not his Holy Vows, nor put himself *back* in the accounts of Eternity; that he be not frighted or laught out of his Religion, since 'tis his best and wisest choice, and will be found to be so in spite of all the profane drollery of *supposed* [illegible] when *wisdom shall be justified of all her Children*. *Nor then shall the Righteous* [illegible] *before the Face of* [illegible] *account of his labours*, [illegible] *them-*

themſelves, this was he whom we had ſometimes in derision and a proverb of reproach; we fools counted his life madneſs, and his end to be without honour. How is he numbred among the Children of God, and his lot is among the Saints! Wherefore again, let him that is Holy be Holy ſtill. Let him but maintain his ſtation during his *ſhort warfare* here on Earth, and he ſhall be hereafter confirm'd both in holineſs and happineſs, and be fix'd in that Center where he ſhall for ever reſt. For ſo ſays the Spirit to the Churches, *Him that overcometh will I make a Pillar in the Temple of my God, and he ſhall go no more out.* Rev. 3. 12.

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HEROIC PIETY,

Wherein its Notion is ſtated and its Practice recommended.

Jewish Sacrifices, Morning and Evening. But now if a more generously disposed Christian should add a *third* time, or out of *abundance* of zeal should come up to the *Psalmist*'s resolution of (*Seven times a day will I praise thee*) this would be a *free-will* Offering, *well pleasing* and of *sweet savour*, but not *commanded*.

10. From these and many other instances, which, if necessary, I could easily produce, it plainly appears that Religion does not consist in an *indivisible point*, but has a *Latitude*, and is capable of *more* and *less*, and consequently there is room for *voluntary oblations* and Acts of *Heroic Piety*.

11. I know it is usually objected here, that what is supposed to be thus *Heroically* perform'd, is *inclusively* enjoyn'd by vertue of those comprehensive words, (*Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy Soul, &c.*) But, I conceive, that all which is intended by that Phrase, will amount to no more than, First, a *sincere* love of God, as 'tis opposed to that which is *partial* and *divided*; and secondly, such a degree of loving him, as admits of nothing into *Competition* with him. And thus far reach the *Boundaries* of indispensable Duty, it being impossible that he who does not love God in this *sense* and *degree*, should keep his Commandments. But beyond this, there are higher degrees, which, because we may fall short of without sin, are the more excellent when attain'd.

So

So that in this Precept of loving God, as in all other Instances of Religion, there is a great latitude, it being very possible for two persons to love God *sincerely* and with their *whole Soul*, and yet in different measures (which is observ'd even among the Angels, the *Seraphins* having their name from their *excess of Love*) nay, for the same Person always to love God *sincerely* and yet at some times to exceed himself, and with his Saviour (who to be sure never fail'd of *necessary* Duty) to *pray yet more earnestly*.

12. There is another Objection yet behind, which I think my self concern'd to answer, as well in my *own* defence as that of my *Argument*. Some perhaps may be so weak to imagine, that by asserting such a thing as *Heroic Piety*, and that a Christian may do *more* than he is commanded, I too much favour the Doctrin of *Supererogation*. But I consider, that *for a man to do more than he is commanded*, is an ambiguous expression, and may denote either that he can perform the *whole* Law of God and *more*, or that, tho' he fail of his Duty in many Instances, and consequently with the rest of Mankind, is *concluded under sin*, Yet in some others he may exceed it, by *pressing forward* to some degrees of excellency he is not obliged to. I do not assert the *former* of these, but the *latter*. And I think I have sufficiently proved, that there are certain degrees in *Religion*, which we are not obliged to under Pain of Sin, and consequently

sequently that he who arrives so far, does (according to the *latter* notion of the *Phrase*) do *more than he is commanded.*

13. Having in the foregoing *Periods* stated the Notion of *Heroïc Piety*, and demonstrated that there is such a thing, I proceed now to my third and last undertaking, which was to offer some Perswasives to recommend the Practice of it. First then, I consider that Religion is the Perfection of a Man, the improvement and accomplishment of that part of him wherein he resembles his Maker, the pursuance of his best and last end, and consequently his *Happiness*. And will a man set *bounds* to his *Happiness*? Will he be no more happy than he is *commanded*, no more than what will just serve to secure him from a *miserable* Eternity? Is not Happiness desirable for it *self*, as well as for the avoiding of *Misery*? Why then do we deal with it as with *dangerous Physic*, weighing it by Grains and Scruples and nice Proportions? Why do we drink so *moderately* of the *River* of *Paradise*, so *sparingly* of the *Well* of *Life*? Are we afraid of making too nigh advances to the State of Angels, of becoming *too* like God, of *antedating* Heaven? Are we afraid our Happiness will flow in too *thick* upon us, that we shall not bear up against the Tide, but sink under the too *powerful* enjoyment? Hereafter indeed, when we are blest with the *Beatific Vision*, and the Glories of the Divine Brightness shall flash too *strong* upon

our

our Souls, ſo that our Happineſs begins to be *leſſen'd* by its *greatneſs*; We may then with the Angels that attend the Throne, *veil* our Faces, and *divert* ſome of the too *exuberant* bleſſedneſs: But now in this *Region* we are far enough from being *under* the *Line*; there is no danger of ſuch *Extremity*, but rather the contrary, and therefore it would be now moſt adviſable for us to be as *Happy*, and to that end, as *Religious* as we can.

14. Secondly, I conſider, that ſince God, out of the abundance of his *overflowing* and *communicative* Goodneſs, was pleas'd to create and deſign man for the beſt of Ends, the fruition of himſelf in endleſs Happineſs, and ſince he has preſcribed no other Conditions for the attainment of this Happineſs, but that we would live happily here in this State of Probation, having made nothing our Duty but what would have been beſt for us to do whether he had commanded it or no, and has thereby declared, that he is ſo far only pleas'd with our Services to *him* as they are beneficial to *our ſelves*; this muſt needs be a moſt endearing engagement to one that has the leaſt ſpark of Generoſity or Ingenuity, to do ſomthing for the ſake of ſo *good* a God, beyond the Meaſures of Neceſſity, and the regards of his main and final Intereſt. This is the *only Tribute* of Gratitude we are capable of paying God for giving us ſuch good, ſuch reaſonable, and righteous Laws. Had the conditions

tions of our eternal welfare been never so hard, arbitrary, and contradictory to our present Happiness, yet mere interest would engage us to perform *necessary Duty*; and shall we do no more out of a principle of *Love* to our excellent Lawgiver, for making our *present Happiness* the *Condition* of our *future*? Shall the *Love* of *God* constrain us to do no more than what we would do *merely* for the *Love* of *our selves*? shall we stint our performances to him, who sets no Measures to his Love of us? Can our Generosity be ever more seasonably employ'd than in endeavouring to please him in *extraordinary* Measures, whose *Pleasure* is to see us *happy* even *while* we *please* him? For so is the will of the wise and good Governour of the World, that in serving *him* we should serve *our selves*, and like *Adam* in his dressing and cultivation of Paradise, at the same time discharge the Employment which God sets us about, and consult our *own* Convenience: So that it fares with us in our religious Exercises as with the Votary that sacrifices at the Altar, who all the while he *pleases* and serves his *God*, *enjoys* the *perfumes* of his *own Incense*.

[illegible] Thirdly, I consider, that every man has [illegible] Principle of Love implanted in his [illegible] of Passion, wherein [illegible] according to the *Platonic* and true notion of Love, he continually aspires to somthing more [illegible] than himself, either really or apparent-

apparently, with a design and inclination to perfect his Being. This affection and disposition of Mind *all* Men have, and at *all* times. Our other Passions ebb and flow like the Tide, have their Seasons and Periods like *intermitting Fevers*: But this of Love is as constant as our *Radical* heat, as inseparable as *thought*, as even and equal as the Motions of Time. For no man does or can desire to be happy more at one time than at another, because he desires it always in the highest degree *possible*. 'Tis true, his Love, as to particular objects, may increase or decrease, according to the various apprehensions he has of their excellencies; but then, like *Motion* in the Universe, what it loses in one part it gains in another; so that in the whole it remains always alike, and the same. Now this *Amorous* Principle which every man receives with his Soul, and which is breath'd into him with the breath of Life, must necessarily have an object about which it may exercise it self, there being no such thing in *Love* (if in *Nature*) as an *Element* of *Self-sufficient* Fire. For tho' we may easily and truly frame an abstract notion of Love or desire in *general*, yet if we respect its *real* existence, we shall as soon find *First Matter* without *Form*, as *Love* without a particular *Object*. And, as 'tis necessary to the very being of Love that it have an object, so is it to our content and happiness, that it be a proportionate and satisfying one; for otherwise that passion

which

CON

CONTEMPLATION

AND

COVE.

OR,

The Methodical Ascent of the Soul to God, by Steps of Meditation.

——Nec ad hoc admitterer,
Non fuerit quod prodesset nasci.
Senec. Nat. Quæst. 1 2.

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3. And of this I further meditate, and by self-reflection experiment, that altho' the *Perceptive Faculty be not always in actual exercise*, or at least not in the same degree of it: (For, if according to the Cartesian Hypothesis there be no intermission of Cogitation, yet 'tis most certain that its applications are not always equal and uniform) tho' this I say be true as to the *Perceptive*; yet, I find by attending to the Operations of my nature, that the *Appetitive* Faculty is not only always in Act, but in the same degree of intension and Application. As it never has any total intermission, so neither is it subject (as indeed every thing else in Man is) to *Ebbs* and *Flows*, but acts *uniformly* as well as *constantly*. This Amorous *Bias* and Endeavour of the Soul is like that stock of Motion which the *French* Philosopher supposes the Universe at first endow'd with, which continues always at the same rate, not to be abated or increas'd. Not that this equality of Love is to be understood in reference to *particular* objects, any more than that of Motion in reference to particular Bodies; but only, that it gains in one part, as much as it loses in another, so as in the *whole* to remain equal and uniform.

4. For however various and unconstant I may be in my Love of particular objects, according to the various apprehension I have of their respective excellencies; yet certainly I persue *Happiness* in *general* with the same earnestness and

and vigour, and do not love or *wish well* to my ſelf more at one time, than at another.

5. And indeed ſince all my inconſtancy in the proſecution of particular objects proceeds from the variety of my Apprehenſions concerning their Excellency; and the only reaſon why I withdraw my Affection from this or that thing is, becauſe I diſcern or ſuſpect that Happineſs not to be there which I expected, it is hence plainly argued *a poſteriori*, that I ſtand at all times equally affected towards Happineſs it ſelf. As he that is therefore only variouſly affected towards the means according as he variouſly apprehends their ſerviceableneſs to the End, may be truly ſaid to affect the End it ſelf always alike.

6. Nor can it poſſibly be otherwiſe than that I ſhould thus point at Happineſs with an equal *Verticity*; becauſe I always affect it in the higheſt degree that is poſſible, which admits of no *Latitude*. For I conſider my ſelf here as a *neceſſary Agent*, and accordingly as ſuch can neither ſuſpend the whole Act, nor any one degree of it, but muſt needs Operate to the utmoſt ſtretch of my Power. This *Spring* of my Soul (my Appetitive Faculty) is always at its *full bent*; and accordingly preſſes and endeavours with its whole *Elaſticity*.

7. For ſince Good or Happineſs is the *utmoſt* object of my *Appetitive*, it muſt needs employ its *whole* Power; otherwiſe ſo much of it as is not

not in Act will be for ever uncapable of being so; (there being nothing left beyond that to bring it into act) and consequently will be planted in me in vain, which I think absurd to admit; and therefore find it necessary to conclude that my Appetitive is wholly employ'd in the love of Happiness; or that I always love it to the utmost capacity of my faculty.

8. Since therefore I find in my self an Appetitive Faculty which is always in actual exercise, and that after an even and equal measure; and not only so, but also in the very Height of activity and *Invigoration*; I am by the clue of Meditation further led to conclude, that there must be some *Center* for this *Weight*; some object or other, either within or without me, of such ample, copious and solid excellence as may answer to the full extent of my desires, bear the whole *stress* of my inclining Soul, and such as may well deserve to be call'd the *End* of *Man*.

9. For I cannot think it any way consistent with the goodness of that great Being which call'd me out of the Womb of Nothing to what I am, to plant in me such an *Amorous* Principle which at no time lies *Dormant*, but is always *equally* awake, and acting with the utmost plenitude of its vigour, supposing there were no proportionable object in the whole *Latitude* of *Entity* for it to fix and bottom upon. It being only a greater preparation and qualification for misery to have inlarged Faculties and Appetites

petites when there is nothing to afford them agreeable satisfaction. Which however some may be justly subjected to for their *after-demerit*, can yet never be reasonably supposed to be the *Antecedent* Will of God.

10. And this I am further induced to believe, when I consider how the great Author of Nature has made provision for the entertainment of our animal Faculties and particular Appetites: All our senses, Seeing, Hearing, Tasting, Smelling and Touching, have their proper objects and opportunities of pleasure respectively. Which makes it very unlikely that our *great* and *general* Appetite of being *Happy*, should be the only one that is *disinherited* and unprovided for. Especially considering that the enjoyment and indulgence of any of the rest is then only and in such instances and circumstances restrain'd, when the greater interests of Happiness are thereby cross'd and defeated. Which argues, that the true happiness of Man is the thing chiefly regarded by God, and consequently, that there is a Provision for that *great* Appetite of his being *Happy*, as well as for any of the *rest*.

11. Which is yet further confirm'd to me, when I consider, that there is an *exemplification* of it in the *material* part of the Universe. The most ponderous Body that it has its Center towards which it always presses, and in which it settles with full acquiescence. Now since there is

is ſomething in Spiritual Beings which corre-
ſponds to *weight* in Bodies, (according to that
of St. *Auſtin*, *Pondus meum Amor eſt Pondus tuum*) the
Analogy of things perſwades me to think that
there is alſo ſomething which ſhall be to them
in the Nature of a *Center*.

12. And as the contrary is inconſiſtent with
the Divine *goodneſs*, ſo neither can I recon-
cile it to the *Wiſdom* of him who made all things in
Number, *Weight* and *Meaſure*, to be ſo much
out in his *Proportions* as to create an Appetite
too high, vigorous, and craving, for the excel-
lency and fulneſs of any object. This would
be like making a Body too heavy for the *Cen-
tral* Poiſe; or as if the *Spring* of a Watch ſhould
be made too ſtrong for the *Wheel*, or any other
ſuch diſproportionate operations: which nei-
ther comports with the *Geometry* of the Divine
Mind, nor with the exact Harmony of his *other
works*.

13. The *Concluſion* therefore from theſe *Pre-
miſes* is, that Man is not as a Body for ever, roll-
ing on in an Infinite vacuity; or as a Needle
continually *trembling* for an *embrace*: but that
he has his proper *end* and *Center*, to which 'tis
poſſible for him to arrive, and in which as im-
poſſible for him when once arrived, not fully
to Acquieſce.

The Prayer.

MY *God*, my *Creator*, who by that active principle of Love and immense Desire thou hast interwoven with my Nature, hast given me fair grounds to conclude that there must be some End on which I may fix and Center with the full stress of my Faculties; point out to me by the guidance of thy Spirit this my true end, direct me in the persuance, and bring me to the attainment of it. Let me neither *mistake* my true Center, nor by any irregular or *oblique* motion *decline* from it. But as thou hast appointed me for Happiness, and furnish'd me with natural Capacities of receiving it, so let it be thy good pleasure to possess my Soul with such a serious and diligent Concern for my great interest, that I may not by any default of mine fail of that excellent good which will fill all the emptinesses of my Soul, leave no desire unsatisfi'd, and no trouble I can undergo in the quest of it unrewarded. O suffer me not to be disappointed of that excellent, that only good: but as thou hast made me aspire towards it infinitely, so grant I may enjoy it eternally, for thy great love and goodness sake, *Amen.*

Con-

Contemplation the Second.

That 'tis impossible Man should be his own end.

1. BEing from my *yesterdays* Contemplation of my Intellectual Nature, and the stock of desires therein implanted, led to this *Conclusion*, that 'tis necessary Man should have some end; I now consider that 'tis but to carry on the Thred of the same Contemplation a little further, and 'twill as evidently appear, that 'tis impossible man should be his own end.

2. For while I stand fix'd in the Contemplation of my self, I observe that I have this *Appetitive* Principle, not only in such a manner as answers to *Weight* in Bodies, but also so as to be analogous to *gravitation*, that is, to Weight not only *in actu primo*, but *in actu secundo*, as it denotes such an inclination of Body whereby not only one part presses against another, but whereby the whole leans and endeavours to something beyond the bounds of its own *circumference*.

3. For besides Acts of *self-complacency*, whereby I delight and please my self in the perfections of my Nature, and turn as it were upon my own *Axis*; I find in me a great deal of *Extatical* Love, which continually carries me out to

to good without my self, which I endeavour to close and Unite with, in hopes of bettering my present state, and of supplying from *without* what I seek, but cannot find *within*.

4. Hence therefore I conclude that I am not (whatever complacencies I may sometimes take in my self) a *Central* or *self-terminative* Being, it being as impossible that what is so should love any thing *without*, (as love is taken for *Desire* or Aspiring to good) as that a Body should gravitate in the *Center*. That which loves any thing *without*, wants something *within*. If therefore I *gravitate* I am off from the *Center*, consequently not my *own* Center.

5. And that I cannot ever Center in my self and be my own End, is yet further evidenc'd to me, when I contemplate the great *Disproportion* between my *Appetitive* and all my *other perfections* whether of Body or of Mind. I desire both more *kinds* of pleasure than they all can afford, and more *Degrees* of pleasure in the same kind. Which must necessarily be, because my Desires are extended to *all possible* good, but my real endowments and perfections are infinitely short of that extent. And by consequence, my Desires cannot be *cramp'd* within the narrow bounds of my own Sphere, but will of necessity run out farther, even as far as there is good without it.

6. And as there is a n[illegible]roportion between my stock of *self-*[illegible] my *Appetitive*,

petitive, as to its *objective* Latitude (*viz.*) the *kinds* and *degrees* of Happiness; so is there no less as to the *intenseness* of its Acts. This Appetitive of mine (as was remark'd in the preceding Contemplation) is alway in an *equal* invigoration, and burns with an even and uniform heat; but I have not within my self *fewel* enough to maintain this flame in an equal height. I always equally *desire*, but I am not always equally *desirable*: partly because I am sometimes (even in my own partial judgment) in a Condition of less excellence both as to my Morals and Intellectuals than at other times; and partly, because the stock of my Perfections the [illegible] possible they could be always alike as my *Desires* are, yet being both *Finite* in Nature, and *Few* in Number, cannot bear a long and uninterrupted enjoyment, and appear still equally [illegible] it, [illegible] than a short Poem [illegible] *self* [illegible] excellent, can *please* equally after a Million of Repetitions.

7. *Whether* I compute to pass, that I do not always take an equal Complacency in my self, but am oftentimes (especially after long retirements) apt to be melancholy and to grow weary of my true Company, so that I am fain to lay aside my self (as by [illegible] for a while, and [illegible] the [illegible] of Solitude with the variety of Company, and so [illegible] my [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible].

8. Since

8. Since therefore I always desire equally, but not my *self*: (being not upon the two accounts before mention'd always equally desirable,) it follows, that the steddiness and evenness of this my Flame must depend upon some *other* Fuel, good which is *without* me. And consequently, I do not terminate in my self, and so am not my own End.

The Prayer.

MY *God*, my *Creator*, who hast in thy great wisdom furnish'd me with Desires too large and vehement for the other Perfections of my Nature, and hast thereby made it impossible that I should ever be my own End; grant me effectually to consider the Barrenness and insufficiency of my own Nature, and how unable I am upon my own solitary stock to satisfie the importunity of my Soul: that so I may not be transported with vain complacencies, nor endeavour to bottom my self upon such a Centre as will moulder away under me and deceive me. But me ever weigh my self in a true Balance, and be observant of my imperfections as of my excellencies. Let me be ever *thankful* for the *one*, and *humble* for the other. Whatever I am ignorant of, O grant me

thought ſufficient to ſatisfie. But when men that ſit on the top of Fortune's wheel, and drink at the *head fountains* of Nature, are yet liable to melancholy dejections, 'tis to me a plain argument that the cauſe of this melancholy, their *Deſires*, proceeds from a *Deficiency* in the *things themſelves*; not that they are ſtraitned in their *poſſeſſions*, but that the *things* which they poſſeſs are *weigh'd in the Ballance, and found wanting*.

11. Thus far is this Truth atteſted to by *Experience*. But I am yet further aſſured of it when I compare the Aſpirations of my Nature with the goodneſs of the Creation; for when I do ſo, I find they are very *diſproportionate*. 'Twas a Celebrated Problem among the ancient Mythologiſts, what was the *ſtrongeſt* thing, what the *wiſeſt*, and what the *greateſt*? Concerning which 'twas thus determin'd, that the *ſtrongeſt* thing was *Neceſſity*, the *wiſeſt* was *Time*, and the *greateſt* was the *Heart* of Man. And well may that be call'd the *greateſt* thing whoſe capacity can take in the whole Creation, and yet like the *immenſe ſpace*, remain ſtill an *unrepleniſh'd* Emptineſs.

12. For my Deſires are circumſcribed with no limits, but run on indefinitely to all poſſible good. But now the *good* of the *Creation*, like the *Creation* it ſelf, is *bounded*; the very notion of a *Creature* involving *imperfection*, as much as *Body* does *Circumſcription* and termination. Hence therefore I conclude, that not only all the

the good of the Creation though collected together into *Extract* and *Spirit* by the *Chymistry* of its great Author, would be insufficient to afford me perfect Satisfaction; but that 'tis not in the *Power* of him that is *Omnipotent* to Create any good that can satisfie my Desires, any more than to Create a Body that shall fill Immense space. And consequently, that 'tis impossible that any created good should be the end of man.

The Prayer.

MY *God*, my *Creator*, who hast made all things for the present *Entertainment*, but nothing for the *End* of Man; grant I may ever justly discern between the *goodness* and the *vanity* of thy Creatures, that I may not either by not heeding to the former become *unthankful*, or by not heeding to the latter, become *Idolatrous*. O keep this Conviction still *awake* in me how insufficint all created good is towards true Felicity; that I may not any longer with the mistaken Votaries of thy Son's Sepulchet, seek the *Living* among the *Dead*, Light in the Regions of Darkness; and that I may no longer *labour for that which is not Bread*. Let me not add care, labour and toil to the misery of unquench'd Thirsts and unsatify'd Desires: but

but ſince I am certain never to find *Reſt* in the *boſom* of thy Creation, grant I may be ſo wiſe at leaſt, as not to weary my ſelf more in the fruitleſs perſuit of it. Withdraw, I beſeech thee, my expectations of Happineſs from all the works of thy hands; and fix them there only, where there is no diſappointment or deluſion, even in the true Center of all Deſire: for the ſake of thy tender compaſſions, *Amen.*

Con-

Contemplation the Fourth.

That God who is the Author of man, is likewise his true End and Center.

1. WHen I Contemplate the Nature of man, and consider how the Desire of Happiness is interwoven with it; that *Love is strong as Death, and importunate as the Grave*; that there is a vehement and constant *Verticity* in the Soul towards perfect good, which begins assoon, and is as immortal as her self; and withal, how disproportionately this *Amorous disposition* of the Soul is gratify'd by any entertainment whether domestic or foreign she can meet with in the Circle of *created* good: I find it necessary to conclude, that the great Being who commanded me to exist, is so every way perfect and all-sufficient as to answer that vast stock of desires our Natures come fraught withal into the world; since otherwise (which is absurd to suppose) of all the Creatures in it Man would be the most miserable.

2. For what man of *thoughts* is there, who after a thorough Conviction that he can neither get *rid* of his desires, nor among the Provisions of Nature have them fully *gratify'd*, would not imme-

immediately throw up his Title to immortality, if he thought himself arriv'd to the *Meridian* of his Happiness, and that he must never expect to be in a better Condition than he is? For to have enlarg'd his desires and nothing to satisfie them, is such a *contrivance* for misery, that 'tis thought by some to be the *Portion* of Hell, and to make up the very *Formality* of Damnation.

3. But to our great Consolation 'tis wholly in our own power whether it shall be *always* so with us, or no. There is a Being whose *perfections* are answerable to our *Desires*. He that made us can satisfie every Appetite he has planted in us: and he that is Happy in *reflecting* upon himself can make us so too, by the *direct* view of his Glory. He can entertain all our faculties; our *understandings* as he is *Truth*, and our *wills* as he is *goodness*; and that in the *Highest* degree, because he is infinite in *both*. He can more than employ all our Powers in their utmost *Elevation*, for he is every way Perfect and all-sufficient, *yea he is altogether Lovely*.

4. But to evince more particularly and distinctly that God is the true End of man, I shall consider, whether the conditions requisite to his being so are found in him. Now these can be no other than these two in general, 1st, that he be absolutely good and perfect in himself, so as to be *able* to fill and satisfie the whole capacity of our Desires; and 2ly, that he be *Willing* that man shall partake of this his Transcendent

fcendent Fullneſs, ſo as actually one time or other to fix the weight of his Appetite and become his Center. If therefore theſe two conditions are found in God, he has all that is requiſite to make him our End. And that they are, is now to be made appear.

5. Firſt then, that God is abſolutely good and perfect in himſelf, ſo as to be able to fill and ſatisfie the whole capacity of our deſires. There are ſeveral Topics in the *Metaphyſics* from whence I might infer this, but I confine my preſent ſpeculation to this one, that God is the *Firſt Being*. This is a very reaſonable *Poſtulatum*; it being too obvious to need any proof, that there is a *Firſt Being*. By the *Firſt Being* is meant God. Therefore, that we try what advantage may be made of it.

6. When therefore I conſider God as the *Firſt Being*, I am from thence in the firſt place led to conclude, that he has *eminently* and in a moſt excellent manner in himſelf all kinds and degrees of perfection, that exiſt looſely and ſeperately in all ſecond Beings. And that, not only becauſe the Effect cannot poſſibly exceed the vertue of the cauſe, any more than it can proceed from no cauſe: (which is the ground *Carteſius* builds upon, when he proves the exiſtence of God from the *objective* reality of his Idea) but becauſe I further obſerve that in the Scale of Being all *aſcenſion* is by *addition*, and, that

that what is dispers'd in the Inferiour, is collected, and that after a more excellent manner, in the Superiour. Thus in Vegetables there is bare life, in Sensitives, Vegetative life and sense, in Rationals Vegetative life, sense and reason: and all this either formally or eminently with Intelligence in Angels. And since there is such an Harmonical *Subordination* among second Beings, so that the Superiour contains all the perfection of the Inferiour, with a peculiar excellence of its own super-added; I think I have fair grounds to conclude, that the absolutely First Being has in his rich Essence all the scattered excellencies of the subordinate ones in a more perfect manner than they *themselves* have, with some peculiar excellence of his own besides.

Now though a Being thus *accumulatively* perfect and excellent, would be beyond all Conception, great and glorious, and would employ an Eternity in *Contemplation* and *Love*; we have yet seen but an *Arm* of this *Sea* of *Beauty*, and been enlightned only with the *Back-parts* of his Glory. For if God be the First *Being*, as is here supposed, I may further conclude that he is also the First *Good*: (*Good* and *Being* being convertible, and every thing having so much Good in it as it has of Entity and no more) and if he be the First Good, I cannot see how the Conclusion can be avoided, that he is *Infinite Good*.

3. For

8. For I consider, that the First Good can have no *Cause* of that Goodness which it has: otherwise, it being necessary that the *Cause* of Good should be *Good*, it would not be the *First*. And if the First *Good* can have no cause of its Goodness, it can likewise have no cause of the *Termination* of it, since what has no cause *absolutely* and *simply* cannot have a cause in any particular *respect*; and if it has no cause of its Termination it must necessarily be *intermediate* or infinite, and Consequently God, who is the *First* Good, is infinitely Good.

9. And now breath a while my Soul; and consider what a rich *Mine* of Good thou hast *Sprung*. Thou hast found out a Being, who is not only the *Ideal* as well as *Efficient* cause of all created excellence; but who is *Infinitely* Good and excellent. This is he whose great Perfection not only contains and infinitely exceeds, but *Eclipses* and quite *Extinguishes* all the Beauty of the Creature; so that (as the express Image of this great Excellence informs us) *there is none Good, but one, which is God.* This is he whose Good is incomprehensible by the understanding, and inexhaustible by the will and affections of man. This is the celebrated Αὐτοκρίστατον of *Aristotle*, the ἰδέα τοῦ Ἀγαθοῦ of *Plato*, and the *El Shaddai* of the *Hebrews*. This is the great πᾶσα Ἀνάρμα the universal Plenitude, whose Happiness is consummated within his own Circle, who *supports* himself upon the *Basis* of his own

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strument of his seduction; and our Passions were given us to perfect and accomplish our Natures, tho' by accidental misapplications to unworthy objects they may turn to our degradation and dishonour. We may indeed be *debased* as well as *improved* by them, but then the fault is not in the large *Sails*, but in the ill *conduct* of the *Pilot*, if our Vessel miss the Haven. The Tide of our love can never run too high, provided it take a right *Channel*; our *Passion* then will be our highest *Wisdom*: and he was no Stoic that said, *as the Heart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my Soul after thee O God.* Psal. 42. And again, *my Soul is athirst for God.* And again, *my Soul breaketh out for fervent desire.* Psal. 119. And again, *whom have I in Heaven but thee, and there is none upon Earth that I desire in comparison of thee.* Psal. 73. 24.

4. Being therefore from the foregoing Periods arrived to this Conclusion, that God is the true End and Center of Man, I think I ought now to let loose the reins of my affections, to *unbay* the current of my Passion, and love on without any other boundary or measure than what is set me by the finiteness of my natural powers.

5. 'Tis true indeed, whenever we turn the *Edge* of our desire towards any Created good, 'tis Prudence as well as Religion to use caution and moderation, to *gage* the *Point* of our affections lest it run in too far, there being so much

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Emptiness in the *enjoyment*, and so much *hazard* in the *Possession*. When we venture to lean upon such objects, we are like Men that walk upon a *Quagmire*, and therefore should tread as *lightly* as we can, lest it give way and sink under us.

6. But how excellent a Vertue soever *Moderation* may be in our concernments with other objects, we have nothing to do with it in the love of that Being who is our End and Center. There is here danger but of *one Extream*, and that is of the *defect*. We can love but finitely when we have lov'd our utmost; and what is that to him who is infinitely lovely? Since therefore our most liberal proportions will be infinitely short and scanty, we ought not sure to give *new retrenchments* to our love, and cut it yet shorter by *frugal* limitations.

7. For if God be our End and Center he must necessarily have all that good in him which we can possibly desire; and if so, then he is able to stay and satisfie all our Love; and if so, then nothing so reasonable as that he should have it all. We are therefore to love him with all possible application and elevation of Spirit, with all the *Heart*, *Soul* and *Mind*. We should collect and *concenter* all the rays of our love into this one *Point*, and lean towards God with the whole weight of our Soul, as all that is ponderous in nature tends with its *whole* weight toward the *Center*. And this we should do as *directly* as may be, with as little *warping* and declension

the Creature as is possible. For so also 'tis to be observ'd in nature, that not only all Weight or *Pondus* tends toward the Center, but that also it moves thither as nigh as it can in a *direct* and *perpendicular* line.

The Prayer.

MY God, my Happiness, who art *fairer than the Children of Men*, and who thy self art *very Love* as well as *altogether lovely*, *draw me and I will run after thee.* O wind up my Soul to the highest pitch of Love that my faculties will bear; and let me never alienate any degree of that noble Passion from thee its only due object. Quench in me all terrene fires and sensual relishes, and do thou wound me deep, and strike me through with the arrows of a Divine Passion, that as thou art all *Beauty* and *Perfection*, so I may be all *Love* and *Devotion*. *My Heart is ready*, O God, *my Heart is ready* for a Burnt offering; send down then an Holy Fire from above to kindle the Sacrifice, and do thou continually fan and keep alive, and clarifie the flame, that I may be ever ascending up to thee in devout breathings, and pious Aspirations, till at length I ascend in Spirit to the *Element* of Love, where I shall know thee more clearly and

and love thee more Seraphically, and receive those peculiar Coronets of Glory thou hast reserv'd for those that *Eminently* love thee. *Amen.*

Contemplation the Sixth.

The Second Corollary: that therefore God is ultimately to be refer'd to in all our Actions, and that he is not to be used by us, but enjoyed.

1. AS there is nothing of greater and more Universal moment to the regular Ordination of Human Life, than rightly to accommodate the *Means* and the *End*, and to make them uniform and *Symbolical*; so is there nothing wherein Men are more Universally peccant and defective, and that not only in *Practice*, but also in *Notion* and *Theory*.

2. For altho' to do an ill action for a good End, and to do a good action for an ill End, are generally acknowledg'd alike criminal; yet concerning this latter 'tis observable, that Men usually think the morality of their actions sufficiently secured, if the End proposed be not in its own nature *specifically* evil. Whereas indeed there is yet another way whereby an End may become evil, namely, by being *rested* in when 'tis not the *last*, without any *further* respect or reference. By this undue and *ill plac'd* Acqui-

Acquiescence, an End that is otherwise in its own intrinsic nature good, upon the whole commences evil. For tho' it be good to be *chosen*, it is yet ill to be *rested* in.

3. For indeed 'tis against the order and Oeconom of *things* as well as against the perfection of *Religion*, that any End should be ultimately rested in but what is truly the last. Now the last end of action can be no other than that which is the last end of the *Will* which is, the *Spring of Action*. This therefore being God (as appears from what I have already contemplated) it follows, that he ought to be the ultimate End of all our Actions, that we ought not in any of our motions to stop *short* of this Center, but in all our Actions to make a further reference either actual or habitual, and according to that of the Apostle, *whether we eat or drink to do all to the glory of God.*

4. For what can be more absurd and incongruous than to turn the Means into the End, and the End into the Means: to *enjoy* what ought to be only *used*, and to *use* what ought to be *enjoyed*: God is our *last End*, and therefore must not be desired for any thing but himself, nor used as a *means* to accomplish any other Design. Which also concludes against all those who make Religion a point of Secular interest, and a Tool of *State-policy*, whereas *that* ought to *prescribe*, and not *receive* measures from any *Human affairs*.

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The Prayer.

MY God, my Happineſs, who art the laſt end of my *Deſires*, the very utmoſt of all Perfection, and beyond whom there is no good; be thou the laſt end of my *Actions* too, and let them all meet and unite in thee as *lines* in their *Center*. Grant I may ſet thee before me in all my thoughts, words and actions; let my Eye of Contemplation be always open, and whatever *intermedial* deſigns I may have, let my *laſt* aim be thy *glory*. And O let me never be ſo low ſunk, baſe and wicked, as to make Religion an inſtrument of worldly policy, nor to diſhonour thee and my own Soul by ſuch a *mercenary* Piety. But do thou always poſſeſs my mind with ſuch a due value for thy infinite excellency, that I may refer all things to thee, and thee and thine to nothing, but love and embrace thee for thy own ſelf, who in thy ſelf alone art *altogether lovely*, Amen, Amen.

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A DISCOURSE UPON ROMANS 12. 3.

—Not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think; But to think soberly according as God hath dealt to every Man the Measure of Faith.

1. THERE is nothing wherein Men are so much *divided* from one another as in *Opinions*, and nothing wherein they more unanimously *conspire* than in *thinking well* of *themselves*. This is a Humour of so *Catholic* a *Stamp*, and Universal *Empire*, that it may seem to Challenge a place among those *Elements* of our Constitution, those *Essentials* of our Nature which run throughout the *whole* Kind, and are participated by every *Individual*. For should a Man *take the Wings of the Morning*, and Travel with the Sun round the Terrestrial Globe, he would hardly find a Man either of a *Judgment* so difficult to be *pleas'd*, or of *accomplishment* so little

tle to *recommend* him, that was not notwithstanding sufficiently in *love* with himself, however he might dislike every thing else about him, and without question that arrogant and peevish *Mathematician* who charged the grand *Architect* with want of skill in the *Mechanism* of the World, thought he had play'd the *Artist* well enough in *himself*, and as to the *Harmony* of his *own* frame acquitted the *Geometry* of his Maker.

2. And as Men are thus naturally apt to think well of themselves in general, so there is nothing wherein they indulge this Humour more than in the Opinion they have of the *Goods* of the *Mind*, and among these there is none which has so great a share of their *Partiality*, as their *Intellectual* faculty. The *Desire* of Knowledge is not more natural than the *Conceit* that we are already furnish'd with a considerable Measure of it, and tho' a particular *Sect* were Characteriz'd by that Appellation, yet all mankind are in reality, *Gnostics*. For as 'tis (ingeniously observ'd by the excellent *Cartesius*) nothing is more equally distributed among Men than the *Intellectual Talent*, wherewith every one fancies himself so abundantly stock'd, that even those who have the most *insatiable* Desires, and whom Providence could not satisfie in any one thing else, are notwithstanding as to this *Dispensation* of Heaven well enough *content*, complain not of the dull

Disc. de Method. p. 1.

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Planet that influenc'd their Nativity, or wish their minds more *richly endow'd* than they are. And altho' there are a *generation* of Men who use to be very eloquent in letting out the degeneracy of human nature in general, and particularly in decyphering the *Shortness* of our *Intellectual Sight*, and the defects of our now *diminish'd* understanding, yet should a Man take them at their word, and apply that *Verdict* to themselves in particular which they so *freely* bestow upon the whole Species, no men in the world so full of resentment and impatience as they; and I dare affirm notwithstanding their *Harangues* upon the Corruption of Human Nature, could all mankind lay a *true* claim to that *Estimate* which they pass upon *themselves*, there would be little or no difference betwixt *lapsed* and perfect Humanity, and God might again review his *image* with *paternal* Complacency, and still *pronounce* it *good*.

3. Nor is it at all to be wonder'd that *Self-Conceitedness* should be of such an unlimited and *Transcendental* Nature as to run through all Sorts and *Classes* of Men, since the cause of it, *Self-love*, has such an universal *Jurisdiction* in our hearts. 'Tis most natural and necessary for every Man (and indeed for every Intelligent Being) to be a lover of himself, and to covet whatsoever any way tends to the perfection of his Nature. And as 'tis necessary for every Man to be thus affected towards himself, so is this

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that must be the Primary and immediate subject of all *Obligation* which is so of *Liberty*. Now that this cannot be the *Will*, I suppose will be acknowledg'd a clear consequence, if the Will necessarily follows the Practical Dictate of the Understanding. And that it does so, I think there is *demonstration*.

11. 'Tis an unquestionable Axiom in all the Schools of Learning in the World, that the Object of the Will is *a parte rei* good; Now apparent good in other words, is that which is apprehended or judg'd to be good, and if so, then it follows that the Will cannot but conform to the Dictate of the Understanding, because otherwise something might be the object of the Will that is not apprehended good, which is contrary to the supposition. In short, the Will (as *Aquinas* has well expressed it) is the *Conclusion* of an *Operative Syllogism*, and follows as necessarily from the *Dictate* of the Understanding as any other Conclusion does from its Premises, and consequently cannot be the *immediate* subject of Liberty, and consequently not of Obligation.

12. But then are we not involv'd in the same difficulty as to the *understanding*? Does not that act with equal (if not more) necessity than the *Will*? So I know it is ordinarily taught. But if this be absolutely and universally true, I must confess it above the reach of my Capacity to salve the Notion of Morality, or Religion, or

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to find out an expedient how the *Foundations* of the *Intellectual* World should not be *out of course*. For since 'tis evident both from the preceding Demonstration, and from experimental Reflection, that the Will necessarily acts in Conformity to the Dictates of the Understanding, if those very Dictates are also wholly and altogether necessary, there can be no such thing as αὐτεξούσιον, the Man is bound Hand and Foot, has nothing left whereby to render him a Moral Agent, to qualifie him for Law or Obligation, Vertue or Vice, Reward or Punishment. But these are Absurdities not to be endured, and therefore I conclude according to the Rules of right Reasoning, the *Principle* from which they flow to be so too.

13. To clear up then the whole Difficulty with as much Brevity and Perspicuity as in a matter of this intricacy is possible, I shall no longer consider the Understanding and Will as Faculties really distinct either from the Soul it self, or from one another, but that the Soul does immediately understand and will by it self, without the intervention of any Faculty whatsoever. And that for this demonstrative reason in short, because in the contrary Hypothesis, either *Judgment* must be ascribed to the Will, and then the Will immediately commences Understanding, or the Assent of the Will must be blind, brutish, and unaccountable, both which are as great Absurdities as they are true Conse-

quences. This being premised, I grant that as the Soul necessarily wills as she understands, so likewise does she necessarily understand as the Object appears. And thus far our sight *terminates* in *Fatality*, and *Necessity* bounds our *Horizon*. That then that must give us a *Prospect* beyond it, must be this, that altho the Soul necessarily understands or judges according to the Appearance of things, yet that things should so *appear* (unless it be in Propositions that are self-evident, as that the whole is greater than any one part, or the like) is not alike necessary, but depends upon the degrees of Advertency or Attention which the Soul uses, and which to use either more or less is fully and immediately in her own Power. And this indifferency of the Soul as to attending or not attending I take to be the only τὰ ἐφ ἡμῖν, the bottom and foundation into which the Morality of every action must be at length resolv'd. For a farther proof as well as Illustration of which Hypothesis let us apply it to a particular case and try how well it will answer the *Phænomena*. In the case then of *Martyrdom*, I look upon sin as an evil, and not only so but (while I attend fully to its Nature) the greatest of evils. And as long as I continue this Judgment 'tis utterly impossible I should commit it, there being according to my present apprehension no *greater* evil for the declining of which I should think it eligible. But now the evil of *Pain* being presented before

before me, and I not sufficiently attending to the evil of Sin, this latter appears to be the lesser evil of the two, and I accordingly *pro hic & nunc* so pronounce it, and in Conformity to that judgment *necessarily* chuse it. But because 'twas absolutely in my Power to have *attended* more heedfully, there was Liberty in the Principle, the mistake which influenc'd the action was vincible, and consequently the action is self imputable. This *Hypothesis* however strange it may seem to those that have sworn Faith and Allegiance to the Dictates of the Schools, I believe will be the more approv'd the more it is examin'd, and that not only as rational and consistent in it self, but also as a refuge from those Absurdities which attend the ordinary Solutions. Neither is this account wholly *unlicens'd* by Authority, for I find some hints and intimations of it in the * *School* of *Plato*, where the reason why those middle sort of Beings call'd *Heroes* are not so uniformly pure as the Αθανατοι θεοι or Νοες, is assign'd to be because they do not so equally *attend* to the *Beauty* of the *Supreme Good*.

* See Hierocles upon the Golden Verses of Pythagoras.

14. From what has been said it appears plainly that the Morality of every human action must be at length resolv'd into an immediate indifference that the Soul has of *attending* or not *attending*, and consequently that we are not only under Obligation as to the acts of the Understanding, but that all Obligation *begins* there.

15. Having thus clear'd the way by the Proof of this Preparatory Position, that we are under Obligation as to the acts of the Understanding in general. I may now proceed to consider that our opinion of our selves is *one* of those acts of the Understanding which are subject to Law, or in other terms, that *we are not at our own liberty to entertain what Opinions we please concerning our selves, but that we ought to regulate them by some Standard.* Now the general reason of this is, because 'tis of great moment and influence in relation to our Practice, what Opinion we entertain concerning our selves. Indeed there are many acts of the Understanding which tho' Originally *free*, yet fall under no Obligation by reason of the *Indifferency* of the Matter, as in things of pure and naked Speculation. These are the *unforbidden* Trees of the Garden, and here we may let loose the Reins and indulge our thoughts the full Scope. Thus there is no danger of *Heresie* in asserting or denying the *Antipodes*, nor is *Orthodoxy* concern'd whether the *Moon* be *habitable*. But altho' to mistake a Star be of no consequence to the *Theorist* that sits immured in his Study, yet it may be to the *Pilot* that is to *Steer* his *Course* by it. There are *other* things which have a *Practical* Aspect, and here 'tis not *indifferent* what we *think*, because 'tis not *indifferent* what we *do*. Now among these the Opinion of our selves is to be reckon'd, as having a great influence upon

on our well or ill demeaning our ſelves reſpectively, as will more minutely and particularly appear when we come in the third and laſt place to conſider the abſurdities and ill conſequences of tranſgreſſing the *Standard* preſcribed, and therefore I ſhall defer the further proſecution of it till then, and in the mean while proceed to the ſeconſt *Obſervable*, Namely,

That the Standard whereby we are to regulate our Opinions concerning our ſelves, are thoſe excellencies and perfections which we are really endow'd with. Which is collected from theſe words, *according as God has deal't to every Man the meaſure of Faith.*

16. In the former part of the Text there was indeed a Reſtraint laid upon our Opinions concerning our ſelves, but it was general only and indefinite. But here the ground is meaſured out, and the Boundaries preciſely ſet. Μέτρον πίστεως, that's the great *Ecliptic Line* which is to bound the Career of our moſt forward and *Self-indulging* Opinions. If we keep within this compaſs our motion is natural and regular, but if we ſlide never ſo little out of it, 'tis unnatural and portentous. Or to ſpeak with greater Simplicity, he that judges of himſelf according to thoſe excellencies, whether Moral or Intellectual, which he really has, does φρονεῖν εἰς τὸ σωφρονεῖν, *thinks ſoberly*, and he that thinks himſelf indow'd with any *Kind* or *Degrees* of Excellence which really he has not, does ὑπερφρονεῖν παρὰ

παρ' ὁ δεῖ φρονεῖν, *thinks of himself more highly than he ought to think.*

17. Here then are Two things to be considered.

First that we may proceed so *far* as this *Standard.*

And Secondly, That we may not go *beyond* it.

First, That we may proceed so far.

18. It has been taught by some of the severe Masters of *Spiritual Mortification*, That we ought to take up the most low and abject thoughts of our selves that are possible, to be conscious of no manner of excellency in our selves, and consequently not to be affected with the least *Self-complacency*, That we ought to account our selves to be Nothing, to have nothing, to be worth nothing but to be very *refuse and off-scouring of all things.* And this they call the *Mystical Death*, or the *Spiritual Annihilation.* Now whatever degrees of *excellency* this may have (which I shall not now dispute) 'tis most certain it can have nothing of *Duty.* For tho' it may, and oftentimes is required of a Man to think the *Truth*, yet he can never be under an Obligation to be *mistaken.* Besides, 'Tis hard to conceive how any Man (especially one that *dwells* much with himself, and heedfully reflects upon the actings of his own mind) should be master of any considerable excellency, and yet not be conscious of it. And besides, That very degree of Attention which is required that

1 Cor. 4. 13.

that a Man ſhould not think himſelf *more* accompliſh'd than indeed he is, will alſo infallibly hinder him from thinking he is *leſs*. 'Tis true indeed *Moſes* knew not that his Face ſhone, after he had been converſing with God on the Mount. He ſaw not the Orb of Glory that ſtream'd from him, and wondred what it was that made him ſo dreadful to the People. But 'tis not ſo with the Soul, whoſe reflexive faculty will not fail to give her information of her moſt retir'd and reſerv'd accompliſhments. 'Tis not with the *Leſſer*, as with the *Greater* World, where whole Tracts and Regions (and thoſe ſome of the beſt too) lye undiſcovered: No, Man cannot be ſuch a *Stranger* to his own Perfections, ſuch an *America* to himſelf. For *who can know the things of a Man, if not the Spirit of Man w ich is in him?* And accordingly we find that the *ignorance* of our ſelves with which Mankind has been hitherto ſo univerſally tax'd, runs quite in another Channel, and does not conſiſt in *overlooking* any of thoſe indowments which we *have*, but in *aſſuming* to our ſelves thoſe which we *have not*.

19. I confeſs (were it poſſible) I ſhould think it advifable for ſome perſons to be ignorant of ſome of their excellencies, and like the Sun not to *reflect* home to their own *Sphere* of *light*; Not that I think it in the leaſt *unlawful* to be fully conſcious of ones own worth, but only I conſider that ſome Men have not Heads ſtrong enough

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to *endure* Heights, and walk upon *Spires* and *Pinnacles*. But if they can stand there witho[illegible] growing *vertiginous*, they need not question the lawfulness of the *station*, they are still within the *Region* of *Humility*. For 'tis not every thin[illegible] ing well of ones self that falls in with the notion of *Pride*, but only when there is more of *Opinion* than there is of *Worth*. 'Twas this that was [illegible] Condemnation of the Apostate Angel, not [illegible] he took a just complacency in the emin[illegible] his Station, but that he vainly a[illegible] himself what was not his *due*, i[illegible]

[illegible] *the heights of the Clouds, I will be like the most High.* 'Twas for this that the Angel of *Death* drew upon *Herod*, not because he was pleased with the *fineness* and *success* of his Oratory, but because he was not so *just* to *God* as the People were to *him*, but lookt upon himself as the *Head-fountain* of his own perfections, and so *gave not God* the *Glory*.

Act. 12, 23.

20. But now if we take care to proportion our estimation *of*, and our Complacencies *in* our selves to the measure of our endowments, and if we look upon those very endowments not as *originary* and independent, but as *derivative* from the *Father* of *Lights from whom* [illegible] *every good and perfect gift descends*, and accordingly refer all to Gods Glory, and with the

[illegible] of the [illegible]tions, take off our [illegible] them at the [illegible] have not only [illegible] words of the Text, but likewise [illegible] World to warrant the *So-* [illegible] For, this is but to have [illegible]derstanding of ones self. [illegible] be allowed to take a [illegible] well as of another. [illegible] think an excellen- [illegible] in himself? The [illegible] seeing himself *as* [illegible]ence, [illegible]. Now [illegible]ts the *Happiness* of the *Creator*, cannot be a *Sin* in the *Creature*. Besides, I would fain know why a man may not as lawfully think well of himself upon the Score of his real worth, as *desire* that *others* should think well of him for the same reason? And that he may do, the latter is confessed as well by the *Practice*, as by the common *Suffrage* of Mankind. For otherwise what becomes of that *good Reputation* which *Solomon* says, *is rather to be chosen than great Riches*, and of which the best and wisest men of all Ages had ever such a tender, such a passionate Regard? Nay, 'tis look'd upon as a very *commendable* thing to be so affected, and the contrary is censured as the mark of a dissolute and *unmoraliz'd* temper. Only there is a Μέτρον τοῦ Κανόνος to

Rev. 4. 10.

Prov. 22. 1.

2 Cor. 10. 13.

be

be observ'd in this as well as in the former, and as we are not to *stretch out our selves beyond our Measure*, so must we take care with the great Apostle, not to give *others* occasion to *think of us above that which they see us to be*. Besides, if we may not be allow'd to *take the* full *Height* of our own Excellencies, how shall we be able to give God thanks for them? The *Elders* must know they *wear Crowns* before they can use them as Instruments of Adoration, and *Herod* must be conscious of the right *Genius* of his Oratory, before he *can give God the Glory*. Again, in the last place, if a Man may not have leave to take Cognizance of his own Deserts and to value himself accordingly, what will become of that συνειδησιν ἀγαθης ἐπερωτημα εἰς Θεον which the Apostle speaks of, *the answer of a good Conscience towards God*, which is nothing else but a Sentence of Approbation, which a Man passes upon himself for the well managing of that *Talent* of Liberty which God has entrusted him with? Now this is the *Reward* of Virtue, and therefore certainly not *contrary* to it.

2 Cor. 10. 13.

2 Cor. 12. 6.

1 Pet. 3. 21.

21. Neither is this Self-esteem only the Reward of Virtue but also the Cause of it too, and consequently not only *Lawful*, but also highly *Useful* that we should [illegible] of our selves. The strenuous endeavours [illegible]

the Sins which Men commit proceed from want of a due ſenſe of the Dignity of their Nature. And conſequently a due reflection upon a Man's own Worth, muſt needs be a ſtrong *Preſervative* againſt whatſoever would *ſtain* its *Glory*. *Shall ſuch a Man as I flee?* was the powerful conſideration that *buoy'd* up the *ſinking* Spirits of *Nehemiah*. Neh. 6. 11. And 'tis one of the *Capital* Precepts of *Pythagoras*'s Morals (and perhaps one of the beſt too that was ever given to the World) —— Πάντων μάλιστα αἰχυνε σαυτόν. *Above all things reverence thy ſelf.* And 'twas the Saying of another of the Sons of Wiſdom, *Let not the Reverence of any Man cauſe thee to ſin.* Which it certainly will do, unleſs we obſerve the former Rule, and reflect with due *Reverence* upon our own Worth and Dignity.

22. From theſe Conſiderations (not to urge any more) it ſeems to me very evident, that 'tis not only *lawful* but in ſome reſpects highly *Expedient*, that our Opinions of our ſelves ſhould riſe up ſo as to be of a *Level* with our Excellencies, whatſoever they are. Let one of the Scales be mounted never ſo *high*, yet if there be a proportionable *Weight* in the *Other*, the Ballance moves regularly, and as it ſhould do. We may then proceed ſo *far* as this *Standard*.

23. But Secondly, We muſt not go *beyond* it. For all beyond this is *Pride*. Pride, that ſunk the Angels out of Heaven, *Adam* out of Paradice, and level'd the great King of *Babylon*

Eu. quarrels with all others that are not of his perſwaſion, and with the *Tyrant of Babylon* kindles a *Fire* for thoſe who will not *fall down and worſhip the Image which he has ſet up.*

35. Neither does the *Leproſie* ſtop here. But as it betrays us into many ſins, ſo in the Third and laſt place (which is the moſt diſmal Conſequence of all) It fruſtrates all Methods of Reformation. Gods Judgments will but exaſperate and inrage him, becauſe he thinks he does *not* deſerve them, and his Mercies will not indear him, becauſe he thinks he *does*. *Advice* he thinks he does not *need*, and *Reproof* he cannot *bear*. Beſides he thinks ſo well of himſelf already, that he wonders what you *mean* by adviſing him to become *better*; and therefore as he does not endeavour after any of thoſe excellencies which he thinks he has, ſo neither can he dream of mending thoſe faults which he thinks he is not guilty of. Thus is the man *Seal'd* up to iniquity, and deeply *lodg'd* in the *ſtrong holds* of ſin, where nothing that has a Salutary Influence can come nigh him. And in this he reſembles the firſt *Preſidents* of his Folly, who from Angels transform'd themſelves into Devils, and fell beyond the *poſſibilities* of *recovery*.

36. Theſe are ſome of the Fruits of this *Root of Bitterneſs*, and tho' more might be named, yet theſe I think ſufficient to juſtifie this Admonition of the *Apoſtle* to every Man, *not to think*

of

of himself more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly according as God has dealt to every Man the Measure of Faith. Let us then all endeavour to conform our Opinions concerning our selves to this *Standard.* Let us not stretch our selves beyond our *natural dimensions*, but learn to entertain modest and sober thoughts of our own excellencies and endowment, and mortifie our *understandings* as well as our *sensitive affections.* And thus shall we *compleat* our *Lent* Exercise by joyning the mortification of the *Spirit* to that of the *flesh*, without which the greatest Austerities wherewith we can afflict the *latter*, will not be *such a Fast as God has chosen.* For what will it avail to macerate the Body, while the principal part the Soul remains unmortified? The *Humility* of *Moses* must conspire with his Forty days *Fasting* to qualifie a Man for Divine Intercourses, to make him the Joy of Angels, the *Friend of God.* Thus then let us accomplish the *Refinings* of our Souls, and fill up the *Measure* of our Mortifications. To which end let us add this one further Consideration to what has been already said, that Humility in the Judgment even of the *High and Lofty one that inhabits Eternity*, is a Vertue of such great Excellency, and singular advantage to the happiness of Mankind, that our Blessed Saviour came down from Heaven to teach it, that his whole life was one continued Exercise of it, and that he has dignified it with

the *first* place among his *Beatitudes*. Let us then, as many as profess the Religion of the Humble and Crucify'd JESUS, make it our strict Care that we neglect not this his *great* Commandment, nor omit to Copy out this Principal Line, this main stroke of the Pattern he has set us. Especially let us of this place who are set among the *greater Lights* of the Firmament, and whose profession and business is to contemplate *Truth*, and to think of things as God made them, in *Number*, *Weight*, and *Measure*, labour in the *first* place to take just and true Measures of our *Selves*, that our *Knowledge puff us* not *up*, nor our *Height* become our *Ruin*.

CON-

CONSIDERATIONS

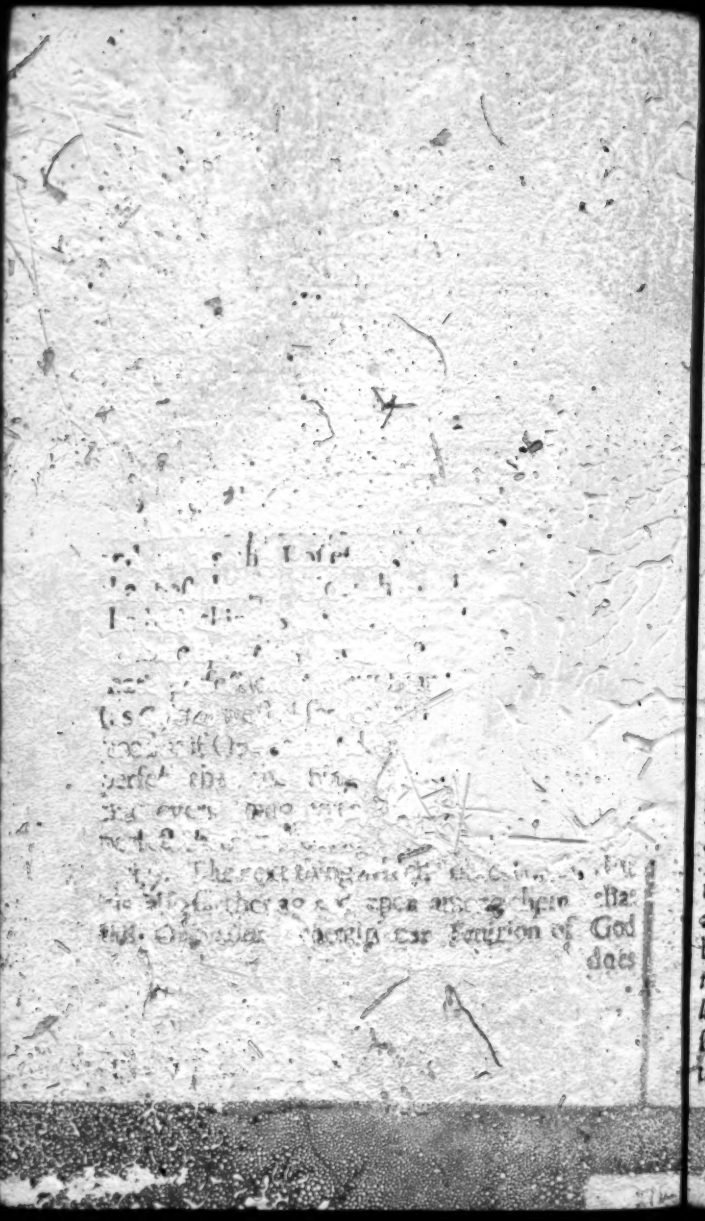
UPON THE

NATURE

OF

SIN.

Accommodated to the ends both of *Speculation* and *Practice.*



Conſiderations upon the Nature of *SIN*, &c.

SECT. I.

Of the Diviſion of Sin into Material and Formal, and of the reality and neceſſity of that Diſtinction.

1. TO make this our Diſcourſe about Sin, more clear and diſtinct; before we enter upon its Nature 'twill be requiſite to premiſe ſome thing concerning the double acceptation of the word. For nothing can be *defined* before it be *diſtinguiſhed*.

2. I obſerve therefore, that Sin may be conſidered either *abſtractedly*, for the bare act of Obliquity, or *concretely* with ſuch a *ſpecial* dependence of it upon the Will as renders the Agent *guilty*, or obnoxious to puniſhment. I ſay with ſuch a *ſpecial* dependence of it upon the Will; for not every dependence of an action upon the Will is ſufficient to make it *imputable*, as ſhall be ſhewn hereafter. The former of theſe, by thoſe that diſtinguiſh more nicely, is called *tranſgreſſio voluntatis*, the latter *tranſgreſſio voluntaria*, or according to the more ordinary diſtinction, the former is the *material*, the latter the *formal* part of Sin.

3. This

3. This distinction is both *real* and *necessary*. 1. It is *real*, because the Idea or conception of *material* sin is not only distinct from the Idea of *formal* sin (as it may be in things really the same) but when considered as *alone* does positively exclude the other. For this notion, *a bare act of obliquity*, does not only *prescind from*, but also *positively deny* such a special dependence of it upon the Will as makes it imputable for punishment.

4. Now as it is a certain sign of *Identity* when the Idea of one thing necessarily includes the Idea of another, so is it of *real distinction* when the Idea of one thing in any case positively excludes the Idea of the other. There may indeed be distinct conceptions of one and the same thing, whereof there are different Properties or Degrees, but then one does only *abstract from*, and not in any case *positively exclude* the other. Which when it does it is an evident sign of *real distinction*.

5. But the greatest Argument of real distinction is *separability* and *actual separation*. For nothing can be separated from it self. And this also has place here. For the *material* part of sin may actually exist without the *formal*. That is, there may be an act of obliquity, or an irregular act without any guilt deriv'd upon the Agent, or to speak more strictly, without that *special* dependence of the act upon the Will which is the *foundation* of that guilt. This is evident in the case of *Fools* and *Mad Men*.

6. And

6. And as this Distinction is *real*, so also is it very *useful* and *necessary*. 1*st*. in the *notion*, to prevent ambiguities and fallacies, that might arise from the use of the word (sin.) As when St. *John* says, *he that commits sin is of the Devil*, certainly 'twould be a fallacy to argue hence that every mere act of obliquity is *Diabolical*; because a sin, since not *material* but *formal* sin was the thing intended in St. *John*'s Proposition. 1 John 3. 8.

7. 2*ly*, In the *thing*, for the honour and vindication of the Divine Attributes. Particularly from the Damning of Infants merely for the corruption of Nature, commonly call'd Original sin; It being repugnant to the measures of Justice and the Dictates of Common sense, that the bare doing an irregular act, or the bare having an irregular propension should be *punishable at all*, much more with *Eternal Damnation*, as it must be if *every* dependence of an action upon the Will be enough to render it imputable, that is, if every *material* be also a *formal* sin. This I say would be very unjust, because such irregular acts are no more a Man's own, than those committed by another Man.

8. But it is certain that God does not proceed by such measures, as may be gathered from the Oeconomy of his severest dispensation, the *Law*. For when he forbad Murther with such strictness and severity, as to order the Murtherer

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to be taken from his Altar and put to Death, yet he provided Cities of *Refuge* for the security of those, who ignorantly or unwillingly h[illegible]hed human Blood. Which may be al[illegible]d as a further confirmation, that [illegible]dence of an irregular Act upon the [illegible] derives guilt upon the *willer*, [illegible]t there is a real distinction [illegible]d *Formal* sin.

Deut. 19.

[illegible]on I confess is sometimes [illegible]re the *material* of sin is taken [illegible]*ntial* and *Positive* in the Act, [illegible] *obliquity*, and the *formal* for [illegible] inc[illegible]ing that *special* dependence [illegible] upon the Will which make it imputable. This I remember the Angelical Doctor distinguishes upon that D[illegible]ition which St. *Austin* gives of [illegible]t it is *Dictum, factum vel concupitum contra legem Dei æternam.* Here, says he, St. *Austin* points out both the *matter* and the *form* of sin. The *matter* in the *substance* of the Act, the *form* in the *obliquity*, its contrariety to the Law.

[illegible] Secund. [illegible] 71. [illegible] 6.

10. But it may be considered that *Aquinas* here, and all those that so use the phraise, by the *matter* of sin intend only that which is equally *common* both to *good* and *bad* actions, the *substratum commune* as the Schools call it, and by the *Form* that which *specifies* the Act otherwise indifferent, and gives it the *first* difference of sin. And this indeed is according to propriety

as

as well as the other. For the *material* part of sin is *compleat* sin in its *kind*, and consequently, must also consist of its *matter* and *form*. But when sin[illegible]

SECT.

greatest. For no other is [illegible] certainly there is none better or greater than the *universal good* or the whole [illegible] of things, which is therefore to be regarded and prosecuted to the utmost both by Gods and all other *Intelligent* Beings.

12. And hence arises this first and great *Canon* or *Law*, that whatever naturally tends to the promotion of the common interest is *evil* and apt to be *commanded*, and whatever naturally tends to the disinterest of the public, is evil, and apt to be *forbidden*. This is the great *Basis* of Morality, the fixt and immutable standard of good and evil, and the *fundamental* Law of Nature.

13. And because there are some actions *in specie*, which with relation to the present Systeme both of the Material and Intellectual world, have such a *natural* connexion with the furtherance or prejudice of this great end, therefore these by way of *Assumption* under the two *general* Propositions are intrinsecally and naturally *good* or *bad*, and are thereby differenc'd from those that are made so only by *arbitrary Constitution*. Though yet in one respect *these* are arbitrary too, in as much as they depend upon such a particular *Hypothesis* of the world which was *it self* arbitrary, and which if God should at any time change, the relations of actions to the great end might change too; that which now *naturally* makes for the common advantage, might

[illegible] make *against* it, and conse-
[illegible] which is now good might have
[illegible] But still the two great *Hinges*
[illegible] and as invariable as
[illegible] whatever is naturally conducive
[illegible] interest, is *good*; and whatever
[illegible] contrary [illegible], is *evil*. *These* are pro-
[illegible] and unchangeable verity,
and which God can no more cancel or disannull
than he can *deny himself*.

14. So that now to *analyze* the immorality
of any action into its *last Principles*; If it be en-
quired why such an action is to be avoided, the
immediate answer is, because 'tis *sin*: If it be ask'd
why 'tis *sin*, the *immediate* answer is, because 'tis
forbidden; if why forbidden, because 'twas in it
self *fit* to be forbidden; if why fit, because *na-
turally* apt to *prejudice* the *common* interest: if it
be ask'd why the natural aptness of a thing to
prejudice the common interest should make it
fit to be forbidden, the answer is, because the
common interest is above all things to be *regarded*
and prosecuted: If farther a reason be demanded
of this, there can no other be given, but because
'tis the *best* and *greatest end*, and consequently,
is to be desired and prosecuted not for the sake
of any *thing else*, but purely for it *self*.

15. So that now the *last* Law whereof sin is a
Transgression, is this *great* and *supream* Law
concerning the prosecution of the *common in-
terest*: And every sin is some way or other, di-

rectly or indirectly a transgression of this Law. Those against any *Moral* Precept, *directly*, and those against a Precept merely *Positive*, *indirectly*, because 'tis for the common good that the Supreme Authority be acknowledg'd and submitted to, let the *instance*, wherein Obedience is required, be in it *self* never so *indifferent*.

16. If it be now objected that according to these measures there will be no difference between *Moral* and *Physical* evil, contrary to the common distinction between *malum Turpe* and *malum Noxium*, the one as opposed to *bonum utile*, and the other as opposed to *bonum honestum*; I answer, that I know of no good or evil but of the *end* and of the *means*. Good or the end is what we call *bonum jucundum*, good of the means is what we call *utile*. Evil of the end there is properly none, but that only is evil which is prejudicial to it. Indeed the old Masters of Morality discours'd of moral good and evil as of *absolute natures*, and accordingly, nothing so common among them as to talk of *Essential Rectitudes*, and *Essential Turpitudes*. But I think it greater accuracy to say, that Moral good and evil are *Relative* things, that *bonum honestum* is one and the same with that which is truly *utile*, and that *malum turpe* is that which is naturally against the profit of the *Community*. And herein I assert no more than what the great Master of the Latin *Philosophy* and *Eloquence* professedly contends for through-

out

out the whole third Book of his *Offices*. And therefore, inſtead of evading the Objection, I freely own its charge, and affirm that there is no difference between Moral and Phyſical evil, any otherwiſe than that Phyſical evil extends to all things in *nature* which obſtruct Happineſs, whereas Moral evil is appropriated to *Actions* that do ſo.

SECT. III.

The second part of the Discourse, which briefly treats of Formal sin, with the requisites necessary to its constitution. Where also 'tis enquired, whether the nature of sin be positive or privative.

1. WE are now come to the *second* part of our Discourse, where we are to treat of the nature of *Formal* Sin, that is, of Sin consider'd not *abstractedly* for the mere act of Obliquity, but *Concretely* with such a *special* dependence of it upon the Will as serves to render the Agent guilty, or obnoxious to punishment.

2. And here the first thing to be observ'd is, that altho' *material* sin does neither in its *notion* nor in its *existence* include *formal* sin, yet *formal* sin does always include the other. Tho' there may be a transgression of the Law without *formal* sin, yet the latter always supposes the *former*, and as St. *John* says, *whosoever committeth sin, transgresses also the Law*. *John* 3. 4.

3. But that which *formal* sin adds over and above to *material*, and under whose respect we are now to consider it, is the *connotation* of that *special* dependence of it upon the Will which derives

derives guilt upon the Agent. So that for a Definition of formal sin we may say, that it is an irregular action, or a transgression of the Law, so depending upon the Will, as to make the Agent liable to punishment. This is in the Phrase of St. *John* ἔχειν ἁμαρτίαν to *have* sin, that is, so as to be *accountable* for it, for he speaks of *that* sin which upon confession God is *faithful and just to forgive*, and consequently not of *material*, (for where there is no *guilt*, there can be no *Remission*) but of *Formal* sin. John 1. 8.

4. From this *general* notion of *formal* sin, proceed we to enquire what that *special dependence* is that makes an irregular action formally a sin. And here 'tis in the first place supposed, that not every *dependence* of an action upon the Will is sufficient to make it imputable. And with very good reason. For otherwise the actions of *Infants*, *Fools* and *Mad-men*, would be *imputable*, for these (as indeed all actions) have *some* dependence upon the Will, at least as a *Physical Principle*.

5. To be *positive* therefore, that an irregular action may so depend upon the Will as to derive guilt upon the Agent, 'tis necessary first, that it proceed from the Will as from a *free* Principle; Free not only in opposition to *coaction* (for so *all* the actions of the Will are *free*) but in opposition to *necessity* or determination to one part of the contradiction. That is in one word, 'tis necessary to the imputableness

of an action that it be *avoidable*. To this purpose is that common saying of St. *Austin*, *Nemo peccat* (that is, *formaliter*) *in eo quod vitare non potest*. And great reason the Father had to say so; for he that cannot avoid transgressing the Law, is not so much as capable of being *obliged* by it (because no man can be obliged to what is impossible) and if he be not obliged by it, certainly he cannot Morally and Formally break it. A thing which the Patrons of *Physical Predetermination* would do well to consider.

6. But when I make it necessary to the imputableness of an action that it be freely exercised, I would not be understood of an *immediate* Freeness. For certainly those rooted and confirm'd Sinners, who have by long use reduced themselves under a *necessity* of sinning, are never the more *excusable* for the *impotence* they have contracted. If there was *Liberty* in the *Principle* 'tis sufficient.

7. The next requisite, and that which gives the last and finishing stroke to Formal sin is, that it proceed from the Will, *sufficiently instructed* by the *understanding*. That is, to make a man sin formally 'tis requisite that he has not only a Power of avoiding that action, which is a transgression of the Law, but that he also *know* it to be a Transgression of the Law, at least that he be in a *capacity* so to do, that so he may be induced to *exert* that *Power*. And 'tis also necessary that he know that he *commits* it, that

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is, he must have, or at least be in a *capacity* of having, both *notitia Juris*, and *notitia Facti*.

8. The former of these depends upon that common Principle that Laws do not oblige till they are *published* according to that known Maxim of the *Canon Law*, *Leges constituuntur cum promulgantur*, and that of the *Civilians*, *Leges quæ constringunt communem vitam, intelligi ab omnibus debent*. And the latter also depends upon the *equity* of the same Principle, tho somewhat more remotely; for without this the Law, with relation to that particular instance, cannot be said to be properly known. For altho' I know such a species of action (suppose Adultery) to be a transgression of the Law, yet if I know not that by such a particular instance I *commit* it, I cannot be said to know that *this my action* is a transgression of the Law, and consequently (supposing this my ignorance *invincible*) am wholly excusable, as appears in the case of *Abimelech* when he took *Abraham's* wife. Gen. 20.

9. So that to the Constitution of Formal sin these two things are required: *1st.* that the Transgressor have a Power either *immediately*, or at least in the *Principle* of not doing that action which is a transgression: *2ly.* that he either *do* or *may* know that act to be a transgression of the Law, and likewise that he know when he *commits* it. And thus have I shown the rise, progress and maturity of sin; I have prepared to

view

view both the *imperfect Embryo* and the *full proportion'd* and animated *Monster*. All which I shall briefly comprize in that compendious description of St. *James*, *Lust when it is conceiv'd bringeth forth sin, and sin when it is finished, bringeth forth death.* *James* 1.15.

10. There is one thing behind relating to the nature of sin in *common*, which I shall briefly consider, and that is, whether its nature be *Positive* or *Privative*. The latter is generally held both by Metaphysitians, Moralists and Divines, but upon what sufficient grounds I could never yet understand. The *Formal* part of sin without all Question is *Positive*, as is plain from the very notion of it. For it denotes only that *special* Dependence, which an irregular act has upon the Will, which is the same (as well as the common substance of the act) both in *good* and *bad* actions, and consequently *alike Positive*.

11. All the controversie therefore remains concerning the *Material* part of sin, whether that be *Positive* or *Privative*. And this too, not with respect to the *mere Act* (for that without question is *positive*) but with respect to the *irregularity* of it.

12. Here then I consider, that according to the foregoing Measures the irregularity of an action is not only its aberration *from* the Rule, but its *crossing* or going *contrary* to it. For 'tis not only its *not promoting*, but its *opposing*, or at least its natural aptness to oppose the greatest

and

and best of ends. So that 'tis not so properly an *irregularity*, as a *contra-regularity*. And therefore good and bad actions are not *privatively*, but *contrarily* opposed, and consequently both positive, for *contraries* are always so.

13. For *as to be in pain* is not *Privatively*, but *contrarily* opposed to being *Happy* (for *pain* is something more than *want of Happiness*) so that action which causes *pain* or *misery* is not *Privatively*, but *contrarily* opposed to that which is effective of *Happiness*, and consequently is as Positive as the other.

14. Those sins which bid the fairest for *Privation*, are sins of *Omission*. But even these, if we consider their Nature, will appear to be also Positive. For to speak properly, their *irregularity* does not lye in the *not doing*, or the *not willing* to do what ought to be done, but in the *willing not* to do it: But to *will* the *not doing* of a thing is as *positive* as the *willing to do* it, as being not *contradictorily* or *privatively*, but *contrarily* opposed to it. The sins therefore of *Omission* are as Positive as those of *Commission*. The o[illegible] [illegible]ess of sins o[illegible] [illegible]*bitude* of the *W*[illegible] *act* too, whereas the Positiveness of sins of *Omission* is in the *Habitude* of the *Will only*.

15. And what is here determin'd concerning *Moral evil*, will, I suppose, hold equally true in *all* evil, except only that which is *Absolute*, that

is

is, whose evil is not its *noxiousness* to any thing *else*, but only the want of some constituent Perfection due to *its self*, according to that distinction mentioned by *Suarez* in his Disputation *de Malo*, of *malum in se* and *malum alteri*. *This* indeed does import no more than a *Privation*. And this I suppose might be the occasion of mistake to those who first thought *Moral evil* to consist in a *Privation* only; for *Absolute* evil does so, and they (as I intimated above) took *Moral evil* to be a kind of *absolute Nature*.

16. Many things I know might be, and are commonly objected against the *Positiveness* of sin; but I can think but of one that's worth considering; which is, that if Sin be *positive*, it will be a *real Entity*; and if so, then we are press'd with a double absurdity; 1st. that God will be the Author of it, as being the efficient cause of all *Entity*; 2ly. that it will be *good*, goodness being a necessary Affection of *Ens*.

17. To this I answer; 1st. that I not only freely *acknowledg*, but *contend* that sin is a *real Entity*. But then I distinguish of *Entity*. There are *Physical*, and there are *Moral* Entities. By the latter, (which alone needs explication) I understand certain modes of determination, super-added to *Physical* things, or motions by intelligent Beings, in order either to the interest or disinterest of the Universe.

18. This being premised, I answer to the first part of the objection *by denying* that is

hence

hence follows that God is the Author of ſin God indeed is the Author of all *Phyſical Beings* and *motions*, but not of thoſe *modes of determination* ſuper-added by *intelligent Beings*, which I call *Moral Entities*. As to the ſecond, I grant the *conſequence*, but deny the *abſurdity* of it. For it is no *abſurdity* that *Moral evil* ſhould be *Metaphyſically good*. For this Metaphyſical, tranſcendental goodneſs, which is the affection of *Ens*, is nothing elſe but a Being's having that eſſence whereof it is capable, or (as *Suarez* expreſſes it) its having that perfection which is *convenient* to it. But this is very conſiſtent with the nature of *Moral evil*, for this may have what belongs to its *Idea* as well as *good*, and 'tis the *Perfection* of ſin to be *exceeding ſinful*.

SECT.

understand it. And if he look upon it as the greatest evil, he cannot chuse it, so long as he continues in that judgment, because the then chusing it would be the chusing of *all that* whereby it *exceeds* other evils, *gratis*, which is the chusing of evil *as evil*, which is *impossible*.

1. Whosoever therefore consents to the commission of sin passes first a *wrong judgment* upon it, has the *light of his understanding darkened*, and intercepted by a cloud of Passion, loses the *present Conviction* of sin's being the *greatest evil*, and so commits it to avoid (as he then foolishly thinks) a *greater*. So that the cause and origine of all sin is *ignorance*, *folly*, and *inadvertence*: There is a false Proposition in the *understanding*, before there is any misapplication in the *will*, and 'tis through the *swimming of the head* that the *feet slip* and lose their station. And yet the sinner is no way excusable for this his deception, because 'tis the ignorance of that which he *habitually knows*, and he might have *attended better*, and 'twas his fault that he *did not*.

9. And 'tis the recovering and awaking up into this *Conviction*, that is the *Principle of Repentance* and reformation of life. When a man by the aid of grace, and the use of due *attention*, resumes his *interrupted* Judgment of Sins being the *greatest evil*, he then comes again to himself, forms new resolutions never to commit it, and returns to the *wisdom of the just*. Psal. 119. So great reason had the Psalmist to pray,

pray, *O grant me understanding and I shall live.*

The Prayer.

O My God, who art *pure light*, and in whom there is *no darkness at all*, who art *pure Love*, and hatest nothing but *sin*, and hatest that *infinitely* give me an heart after thine own heart, that I may also abhor it without *measure*, and without *end*. Open thou mine eyes that I may see those *two wondrous things of thy Law*, the *Beauty of Holiness*, and the *deformity of sin*. Inspire me with that Charity which *seeketh not her own*, that I may ever propose and follow that great and excellent end which thou proposest, that I may ever adhere to that which is simply and absolutely best, and never for any *self-advantage* disturb the order of thy *Creation*. O let me never so far abuse those faculties thou hast given me, as to thwart the designs of thy goodness and wisdom, and to interrupt that *Harmony* wherein thou so delightest. But let all my designs be generous, *unselfish* and sincere, so as chiefly to rejoyce at the good of thy *Creation*, at whose very *material* Beauty *the Morning Stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for*

joy. Holy Father, 'tis thy will that this thy great Family ſhould be proſperous and happy, and the better part of it thy Angels, ſtrictly conform to it; O let *this thy will be done here on Earth as it is in Heaven*, and grant that every Member of this great Body may ſo ſtudy the good of the whole, that thou may'ſt once more review the works of thy hands, and with a Fatherly complacency pronounce them good. Grant this for the ſake of him who gave his life for the Happineſs of the world, thy Son Jeſus, *Amen.*

II.

GIve me *wiſdom* that ſitteth by thy throne, and reject me not from among thy children. *That* wiſdom which was with thee from the Beginning, which knoweth all thy works, and was preſent when thou madeſt the world, and knew what was acceptable in thy ſight, and right in thy Commandments. O ſend her out of thy holy Heavens and from the throne of thy glory, that being preſent ſhe may labour with me, that I may know and thoroughly conſider what an evil it is to affront thy Authority, to break through the bounds which thou haſt ſet, to rebel againſt the moſt excellent and divine part of my nature, and to oppoſe that which thou lov'ſt, and which is of all things the *moſt lovely*,

lovely. O let thy wisdom dwell with me, let *my loins be always girt,* and *this my Light always burning,* that I may never be deceiv'd through the *deceitfulness of sin,* nor seek death in the *error of my life. Thy words have I hid within my heart that I might not sin against thee, O grant me understanding and I shall live.* Keep I beseech thee this conviction still fresh and fully awake in me, that Sin is the greatest of all evils, that so the fear of none may ever drive me to do the thing which *thy Soul hates. Consider and hear me, O Lord my God, lighten mine eyes that I sleep not in death.* Amen, Amen.

AN IDEA OF HAPPINESS,

IN A

LETTER to a FRIEND;

ENQUIRING

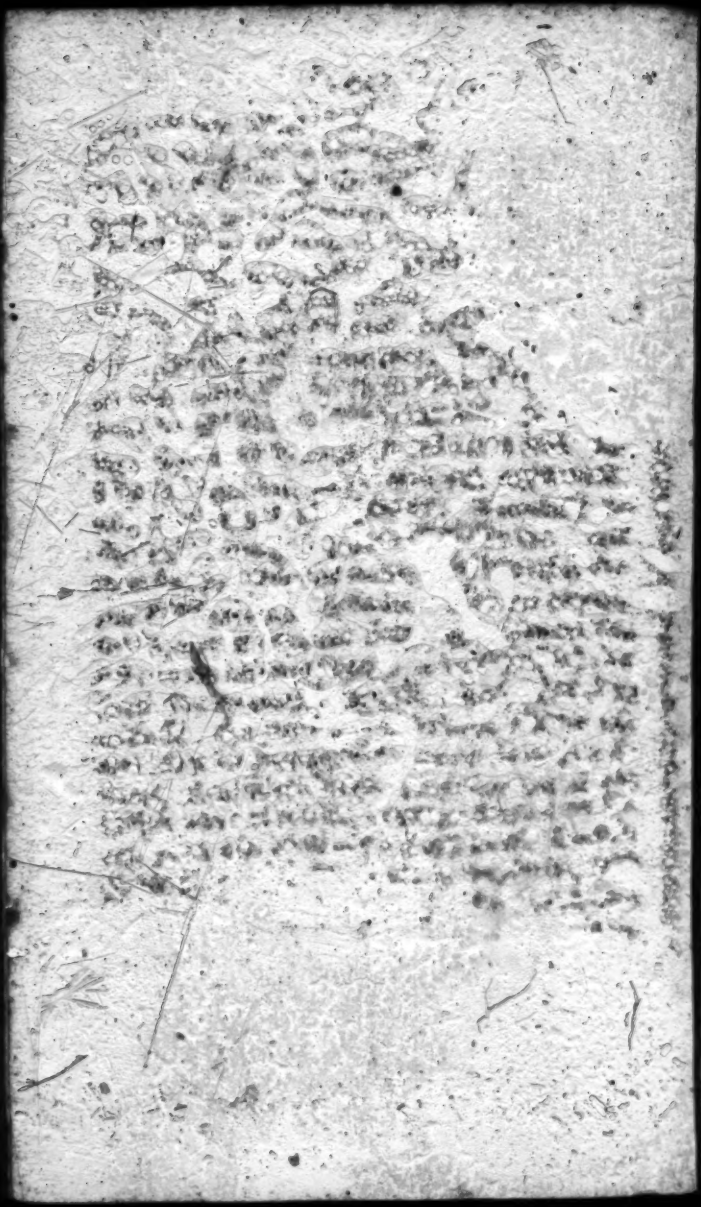
Wherein the greateſt Happineſs attainable by Man in this Life does conſiſt.

——Sollicitis vitam conſumimus annis,
Torquemurque metu cæcaque cupidine rerum,
Æterniſque Senes curis dum quærimus ævum,
Perdimus, & nullo votorum fine beati,
Victuros agimus ſemper, nec vivimus unquam.

Manilius lib. 4.

LONDON,

Printed for *S. Manſhip*, at the *Black-Bull* in *Cornhill*, near the *Royal-Exchange*, 1691.



An Idea of Happiness, &c.

SIR,

1. THO' you have been pleas'd to assign me the Task of an Angel, and in that Respect have warranted me to disobey you; yet, since a considerable part of that experimental Knowledge which I have of *Happiness* is owing to Delight, which I take in your vertuous and endearing Friendship, I think 'tis but reasonable I should endeavour to give you an *Idea* of that, whereof you have given me the *Possession*.

2. You desire to know of me wherein the greatest *Happiness* attainable by Man in this Life does consist. And here, tho' I see my self engaged in a work already too difficult for me, yet I find it necessary to enlarge it: For, since the greatest *Happiness*, or *Summum Bonum* of this Life is a *Species* of *Happiness* in general, and since it is call'd (Greatest) not because absolutely perfect and compleat, but inasmuch as it comes nearest to that which indeed is so, it will be necessary first to state the Notion of *Happiness* in General, and then to define wherein that *Happiness* does consist which is perfect and compleat, before I can proceed to a Resolution of your Question.

3. By

3. By *Happineſs*, in the moſt general Senſe of the word, I underſtand nothing elſe but an Enjoyment of any Good. The leaſt Degree of Good has the ſame Proportion to the leaſt Degree of *Happineſs*, as the greateſt has to the greateſt, and conſequently as many ways as a man enjoys any Good, ſo many ways he may be ſaid to be *happy*: Neither will the Mixture of Evil make him forfeit his Right to this Title, unleſs it either *equals* the Good he enjoys, or *exceeds* it: And then indeed it does, but the Reaſon is, becauſe in ſtrictneſs of Speaking, upon the whole Account the Man enjoys no Good at all: For if the Good and the Evil be equal-balanc'd, it muſt needs be indifferent to that Man either to be or not to be, there being not the leaſt *Grain* of good to determine his Choice; So that he can no more be ſaid to be *happy* in that Condition, than he could before he was born. And much leſs, if the Evil exceeds the Good: For then he is not only not *happy*, but abſolutely and purely miſerable: For after an exact Commenſuration ſuppoſed between the Good and the Evil, all that remains over of the Evil is pure and ſimple Miſery; which is the Caſe of the Damn'd: And when 'tis once come to this (whatever ſome Mens *Metaphyſicks* may perſwade them) I am very well ſatisfied, that 'tis better not to be than to be. But now on the other ſide, if the Good does never ſo little outweigh the Evil, that Overplus of Good is as pure

pure and unallay'd in its Proportion, as if there were no such Mixture at all; and consequently the Possession of it may properly be call'd *Happiness*.

4. I know the Masters of Moral Philosophy do not treat of *Happiness* in this Latitude; neither is it fit they should: For their Business being to point out the ultimate End of Human Actions, it would be an impertinent thing for them to give any other *Idea* of *Happiness* than the highest: But however this does not hinder but that the General *Idea* of *Happiness* may be extended farther, even to Fruition of any Good whatsoever: No[illegible] any reason to find fault with the [illegible]de or [illegible]otion, since we acknowledge Degrees even [illegible]ory.

5. In this General *Idea* of *Happiness*, two things are contain'd. One is, some Good, either real or apparent, in the Fruition of which we are said to be in some measure or other *happy*. The other is the very Fruition it self. The first of these is usually called *Objective Happiness*, and the latter *Formal*. Some I know divide *Happiness* into these as distinct *Species*; but I think not so artificially: For they are both but constituent Parts, which joyntly make up one and the same *Happiness*: Neither of them are sufficient alone, but they are both equally necessary. That the last of these is a necessary Ingredient, I think no doubt can reasonably be made: For what would the greatest Good imaginable

11. And this melancholy reflection bred in me a kind of Suspicion, that for all that I knew it might be so in *Heaven* too. That although at this distance I might frame to my self bright *Ideas* of that Region of Bliss; yet when I came to the Possession of it, I should not find that perfect Happiness there which I expected, but that it would be always to *come* as 'tis now, and that I should seek for Heaven, even in Heaven it self. That I should not fully acquiesce in my condition there, but at length desire a Change. And that which confirm'd me the more in this *unhappy Scepticism*, was, because I consider'd that a great number of excellent Beings, who enjoyed the very *Quinteſſence* of Bliss, who were as happy as God and Heaven could make them, grew soon uneasie and weary of their State, and *left their own Habitation*. Which argues, that their Happiness was not *perfect* and *compleat*, because otherwise they would not have *desired* a Change, since that very desire is an Imperfection. And if Happiness be not compleat in Heaven, sure 'tis impossible to be found any where else.

12. Before therefore I proceed to define wherein perfect Happiness does consist, I think it necessary to endeavour the removal of this Scruple, which, like the flaming Sword, forbids *Entrance into Paradice*. In order to which, I shall enquire into the *true Reason* why these Sublunary good things when enjoyed, do *neither*

answer

answer our *Expectations*, nor satisfie our *Appetites*. Now this must *proceed either* from the nature of Fruition it self, or from the Imperfection of it, or from the Object of it, or from our selves. I confess, did this defect proceed from the *very nature* of Fruition, (as is supposed in the Objection, 'tis impossible there should be any such thing as *perfect Happiness*, since 'twould *faint away* whilst enjoy'd, and *expire* in our *embraces*. But that it cannot proceed thence, I have this to offer, Because Fruition being nothing else but an Application, or Union of the Soul to some good or agreeable Object, it is impossible that should *lessen* the *good* enjoyed. Indeed it may *lessen* our estimation of it, but that is because we do not rightly consider the nature of things, but promise our *selves* infinite Satisfactions in the *enjoyment* of finite Objects. We look upon things through a false Glass, which Magnifies the Object at a distance much beyond its just Dimensions. We represent our *future enjoyments* to our selves in such *favourable* and *partial Ideas* which abstract from all the *inconveniencies* and allays, which will really in the *Event* accompany them. And if we thus over-rate our *Felicities* before-hand, 'tis no wonder if they baulk our *Expectations* in the *Fruition*. But then it must be observed, that the *Fruition* does not cause this *Deficiency* in the Object, but only *discover* it. We have a better insight into the Nature of things near at hand,

than when we ſtood afar off, and conſequently diſcern thoſe *defects* and *imperfections*, which, like the qualities of an ill Miſtreſs, lay hid all the time of *Courtſhip*, and now begin to betray themſelves, when 'tis come to *enjoyment*. But this can never happen but where the Object is finite. An infinite Object can never be over-valued, and conſequently cannot fruſtrate our *Expectations*.

13. And as we are not to charge Fruition with our *diſappointments*, but our ſelves (becauſe we are acceſſory to our own *deluſion*, by taking falſe meaſures of things) ſo neither is the *Unſatisfactoriness* of any condition to be imputed to the Nature of Fruition it ſelf, but either to the *imperfection* of it, or to the finiteneſs of the Object. Let the Object be never ſo perfect, yet if the Fruition of it be in an imperfect meaſure, there will ſtill be room for *Unſatisfactorineſs*, as it appears in our *enjoyment* of God in this Life. Neither can a finite Object fully ſatisfie us, tho' we enjoy it never ſo thoroughly. For ſince to a full ſatisfaction and *Acquieſcence* of Mind, 'tis required, that our Faculties be always entertained, and we ever enjoying: it is impoſſible a finite Object ſhould afford this Satisfaction, becauſe all the good that is in it (being finite) is at length run over, and then the *enjoyment* is at an end. The Flower is ſuck'd dry, and we neceſſarily deſire a Change. Whenever therefore our *enjoyment* proves unſatisfying, we may conclude,

clude, that either the Object is finite, or the Fruition imperfect. But then how came the *Angels* to be dissatisfy'd with their Condition in the Regions of *Light* and *Immortality*, when they drank freely of the *Fountain of Life*, proceeding out of the Throne of God, with whom it is fulness of Joy, and at whose Right Hand are *Pleasures for evermore?* Here certainly there is no room either for the *finiteness* of the Object, or the *imperfection* of Fruition. And therefore their dissatisfaction can be imputed to no other Cause, than the Nature of Fruition in general, which is to *lessen* the good *enjoyed*, as was supposed in the *Objection*. This I confess presses hard, and indeed I have but one way to *extricate* my self from this difficulty, and that is, by supposing a *State of Probation* in the *Angels*. That they did not immediately upon their *Creation* enjoy an *infinite Object*, or if they did, yet that 'twas in an *imperfect measure*. For should it be granted that they were at first confirmed in Bliss, and *compleatly happy*, both in respect of *Fruition* and *Object*, as we suppose they are now, I cannot *conceive* it possible they should be dissatisfy'd with their Condition. This being repugnant to the *Idea* of *Perfect Happiness*. Rev. 22.

14. Since then this dissatisfaction must be derived either from the imperfection of the *Fruition*, or the finiteness of the Object, and not from the Nature of *Fruition* in the general, to infer the possibility of *Perfect Happiness*, there

needs no more to be supposed than the *existence* of a Being full, fraught with infinite inexhaustible good, and that he is able to Communicate to the full. There may be then such a thing as perfect *Happiness*. The possibility of which may also be further *proved* (tho' not *explicated*) from those boundless Desires, that *immortal Thirst* every man has after it by Nature: Concerning which, I observe, that nothing does more constantly, more inseparably cleave to our Minds than this Desire of perfect and consummated Happiness: This, as *Plato* patheticall expresses it, is, πέρας τ πάντων τὸ κάλλιστον, ὁ μέγας ἀγὼν, καὶ ἐλπὶς ἡ μεγάλη, the most excellent end of all our Endeavours, the great Prize, the great Hope. This is the Mark every Man shoots at, and tho' we miss our Aim never so often, yet we will not, cannot give over; but, like passionate Lovers, take *Resolution* from a *Repulse*. The rest of our Passions are much at our own Disposal; yield either to Reason or Time; we either Argue our selves out of them, or at least out-live them. We are not always in Love with Pomp and Grandeur, nor always dazzled with the glittering of Riches; and there is a Season when Pleasure it self shall Court in vain: But the desire of perfect Happiness has no Intervals, no Vicissitudes, it out-lasts the Motion of the Pulse, and survives the Ruins of the Grave. *Many Waters cannot quench it, neither can the Floods drown it*: And now certainly God would never

never have planted such an Ardent, such an importunate Appetite in our Souls, and as it were *interwoven* it with our very Natures, had he not been able to satisfie it.

15. I come now to shew wherein this perfect Happiness does consist, concerning which, I affirm in the first place, that it is not to be found in any thing we can enjoy in this Life. The greatest Fruition we have of God here, is imperfect, and consequently unsatisfactory. And as for all other Objects they are finite, and consequently, though never so fully enjoy'd, cannot afford us perfect Satisfaction. No, *Man knoweth not the price thereof: Neither is it to be found in the Land of the Living. The Depth saith, it is not in me, and the Sea saith, it is not in me.* Job 28. The Vanity of the Creature has been so copiously discoursed upon, both by Philosophers and Divines, and is withal so obvious to every thinking Man's *Experience*, that I need not here take an *Inventory* of the *Creation*, nor turn *Ecclesiastes* after *Solomon*. And besides, I have already anticipated this Argument in what I have said concerning *Fruition*. I shall only add one or two Remarks concerning the Objects of *Secular Happiness*, which are not so commonly insisted upon, to what has been there said. The first is this, that the Objects wherein Men generally seek for *Happiness* here, are not only *finite* in their *Nature*, but also *few* in *number*. Indeed, could a Man's Life

be ſo contrived, that he ſhould have a new *Pleaſure* ſtill ready at hand aſſoon as *he* was grown *weary* of the Old, and every day *enjoy a Virgin* Delight, he might then perhaps, like Mr. *Hobbs* his Notion, and for a while think himſelf happy in this *continued Succeſſion of new Acquiſitions.* But alas, Nature does not treat us with this Variety. The compaſs of our *enjoyments* is much ſhorter than that of our Lives, and there is a *Periodical Circulation* of our *Pleaſures* as well as of our *Blood.*

---Verſamur ibidem atque inſumus uſque.
Nec nova vivendo procuditur ulla voluptas.
Lucretius.

The Enjoyments of our Lives run in a perpetual Round like the Months in the *Kalendar*, but with a quicker Revolution; we *dance* like *Fairies* in a *Circle*, and our whole Life is but a nauſeous *Tautology*: We riſe like the Sun, and run the ſame Courſe we did the day before, and to morrow is but the ſame over again: So that the greateſt Favourite of Fortune will have Reaſon often enough to cry out with him in *Seneca, Quouſqu eadem?* But there is another Grievance which contributes to defeat our Endeavours after perfect Happineſs in the Enjoyments of this Life; which is, that the Objects wherein we ſeek it, are not only *finite* and *few*; but that they commonly prove occaſions of

greater

greater *Sorrow* to us than ever they afforded us *Content*. This may be made out several ways, as from the Labour of Getting, the Care of Keeping, the fear of Losing, and the like Topick, commonly insisted on by others; but I wave these, and fix upon another Account less blown upon, and I think more material than any of the rest. It is this, that altho' the Object loses that great appearance in the *Fruition* which it had in the *expectation*, yet after it is gone, it Resumes it again. Now we, when we lament the loss, do not take our measures from that appearance which the Object had in the *enjoyment* (as we should do to make our Sorrow not exceed our *Happiness*) but from that which it has in the *reflexion*, and consequently we must needs be more *miserable* in the loss, than we were *happy* in the *enjoyment*.

16. From these and the like *Considerations*, I think it will evidently appear, that this perfect *Happiness* is not to be found in any thing we can enjoy in this Life. Wherein then does it consist? I answer positively, in the full and entire Fruition of God. He (as *Plato* speaks) is κύριον καὶ ἀρχιτεκτονικὸν τέλος, the proper and Principal end of Man, the Center of our Tendency, the Ark of our *Rest*. He is the Object which alone can satisfie the Appetite of the most capacious Soul, and stand the *Test* of Fruition to Eternity. And to enjoy him fully, is perfect Felicity. This in general, is no more than what

is

is deliver'd to us in Scripture, and was believ'd by many of the *Heathen Philosophers*. But the manner of this Fruition requires a more particular *Consideration*. Much is said by the Schoolmen upon this Subject, whereof, in the first place, I shall give a short and methodical account, and then fix upon the Opinion which I best approve of. The first thing that I observe, is, that 'tis generally agreed upon among them, that this Fruition of God consists in some *Operation*; and I think with very good Reason. For as by the *Objective* part of *perfect Happiness* we understand that which is best and last, and to which all other things are to be referr'd; so by the *Formal* part of it must be understood the best and last Habitude of Man toward that best Object, so that the Happiness may both ways satisfie the Appetite, that is, as 'tis the best thing, and as 'tis the Possession, Life, or Fruition of that best thing. Now this Habitude, whereby the best thing is perfectly possess'd, must needs be some *Operation*, because *Operation* is the ultimate perfection of every Being. Which *Axiom* (as *Cajetan* well observes) must not be so understood as if Operation taken by it self were more perfect than the thing which tends to it, but that every thing with its Operation is more perfect than without it.

2dly. The next thing which I observe, is, that 'tis also farther agreed upon among them, that this Operation wherein our Fruition of God does

does consist, is an Operation of the *Intellectual* part, and not of the *Sensitive*. And this also I take to be very reasonable. First, because 'tis generally receiv'd, that the Essence of God cannot be the Object of any of our Senses. But Secondly, Suppose it could, yet since the Operation, wherein our *perfect Happiness* does consist, must be the perfectest Operation, and since that of the *Intellectual* part is more perfect than that of the *Sensitive*; it follows, that the Operation whereby we enjoy God, must be that of the *Intellectual* part only.

18. But now whereas the *Intellectual* part of man (as 'tis opposed to the *Sensitive*) is double, *viz.* That of the *Understanding*, and that of the *Will*, there has commenced a great Controversie between the *Thomists* and the *Scotists*, in which Act or Operation of the *Rational Soul* the *Fruition* of God does consist, whether in an Act of the *Understanding*, or in an Act of the *Will*. The *Thomists* will have it consist purely in an Act of the *Understanding*, which is *Vision*. The *Scotists* in the Act of the *Will*, which is *Love*. I intend not here to launch out into those *Voluminous Intricacies* and *Abstrusities*, occasioned by the management of this Argument: It may suffice to tell you, that I think they are both in the extream, and therefore I shall take the middle way, and resolve the perfect Fruition of God partly into *Vision* and partly into *Love*. These are the two arms with which we embrace the

Divi-

ven, which while the Learned dispute about, the Good only enjoy. But I shall not venture to Soar any longer in these Heights, I find the *Æther* too thin here to breath in long, and the Brightness of the Region flashes too strong upon my tender Sense; I shall therefore hasten to descend from the Mount of God, lest I grow *giddy* with Speculation, and lose those Secrets which I have learnt there, the *Cabala* of Felicity.

23. And now, (Sir) I come to consider your Question (*viz.*) Wherein the greatest Happiness attainable by Man in this Life does consist. Concerning which, there is as great variety of Opinions among *Philosophers*; as there is among *Geographers* about the Seat of *Paradise*. The Learned *Varro* reckons up no less than 288 several opinions about it, and yet notwithstanding the Number of Writers who have bequeath'd Volumes upon this Subject to Posterity, they seem to have been in the dark in nothing more than in this, and (excepting only a few *Platonists*, who placed Man's greatest End in the Contemplation of Truth) they seem to have undertaken nothing so *unhappily*, as when they essay'd to write of *Happiness*. Some measure their *Happiness* by the high-tide of their Riches, as the *Egyptians* did the Fertility of the Year by the increase of the River *Nile*. Others place it in the Pleasures of Sense, others in Honour and Greatness. But these and the like were

were Men of the common Herd, low groveling Souls, that either *understood* not the *Dignity* of Human Nature, or else *forgot* that they were Men. But there were others of a *Diviner Genius and Sublimer Spirit.*

Queis meliore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

Who had a more generous blood running in their Veins, which made them put a just value upon themselves, and scorn to place their greatest *Happiness* in that which they should blush to enjoy. And those were the *Stoics* and the *Peripatetics*, who both place the greatest *Happiness* of this Life in the Actions of Vertue, with this only difference, that whereas the former are contented with *Naked Vertue*, the latter require some other *Collateral* things to the farther *accomplishment* of *Happiness*, such as are Health and Strength of Body, a Competent Livelyhood, and the like.

24. And this Opinion has been subscribed to by the hands of eminent *Moralists* in all Ages. And as it is Venerable for its Antiquity, so has it gain'd no small Authority from the Pen of a great Modern Writer (*Descartes*) who resolves the greatest *Happiness* of this Life into the right use of the *Will*, which consists in this, that a Man have a firm and constant purpose always to do that which he shall judge to be best.

25. I confess, the Practice of Vertue is a very

great instrument of *Happiness*, and that there is a great deal more true satisfaction and solid content to be found in a constant course of well living, than in all the soft Caresses of the most *studied* Luxury, or the Voluptuousness of a *Seraglio*. And therefore I have oftentimes been exceedingly pleased in the reading of a certain Passage in that Divine Moralist *Hierocles*, where he tells you, that the Vertuous Man lives much more pleasantly than the Vicious Man. *For* (says he) *all Pleasure is the Companion of Action, it has no Subsistence of its own, but accompanies us in our doing such and such things. Hence 'tis that the worser Actions are accompanied with the meaner Pleasures. So that the good Man does not only excel the wicked Man in what is good, but has also the advantage of him even in Pleasure, for whose sake alone he is wicked. For he that chuses Pleasure with Filthiness, although for a while he be sweetly and deliciously entertain'd, yet at last through the Filthiness Annexed to his Enjoyment, he is brought to a painful Repentance. But now he that prefers Vertue with all her Labours and Difficulties, though at first for want of use it sits heavy upon him, yet by the Conjunction of good he alleviates the Labour, and at last enjoys pure and unallay'd Pleasure with his Vertue. So that of necessity that Life is most unhappy, which is most wicked, and that most pleasant, which is most vertuous.*

26. Now this I readily submit to as a great truth, that the degrees of *Happiness* vary according

cording to the degrees of *Vertue*, and consequently that that Life which is most *Vertuous*, is most *Happy*, with reference to those that are Vicious or less Vertuous, every degree of Vertue having a proportionate degree of Happiness accompanying it, (which is all, I suppose, that excellent Author intends.) But I do not think the most *Vertuous* Life *so* the most Happy, but that it may become Happier, unless something more be comprehended in the Word (Vertue) than the *Stoics*, *Peripatetics*, and the generality of other Moralists understand by it. For with them it signifies no more but only such a firm *διάθεσις* or habitude of the Will to good, whereby we are constantly disposed, notwithstanding the contrary tendency of our Passions, to perform the necessary Offices of Life. This they call *Moral* or *Civil* Vertue; and although this brings always Happiness enough with it to make ample amends for all the difficulties which attend the practise of it: Yet I am not of Opinion that the greatest Happiness attainable by Man in this Life consists in it. But there is another and a higher Sense of the Word, which frequently occurs in the *Pythagorean* and *Platonic* Writings, (*viz.*) *Contemplation* and the *Unitive* way of Religion. And this they call *Divine Vertue*. I allow of the distinction, but I would not be thought to derive it from the *Principle*, as if Moral Vertue were *acquired*, and this *infused* (for to speak ingenuously, infused

Vertue seem'd ever to me as a *Paradox* in *Divinity*, as Occult Qualities in *Philosophy*) but from the nobleness of the Object, the Object of the former being Moral good, and the Object of the latter God himself. The former is a State of *Proficieney*, the latter of *Perfection*. The former is a State of difficulty and contention, the latter of ease and serenity. The former is employ'd in mastering the Passions, and regulating the actions of common Life, the latter in Divine Meditation and the Extasies of *Seraphic* Love. He that has only the former, is like *Moses* with much difficulty climbing up to the Holy Mount; but he that has the latter, is like the same Person conversing with God on the serene top of it, and shining with the Rays of *anticipated* Glory. So that this latter supposes the acquisition of the former, and consequently has all the Happiness retaining to the other, besides what it adds of its own. This is the last *Stage* of *Human Perfection*, the utmost *round* of the Ladder whereby we ascend to *Heaven*, one *Step* higher is Glory. Here then will I build my *Tabernacle*, for *it is good to be here*. Here will I set up my Pillar of Rest, here will I fix; for why should I travel on farther in pursuit of any greater Happiness, since Man in this Station is but a *little lower than the Angels*, one *remove* from *Heaven*? Here certainly is the greatest Happiness, as well as Perfection attainable by Man in this State of imperfection. For since

that

that Happineſs, which is abſolutely perfect and compleat, conſiſts in the clear and intimate *Viſion*, and moſt ardent *Love* of God, hence we ought to take our Meaſures, and conclude that to be the greateſt Happineſs attainable in this State, which is the greateſt Participation of the other. And that can be nothing elſe but the *Unitive* way of Religion, which conſiſts of the *Contemplation* and *Love* of God. I ſhall ſay ſomething of each of theſe ſeverally, and ſomething of the *Unitive* way of Religion, which is the reſult of both, and ſo ſhut up this Diſcourſe.

27. By *Contemplation* in general (Θεωρία) we underſtand an application of the *underſtanding* to ſome truth. But here in this place we take the word in a more peculiar ſenſe, as it ſignifies an habitual, attentive, ſteddy application or converſion of the Spirit to God and his Divine Perfections. Of this the Maſters of *Myſtic Theology*, commonly make fifteen Degrees. The firſt is Intuition of Truth, the ſecond is a Retirement of all the Vigour and Strength of the Faculties into the innermoſt parts of the Soul, the third is Spiritual Silence, the fourth is Reſt, the fifth is Union, the ſixth is the Hearing of the ſtill Voice of God, the ſeventh is Spiritual Slumber, the eighth is Ecſtacy, the ninth is Rapture, the tenth is the Corporeal Appearance of Chriſt and the Saints, the eleventh is the Imaginary Appearance of the Same, the

welfth is the Intellectual Vision of God, the thirteenth is the Vision of God in Obscurity, the fourteenth is an admirable Manifestation of God, the fifteenth is a clear and intuitive Vision of him; such as St. *Austin* and *Tho. Aquinas* attribute to St. *Paul*, when he was wrapt up into the third Heaven. Others of them reckon seven degrees only, (*viz.*) Taste, Desire, Satiety, Ebriety, Security, Tranquility, but the name of the seventh (they say) is known only to God.

28. I shall not stand to examine the *Scale* of this Division, perhaps there may be a kind of a *Pythagoric* Superstition in the number. But this I think I may affirm in general, that the Soul may be *wound* up to a most strange degree of *Abstraction*, by a silent and steddy *Contemplation* of God. *Plato* defines *Contemplation* to be λύσις καὶ χωρισμὸς τῆς ψυχῆς ἀπὸ τοῦ σώματος, a Solution and a Separation of the Soul from the Body. And some of the severer *Platonists* have been of Opinion, that 'tis possible for a Man by mere *intention* of thought not only to withdraw the Soul from all Commerce with the Senses, but even really to separate it from the Body, to *untwist* the Ligaments of his Frame, and by degrees to resolve himself into the State of the Dead. And thus the *Jews* express the manner of the Death of *Moses*, calling it *Osculum Oris Dei, the Kiss of God's Mouth*. That is, that he breath'd out his Soul by the mere

Strength

Strength and Energy of *Contemplation*, and expired in the Embraces of his Maker. A Happy way of Dying! How ambitious should I be of such a conveyance, were it practicable? How passionately should I joyn with the Church in the Canticles? Φιλησάτω με ἀπὸ φιλημάτων στόματος αὐτοῦ, *Let him Kiss me with the Kisses of his Mouth*, Cant. 1. 2.

29. But however this be determin'd, certain it is, that there are exceeding great Measures of *Abstraction* in *Contemplation*, so great, that sometimes whether a Man be in the Body, or out of the Body, he himself can hardly tell. And consequently the Soul in these *Præludiums* of Death, these *Neighbourhoods* of Separation, must needs have *brighter* glimpses, and more *Beatific Ideas* of God, than in a state void of these *Elevations*, and consequently must love him with greater Ardency. Which is the next thing I am to consider.

30. The love of God in general may be considered either as it is purely *intellectual*, or as it is a *Passion*. The first is, When the Soul, upon an apprehension of God as a good, delectable, and agreeable Object, joyns her self to him by the Will. The latter is, When the motion of the Will is accompany'd with a sensible Commotion of the Spirits, and an estuation of the Blood. Some I know, are of Opinion, that 'tis not possible for a Man to be affected with this sensitive Love of God, which is a *Passion*,

because there is nothing in God which falls under our imagination, and *consequently* (the Imagination being the only Medium of conveyance) it cannot be propagated from the Intellectual part to the Sensitive. Whereupon they affirm, that none are capable of this sensitive passionate Love of God, but Christians, who injoy the *Mystery* of the *Incarnation*, whereby they know God has condescended so far as to cloath himself with Flesh, and to become like one of us. But 'tis not all the *Sophistry* of the *cold Logicians*, that shall work me out of the belief of what I feel and know, and rob me of the sweetest entertainment of my Life, the *Passionate Love of God*. Whatever some Men pretend, who are Strangers to all the affectionate heats of Religion, and therefore make their Philosophy a Plea for their indevotion, and extinguish all Holy Ardours with a *Syllogism*; yet I am firmly persuaded, that our love of God may be not only passionate, but even *Wonderfully* so, and *exceeding the Love of Women*. 'Tis an *Experimental* and therefore *undeniable* Truth, that *Passion* is a great instrument of *Devotion*, and accordingly we find, that Men of the most warm and pathetick *Tempers* and *Amorous Complexions* (Provided they have but Consideration enough withal to fix upon the right *Object*), prove the greatest *Votaries* in *Religion*. And upon this account it is, that to heighten our Love of God in our Religious *Addresses*, we *endeavour* to *excite* our Passions by *Musick*, which would

would be to as little purpoſe as the *Fanatic* thinks 'tis, if there were not ſuch a thing as the *Paſſionate Love of God*. But then as to the *Objection*, I *Anſwer* with the excellent *Deſcartes*, that although in God, who is the *Object* of our *Love*, we can *imagine* nothing, yet we can *imagine* that our Love, which conſiſts in this, that we would unite our *ſelves* to the *Object* beloved, and conſider our *ſelves* as it were a part of it, And the ſole *Idea* of this very Conjunction is enough to ſtir up a heat about the Heart, and ſo kindle a very *vehement Paſſion*. To which I add, that although the *Beauty* or *Amiableneſs* of God be not the ſame with that which we ſee in *Corporeal Beings*, and *Conſequently* cannot *directly* fall within the *Sphere* of the imagination, yet it is ſomthing *Analogous* to it, and that very *Analogy* is enough to *excite* a *Paſſion*. And this I think ſufficient to warrant my general diviſion of the Love of God into *Intellectual* and *Senſitive*.

31. But there is a more *peculiar Acceptation* of the *Love* of God proper to this place. And it is that which we call *Seraphic*. By which I underſtand in ſhort, that Love of God which is the *effect* of an intenſe *Contemplation* of him. This differs not from the other in kind, but only in *degree*, and that it does *exceedingly*, in as much as the thoughtful *Contemplative* Man (as I hinted before) has *clearer Perceptions* and *livelier Impreſſions* of the *Divine Beauty*, the lovely

Attri-

that if sometimes I happen to be in the Road, and sometimes in a way by my self, 'tis no wonder. I affect neither the one nor the other, but write as I think. Which as I do at other times, so more especially when I subscribe my self

SIR,

Yours most Affectionately,

All-Souls Colledge
Apr. 18. 1683.

J. N.

A Letter of Reſolution concerning ſome Paſſages in the foregoing Treatiſe, to the ſame Perſon.

SIR,

1. THE kind Entertainment which you gave my *Idea of Happineſs*, does not only *incourage*, but *oblige* me to endeavour the ſatisfaction of that Scruple, which the Peruſal of it has occaſion'd. I cannot but highly commend your *ſearching* Curioſity, in deſiring farther ſatisfaction concerning a matter of ſo ſublime and excellent a Nature (for the Tree of Paradiſe is *good for Food, pleaſant to the Eye, and a Tree to be deſired to make one wiſe*) though you muſt give me leave to wonder that you would not *enquire* at a better *Oracle*. But ſince you are *pleas'd* to be of the Opinion, that few have made this Subject ſo *familiar* to their Meditation as I have, I cannot with any pretence decline your Requeſt, though perhaps by my performing it, I ſhall work you into a contrary perſuaſion.

2. Sir, You ſay you ſhould like my Notion concerning the *reality* of that which is uſually call'd

call'd *Imaginary Happineſs*, that is, (as you well explain both your own and my meaning) that although the *Object* may be an *Imaginary Good*, yet the *Happineſs* which conſiſts in the Fruition of that Object, will not be *Imaginary too*, but *real*, and conſequently, that 'tis impoſſible for a Man to *ſeem* to himſelf to be happy, and not to *be really* ſo, all Happineſs conſiſting in *Opinion*. This Notion, you ſay, you ſhould like rarely well, could you free your ſelf from one difficulty which it engages you upon; (*viz.*) That hereafter, in the ſtate of Glory, either one Saint ſhall think himſelf as happy as another, or not; if not, this muſt needs occaſion Envy or Diſcontent, but if one ſhall think himſelf as happy as another, then, according to my *Hypotheſis*, that *Opinion* is the *Meaſure of Happineſs*, 'twill follow, that he will already be ſo; and this brings in *Equality* of Happineſs, which you look upon (and I think juſtly too) as another abſurdity.

3. I confeſs, Sir, this Argument is pretty ſubtle and ſurprizing; but I conceive the Knots of it may be untied by this Anſwer. Firſt, It may be juſtly queſtion'd, Whether the firſt part of your *Dilemma* be neceſſarily attended with the appendant Abſurdity. 'Tis true indeed, not to think ones ſelf as happy as another, is the Spring of Envy or Diſcontent among Men in this World, but whether this be the *genuin* and *conſtant* effect of that Conſideration, or whether it

ought

ought not rather to be aſcribed to the preſent Infirmities and Imperfections of Human Nature, may admit Diſpute. But in caſe this abſurdity does inſeparably cleave to the firſt part, then I betake my ſelf to the latter, and affirm, that in Heaven one Saint ſhall think himelf as happy as another. Then, according to my own Notion (*ſay you*) it will follow that he *is really* ſo. No, I deny the conſequence, the invalidity of which will plainly appear by diſtinguiſhing the ambiguity of the *Phraſe*. For this Expreſſion, *One Saint thinks himſelf as happy as another*, may be taken in a double ſenſe, either that he thinks himſelf as happy as he himſelf thinks that other, or that he thinks himſelf as happy as that other thinks himſelf. I grant, ſhould one Saint think himſelf as happy as another in this latter ſenſe of the Phraſe, he would, according to my *Hypotheſis*, really be ſo; ſo that this would bring in equality. And therefore in this ſenſe I deny the Propoſition, and that without the leaſt danger of ſplitting upon the firſt abſurdity. But for the former Senſe, *that* has no ſuch *levelling* quality; for to ſay that I think my ſelf as happy as I think another, amounts to no more than this, that in my apprehenſion another does not exceed me in Happineſs: but tho he does not in *my apprehenſion*, yet he may in *reality*; for tho my Opinion gives meaſures to my *own* Happineſs, yet it does not to *another* Mans. So that one Saint may be

ſaid to think himſelf as happy as another in the former ſenſe, without equalling the Happineſs of the Bleſſed; tho, I confeſs, I ſhould much rather adhere to the contrary propoſition (*viz.*) that *one ſhall not think himſelf as happy as another*, in caſe ſuch an Opinion be not neceſſarily attended with *Envy* or *Diſcontent*. Becauſe it ſeems unreaſonable to make them ignorant of the degrees of one anothers Bliſs, unleſs that ignorance be neceſſarily required to prevent the alledg'd abſurdities. But I *determin* nothing in this point; my buſineſs was only to break the force of your *Dilemma*, and to ſhew that my Notion does not involve you in the difficulty ſuppoſed. This, Sir, is all that I think neceſſary to ſay to a Perſon of your apprehenſion, and therefore I end theſe nice Speculations with this profitable reflection, that altho the *Notion* of Happineſs be *intricate* and *obſcure*, yet the *means* of attaining it are *plain*; and therefore 'twould be moſt adviſable both for you and me *chiefly* to apply our ſelves to the *latter here*, and we ſhall underſtand the *former* with the beſt ſort of Knowledg, that of *Experience hereafter*.

Yours

J. N.

Ano-

Another Letter to the ſame Perſon, concerning the true Notion of Plato's Ideas, *and of* Platonic Love.

Tanta vis in Ideis conſtituitur, ut niſi his intellectis, ſapiens eſſe nemo poſſit.
Auguſtinus Tom. 4. Pag. 548. Q. 46.

SIR,

1. WERE I not as well acquainted with your ſingular *modeſty*, as I am with your *intellectual* accompliſhments, I ſhould readily conclude, that your directing your enquiries to *me*, proceeded not ſo much from a Curioſity to *improve* your *own* Knowledg, as to *try mine*. But when I conſider that you are ignorant of nothing ſo much as of your own Worth and Abilities, I begin to think it poſſible that you may propoſe theſe *Queſtions* even to *me* out of a deſire to be *inform'd*. Which way ſoever it is, I acknowledg my ſelf to be obliged to you for affording me an opportunity of ſerving you, eſpecially in ſuch an Inſtance, where I cannot gratifie your Requeſt without

humouring my own *Genius* at the same time. For indeed to my apprehension, there is not a finer or more Sublime piece of Speculation in all *Plato's Philosophy*, than that of his *Ideas* and that of his *Love*, tho it has undergone the same hard Fate with many other excellent *Theories*, first, to be either *ignorantly misunderstood*, or *maliciously misrepresented*, and then *popularly* vilify'd and decry'd.

2. To do right therefore to the name of this great Man, aswell as to satisfie your Demands, I shall first *propose* the general mistake, and then *rectify* it; first present you with the *supposed* Opinion of *Plato*, and then with the *true* and *genuin* one. I begin with his *Ideas*, by which 'tis taken for granted by the *generality* of Writers, especially those of the *Peripatetic Order*, that he understood *universal* Natures, or abstract Essences, subsisting eternally by themselves, Separate both from the Mind of God and all singular Beings, according to which, as so many *patterns*, all Singulars are form'd. As for instance, that a Man, not this or that *in* particular, but a *universal* Man, or a Man in general, should exist by it self eternally, according to which all particular Men were made. Sir, I suppose you can hardly forbear smiling at the oddness of the Conceit; but as ridiculous as you may think it, 'tis said to be maintained by no less a Man than *Plato*, and has been thought of that *moment* too, that *Multitudes* of great

great Men have set themselves very *seriously* to confute it as a dangerous Heresie, and have opposed it with as much *zeal* as ever St. *Austin* did the *Manichees* or the *Pelagians*.

3. But now, that this Opinion was not only for its Absurdity and Contradictiousness unworthy of the contemplative and refin'd Spirit of *Plato*; but was also apparently none of his, I dare say any capable Person will be convinc'd that shall heedfully and impartially *examine* and *compare* the Works of *Plato*; And this *Aristotle* himself must needs have known (he having been his constant Auditour for twenty years together) but only he wanted a Shadow to fight with, and so father'd this monstrous Opinion upon his Master. And of this disingenuity of *Aristotle*, together with other abuses, *Plato* himself complain'd, while alive, in these words: Ἀριστοτέλης ἡμᾶς ἀπολάκτιστε καθαπερεὶ τὰ πωλάρια, γενηθεὶς τὴν μητέρα, as is recorded by *Laertius* in the Life of *Aristotle*.

4. And now, that the grossness of this Abuse may the more fully appear, I will in the next place present you with another Sense of *Plato's Ideas*, and such as by a more than ordinary acquaintance with his Works, I know to be the *true* and *genuin* one. Know then that *Plato* considering the World as an effect of an *intellectual* Agent, and that in the Operations of all other *Artificers* or rational *Efficients* there must be some form in the Mind of the *Artificer* pre-

ſuppoſed to the Work (for otherwiſe what difference will there be between a *fortuitous* effect and an *intended* one, and how comes the effect to be of *this* Species rather than *another?* thought it neceſſary to ſuppoſe αἰώνια παραδείγματα, Eternal Forms, Models or Patterns, of all the Species of being in Nature, exiſting in the Mind of God. And theſe he calls *Ideas*. I ſay, exiſting in the Mind of God, for there is not the leaſt Intimation in all *Plato's* Works of any ſuch *Ideas*, exiſting *ſeparately* from the Divine Intellect; nor do the great Maſters of *Platonic Philoſophy*, *Plotinus*, *Porphyrius*, *Proclus*, or any other that I know of, make mention of any ſuch *Spectres* and *Ghoſts* of Entity. *No*, *this* Monſter was hatch'd in *Ariſtotle's* Brain, and I believe did never enter *Plato's* Head, ſo much as in a Dream. For he is not only ſilent about it, but does in ſeveral places expreſly aſſert the contrary; particularly in his *Timæus*, where, of ſet purpoſe, he deſcribes the *Origin* of the World; he ſays, that God made the World, according to that Pattern or *Idea*, which he had in his Mind. The ſame you will find more amply confirm'd in his *Hippias*, his *Parmenides*, and his ſixth Book of *Repub.* and many other places. And theſe *Ideas*, he calls πρῶτα νοητὰ, *the firſt Intelligibles*, and τὰ ὄντων μέτρα, *the Meaſures of the things that are*, implying, that as all things were form'd according to theſe *ſpecifical* Platforms; ſo their truth muſt be meaſured from

from their Conformity to them. And in this Senſe muſt be taken that Common Axiom of the Schools, that *the Truth of a thing is its Conformity with the Divine Intellect*, for it is in no other Senſe intelligible, as you will diſcern in the Proceſs.

5. But now, leſt you ſhould imagine, that this *Platonic Hypotheſis* of *Ideas* exiſting in the Divine Mind, ſhould ill comport with the ſimplicity of God, or claſh with that approved Doctrin of the Schools, *Nihil eſt in Deo quod non ſit Deus*, (which is another cavil of the *Antiplatoniſts*) you are to underſtand that *Plato* by his *Ideas*, does not mean any *real* Eſſence *diſtinct* from the Divine Eſſence, but only the Divine Eſſence it ſelf with this *Connotation*, as it is variouſly imitable or participable by created Beings, and conſequently, according to the *multifariouſneſs* of this imitability, ſo are the *poſſibilities* of Being. Which is as fine a Notion as was ever framed by the Mind of Man; and that it is his, you will find, if you conſult his *Parmenides*. And this will ſerve to help us out with another difficulty; for whereas *Plato* makes his *Divine Ideas*, not only the *exemplary* cauſes of things, but alſo (which is a conſequent to the former) the meaſure of their Truth, this may ſeem to fall in with their Opinion, who make all *Truth* dependent upon the Speculative underſtanding of God, that is, that God does not underſtand a thing ſo, becauſe it is ſo in its own

Nature, but that a thing is therefore so, because God is *pleas'd* so to understand it. Which is an Opinion full of mischief and absurdity, as you may see compendiously, and yet evidently demonstrated in Dr. *Rust*'s little *Discourse* of *Truth*. Now for the clearing this Difficulty, 'tis to be observed, that the Essence of God, according to *Plato*, is distinguished into νοῦς νοερὸς and νοῦς νοητὸς, the *Counterpart* whereof in *English* is *Conceptive* and *Exhibitive*. By the Mind of God *Exhibitive* is meant the Essence of God as thus, or thus imitable or participable by any Creature, and this is the same with an *Idea*. By the Mind of God *Conceptive* is meant a reflex act of God's Understanding upon his own Essence as *Exhibitive*, or as thus and thus imitable. Now if you consider the Divine Understanding as *Conceptive* or *Speculative*, it does not *make* its Object, but suppose it (as all *Speculative* Uunderstanding does) neither is he Truth of the Object to be measured from its Conformity with *that*, but the Truth of *that* from its Conformity with its Object. But if you consider the Divine Understanding as *Exhibitive* then its Truth does not depend upon its Conformity with the Nature of things, but on the contrary, the Truth of the Nature of things depends upon its Conformity with it. [illegible] the Divine Essence is not thus, or thus imitable, because such and such things are in being; but such and such things are in being, because the Divine

Divine Eſſence is thus, and thus imitable; for had not the Divine Eſſence been thus imitable, ſuch and ſuch Beings would not have been *poſſible*. And thus is *Plato* to be underſtood when he founds the Truth of things upon their Conformity with the *Divine Ideas*; and thus muſt the Schools mean too by that forementioned *Axiom* concerning *Tranſcendental Truth*, if they will ſpeak Senſe, as I noted above.

6. And now, Sir, from *Plato's Ideas* thus *amiably* ſet forth, the *Tranſition* methinks is very natural to *Love*. And concerning this I ſhall account in the ſame Method, firſt, by pointing out the popular Miſapprehenſions about it, and then by exhibiting a true Notion of it. *Platonic Love* is a thing in every bodies Mouth, but I find ſcarce any that think or ſpeak accurately of it. The miſtakes which I obſerve are chiefly theſe. Some of the groſſer Underſtanders ſuppoſe that *Plato* by his *Love* meant παιδεραστία, the *Love* of *Males*; but the Occaſion of this Conceit was from a paſſage in his *Convivium*, where he brings in *Ariſtophanes*, ſpeaking favourably that way. But he that ſhall from hence conclude *Plato* a *proſtitute* to that vile Paſſion, may as well conclude a *Dramatic* Poet to be an *Atheiſt* or a *Whore-maſter*, becauſe he repreſents thoſe of that Character. But that Divine *Plato* intended nothing leſs than to countenance any ſuch thing, is evident from the whole ſcope and purport of that *Dialogue*, and from other places

firm'd, and [illegible] Strength. [illegible] *Platonic Love* [illegible] of Beauty [illegible] cations, and Desire [illegible] it leads us on to the Love of [illegible] nal Beauty, God; or more plainly [illegible] Ascent of the Soul to the Love [illegible] *vine* Beauty, by the Love of abstracted [illegible] ty in Bodies. This Love of abstracted [illegible] ty in Bodies he calls Ἔρως Οὐρανίος, *Celestial Love*, in opposition to that which he [illegible] ἐπιδήμιος, which is the same with that Passion commonly signify'd by the name of Love, (*viz.*) a desire of corporal contact arising from the sight of Beauty. This last indeed is a very vile, brutish, unmanly affection, and such as considering the vileness of our Bodies, one would think a Man could never be charm'd into without the *Magic* of a *Love-potion*. But the former is an Angelical Affection, for certainly, Beauty is a Divine thing; It is (as the *Platonic* Author says of Wisdom) *the pure Influence flowing from the Glory of the Almighty, and the Brightness of the Everlasting Light*; or in *Plato*'s own words, *A Ray of God*. And therefore the Love of abstract Beauty must needs be a very generous and divine Affection. Sir, I could be more large in my account, but I consider *what* 'tis I write, and to *whom*, and therefore

[illegible] I think it high time to remit you to your [illegible] Thoughts, four of which I hope will [illegible] that I am in a very eminent degree of [illegible].

Yours

J. Norris.

A Let-

A Letter concerning Love and Muſic.

SIR,

TO the firſt of your Enquiries concerning the true Idea of *Love*, and particularly that between Man and Woman, and wherein it ſtands diſtinguiſh'd from *Luſt*, my Anſwer in ſhort is this. That Love may be conſider'd either barely as a *Tendency* toward *good*, or as a *willing* this *good* to ſomething capable of it. *If* Love be taken in the firſt Senſe, 'tis what we call *Deſire*; if in the ſecond, 'tis what we call *Charity*, or *Benevolence*.

2. Then as to *Deſire*, there is either an Intellectual or a Senſual deſire, which denomination is not here taken from the *Faculty*, but from the *Quality* of the *Object*. That I call here an Intellectual Deſire, whoſe Object is an Intellectual good, and that a Senſual deſire, whoſe Object is a *ſenſual* good. And this is that which *Plato* meant by his two *Cupids*. The latter of theſe is what we call *Luſt*.

3. But then this again ſignifies either abſtractly and indifferently (*viz.*) a bare deſire of Corporal pleaſure, or elſe concretely and immorally (*viz.*) a deſire or longing after Corporeal pleaſure in forbidden and unlawful inſtances.

4. Theſe

4. These things being thus briefly premised, my next Resolution is this. That the *Ordinary* Passion of Love, that which we mean when we say, such a Man, or such a Woman is in *Love*, is no other than plain Lust, if Lust be taken according to the first signification; namely, for a sensual Desire, or a Tendency toward a sensual good. But if Lust be taken in the latter sense, as a Tendency to Corporeal pleasure in unlawful instances, that which our Saviour meant when he said, *He that looks upon a Woman to lust after her*, &c. Then 'tis not necessary that the Passion we here speak of should be Lust, because then 'twould be a *sin to be in love*, and consequently, there would be a necessity of sinning *in order to Marriage*, because no Man is supposed to marry but whom he thus *loves*.

5. And now to your 2d. Enquiry, whether Music be a Sensual or Intellectual pleasure, before this can be determin'd, the Idea of a Sensual and Intellectual pleasure must be stated.

6. And 1st, I observe that the precise *difference* of a Sensual pleasure cannot consist in this, that the Body be pleased or gratefully affected, nor of an Intellectual, that the Mind be pleased. For by reason of the strict union of Soul and Body, one so sympathizes with the other, that these pleasures are always *Mutual* and complicated. So that there is no pleasure of Mind that does not also recreate the Body, and no pleasure of Body, but whereof the Mind has its share.

ſhare. And thus far there is agreement and reciprocation. That then which is *peculiar* and *diſcriminative*, muſt be taken from the *Primarineſs* and *Secondarineſs* of the Perception. That Pleaſure therefore is an Intellectual Pleaſure, when the Soul is Primarily and immediately affected, and the Body only Secondarily, and by Participation. And that is a Senſual Pleaſure when the Body is primarily and immediately affected, and the Soul only ſecondarily, and by Participation.

7. Now according to this Meaſure we muſt of neceſſity define the Pleaſure of hearing Muſic to be properly Intellectual. Becauſe the Soul is the part that is then primarily and immediately affected, and the Body only by reſult. And that for this evident Reaſon, becauſe Muſick conſiſting *formally* in Proportion, and Proportion pleaſing only as *underſtood*, that part muſt be primarily and directly pleaſed, which is capable of underſtanding. But this is not the Body, but the Soul. 'Tis true indeed, the Ear may be directly pleaſed by a ſingle ſound, as the Eye is recreated by a ſingle Colour (ſuppoſe *Green*) and this I grant to be a pleaſure of Senſe as much as ſmelling or taſting, tho' not ſo groſs. But the Ear may no more properly be ſaid to be pleaſed with the *Proportion* of ſounds, or with ſounds as *proportionate*, than the Eye is with a Picture.

8. If it be here objected, that Muſic is a pleaſure

ſure of ſenſe, becauſe 'tis *convey'd* by the *Ear*; I reply, that if this be ſufficient to make a Pleaſure Senſual, the moſt Intellectual Pleaſures we are here capable of may be call'd Senſual, as reading fine Diſcourſes, contemplating the Beauty of the Creation, attending to Mathematical Diagrams and the like, becauſe all theſe as well as Muſic are enjoy'd by the *Mediation* of the Senſes.

9. But it matters not tho the Senſes be the *Inſtruments of conveyance*, ſo the Soul be the part *directly* and *primarily* affected, which is the caſe here. For tho the Ear may be pleaſed with thoſe ſingle ſounds, which with relation to each other are really Harmonical, yet it is not, it cannot be pleaſed with them as ſuch, or in that *Formality*. This is the ſole Priviledge of the *Mind*, which as it can only *judge* of, ſo is it only capable of being *pleas'd* with *Harmony*.

10. And thus, Sir, you have my Sentiments, with as much Brevity and Clearneſs as I could uſe, and it may be, as the Matters would bear. I have now nothing further to add, but to renew the aſſurances of my being

Your Friend and Servant

J. N.

A Letter concerning Friendſhip.

SIR,

1. TO your Queſtion, Whether in propriety of ſpeaking, there may be *ſtrict Friendſhip* between a *man* and his *wife*? I anſwer firſt, that the ſolution of this Queſtion depends upon another (*viz.*) What are the Requiſites eſſentially neceſſary to the *Exercise* of Friendſhip; and this again likewiſe depends upon another, (*viz.*) What is the true *Notion* or *Idea* of Friendſhip. This being rightly ſtated, 'twill be eaſie to diſcern what are the eſſential *Requiſites*, and conſequently whether *Man* and *Wife* are capable *Terms* in this Relation or no.

2. Now as to the *Idea* of *Friendſhip*, I anſwer firſt in general, that Friendſhip is nothing elſe but *Benevolence* or *Charity* under ſome certain *Modifications* or accidental circumſtances. *Accidental* I mean as to *Charity*, tho *neceſſary* and *eſſential* to *Friendſhip*. And thus far I think all Moraliſts are agreed. But now what theſe certain Modifications are, here they begin to be divided. 'Twould be too tedious a work to inſiſt here upon the variety of other mens Opinions, and therefore I ſhall only briefly deliver my own, which is, That all the Modifications of *Charity* neceſſary to the conſtitution of *Friend-*

Friendſhip, may be well enough reduced to theſe three. 1. That it be in a ſpecial manner *intenſe*. 2ly, That it be *mutual*; and 3ly, That it be *manifeſt*, or *mutually known*. Charity, when clothed with theſe three Modifications, immediately commences *Friendſhip*. More than theſe it need not have, but of theſe not one may be ſpared, as will eaſily appear, if you examine them ſeverally.

3. Now from this *Idea* of *Friendſhip* 'tis very obvious to deduce what are the *Requiſites* neceſſary to *Friendſhip*, not in reference to its *Idea* (for that's already ſtated) but in reference to its *Exiſtence* or *actual Exerciſe*, that is, in one word, what are thoſe *Diſpoſitions* or *Aptneſſes* in the *Subject*, whether as to perſon, ſtate, or condition, which may render it capable of *Friendſhip*, according to the forementioned *Idea*. Now, I ſay, what theſe are may be eaſily collected from the *Idea* it ſelf, as will appear if we conſider it diſtinctly, according to thoſe three Modifications, and by applying the Genus to each of them. For 1ſt, whereas *Friendſhip* is ſaid to be *Charity* in a ſpecial manner *intenſe*, hence I collect 1ſt, that it cannot be but between good men, becauſe an ill man cannot have any true *Charity*, much leſs ſuch an *intenſe* degree of it, as is requiſite to *Friendſhip*. So that *Vertue in general* is one Requiſite. 2ly, Hence I collect that a Friend muſt not be only according to the Character *Lucan* gives of *Cato* --- *rigidi ſervator*

vator honeſti, *rigidly vertuous* and honeſt, but he muſt be alſo χρηστὸς ἀνὴρ, a man of a *liberal*, ſweet, obliging temper, one of thoſe *good* men of whom 'tis ſaid in Scripture (by way of contradiſtinction to the *Righteous* or rigidly honeſt) that ſome would even dare to *dye* for them. For tho I may have *Common* Charity; nay more, a great *Eſteem* for a man of plain honeſty and integrity, yet I can never love him with that *ſpecial intenſeneſs* of Affection which belongs to *Friendſhip*, unleſs he be alſo of a beneficent, kind and obſequious Temper. So that *good nature* is another requiſite. 3ly, Hence I collect that there muſt be alſo (at leaſt in a competent proprotion) an *agreeableneſs of humours* and *manners*; for unleſs the materials be of an apt and correſpondent *figure*, the building can neither be *compact* nor *laſting*; ſo that *likeneſs of diſpoſition* is another Requiſite. 4. Hence I collect that true Friendſhip cannot be among *many*. For ſince our faculties are of a *finite* energy, 'tis impoſſible our love can be very intenſe when divided among many. *No, the Rays muſt be contracted* to make them *burn*. So that another Requiſite is, that the Terms of this Relation be *few in Number*.

4. Theſe are all the Requiſites that I can think of at preſent deducible from the firſt part of the *Idea* (*viz.* Charity in a ſpecial manner intenſe) As for fidelity in retaining ſecrets, conſtancy of Adherence, and the like, I think they are

are vertually included in the first Requisite, it being hardly conceivable how a man can be good and vertuous that wants them. But if you think the Reduction not so obvious, you may if you please add them here in the fifth place as distinct Requisites, 'twill be all one. Thus far of the Requisites deducible from the first part.

5. To proceed. Whereas it is further said that Friendship is a Benevolence that's *Mutual*, there is but one general Requisite deducible from this, which is, that all the other be found in both (or if more) in all the persons supposed to be Friends. The third of which importing *Relation* will of necessity be so, for all *Similitude* is *mutual*. Lastly, whereas 'tis said that Friendship is a Benevolence *mutually known*, all that will be Requisite upon this head is, that the Persons who are to be confederated in this Union, have such opportunities of Converse or Correspondence, that they may be satisfy'd of the *Degree* and *Reality* of each others Love.

6. Having thus stated the *Idea of Friendship*, and from thence deduced all the necessary qualifications in the subject for its *entertainment*, I think I may now from the Premises, venture to affirm that there may be *strict Friendship* between *Man and Wife*. For which of these Requisites is it that they must *necessarily* want? As for your Objection taken from their *inequality*, I grant Equality is wanting both as to *Sex*

vator honesti, *rigidly vertuous* and honest, but he must be also χρηστὸς ἀνὴρ, a man of a *liberal*, sweet, obliging temper, one of those *good* men of whom 'tis said in Scripture (by way of contradistinction to the *Righteous* or rigidly honest) that some would even dare to *dye* for them. For tho I may have *Common* Charity; nay more, a great *Esteem* for a man of plain honesty and integrity, yet I can never love him with that *special intenseness* of Affection which belongs to *Friendship*, unless he be also of a beneficent, kind and obsequious Temper. So that *good nature* is another requisite. 3ly, Hence I collect that there must be also (at least in a competent proprotion) an *agreeableness of humours* and *manners*; for unless the materials be of an apt and correspondent *figure*, the building can neither be *compact* nor *lasting*; so that *likeness of disposition* is another Requisite. 4. Hence I collect that true Friendship cannot be among *many*. For since our faculties are of a *finite* energy, 'tis impossible our love can be very intense when divided among many. No, the Rays must be *contracted* to make them *burn*. So that another Requisite is, that the Terms of this Relation be *few in Number*.

4. These are all the Requisites that I can think of at present deducible from the first part of the *Idea* (*viz.* Charity in a special manner intense) As for fidelity in retaining secrets, constancy of Adherence, and the like, I think they

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are vertually included in the first Requisite, it being hardly conceivable how a man can be good and vertuous that wants them. But if you think the Reduction not so obvious, you may if you please add them here in the fifth place as distinct Requisites, 'twill be all one. Thus far of the Requisites deducible from the first part.

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and as to Conjugal [illegible] is neither is all Equality necessary. [illegible] necessary that Friends should [illegible] Level, either in respect of Fortune, [illegible]. This sort of Equality [illegible] Preparative for a [illegible] of Friendship, and as also [illegible] of it, but yet [illegible] levelling the ground [illegible] makes way for [illegible] possible from [illegible] contingencies they [illegible]. The only equality [illegible] dispositions, [illegible] but [illegible] may be in persons of [illegible] conditions. [illegible] Friendship [illegible] lity, [illegible] the Port [illegible]

[illegible] But [illegible] Superiority [illegible] for [illegible] of [illegible] merely [illegible]

[illegible]

from the Throne of Majesty to the familiar Caresses of a *dear Favorite*, and *unking* himself a while for the more glorious title of *Friend*. 'Tis but to apply this to the particular case in hand, and you have a Solution to your Questions. And now Sir from the *Theory* of Friendship I shall more readily descend to the Practice of it, when ever you please to employ the Interest of

(Dear Sir)

Your most real Friend and Servant

J. Norris.

The Copy of a Letter written [illegible] concerning the death of my dear [illegible]

My dear Friend,

1. SInce 'tis one of the happ[illegible] ship to Communicate [illegible] to share in *joy*, that [illegible] and the other *diminish*, I [illegible] my self to this easy refuge, [illegible] such a condition, as will need [illegible] support than I can either [illegible] *receive* from *others*.

2. The truth is, should I indulge my [illegible] I might find perhaps as much cause as he [illegible] did it, to curse the day of my *Nativity*. My pretty little dear *Neece* and *Scholar*, she [illegible] I loved, admired and delighted in; she for whose sake I once thought *life*, as now I think *death* a *Blessing*, she (how shall I bring out that dismal word)——is dead.

3. She is and has left a strange emptiness in my Soul (so large was the room she took up there) which nothing of this world's good can ever fill. I must needs own that I never was so deeply affected with any trouble in my life, nor did I ever think that it could be in the power of any *temporal* loss so much to discompose and *unspirit* my Soul. It is not a transient *gust* of passion, which like a little cloud would either soon

blow

[illegible] *spend* it self in a *momentary shower*, [illegible] with my *mind* as with the *face* of the *sky* [illegible] *to rain*. Were it only an affe-[illegible] *sensitive* and [illegible] part, it would [illegible] like the *phantastic colours* of the [illegible]; [illegible] my grief is of a more malignant [illegible], and penetrates even into the very *Center* of my *Soul*. [illegible] (as *Lipsius* I remember [illegible] phrases it) *in ipsa animi mente*, [illegible], *rational* and *Judicious* sorrow.

4. I [illegible] not on *her* account (for I cannot, [illegible] reflecting upon the *divine goodness*, [illegible] the happy state of one who was nothing but *innocence* and *sweetness*) but purely upon my own. And that I do in such a measure that--- but 'tis in vain to go about to express it, for I [illegible] her as [illegible] my own Soul, and however my *sorrow* may be blam'd for her *now*, yet I'm sure my *love* for her *could not*.

5. For she was a person (and you know I am not *over prone* to *admire*) so *peculiarly* accomplish'd, as if Nature had design'd nothing else in her composition but to make one *on purpose* to be *belov'd*. As for her outward form, she was one of the *studied* and *elaborate* pieces of Nature, and by the very air of her Countenance was *markt out* for an *extraordinay Soul* to inhabit in. Nor was the *Jewel* unworthy of the *Case*, for certainly she had as excellent a Spirit (one only excepted) as ever condescended to wear human flesh. Her parts were miraculous and

and extraordinary, ſo extraordinary, that had not the *youth* and *verdancy* of her Face *contradicted* the *ripeneſs* of her *diſcourſings*, you would have thought her *well in years*.

6. And tho *Art* had little more to do where *Nature* had been ſo *eminently liberal*, yet ſo *Covetous* was ſhe as well as *Capable* of improvement, as if ſhe meant to graſp all manner of knowledge, and leave nothing to a future ſtate to add to her accompliſh'd Soul. And indeed 'tis too incredible to be related, conſidering the ſhortneſs of the time (for her Pulſe had not beat thirteen years) what a wondrous progreſs her active Soul had made. Thus far only I ſhall venture in general, that had ſhe lived to be as ripe in *years* as ſhe was in *parts* and *ingenious attainments*, ſhe would have been the *envy* of her *Sex*, and the *wonder* of *Mankind*.

7. But yet the *former* of theſe would have been much abated by her admirable *ſweetneſs* and *good nature*. A Quality as of it ſelf *moſt excellent*, ſo that wherein ſhe *moſt excell'd*. And here I muſt beg leave of all that I ever convers'd with, to declare, that I never obſerv'd in any, ſuch a free, generous, obliging and diſintereſs'd Temper, which mightily *ſweetned* and *recommended* her *parts*, and made her not only *admirable*, but *lovely*.

8. And beſides all this, there were in her (as in *Poetry*) many *errantes abditæque veneres*, wandring and hidden Graces that want a name, and

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unexpreſſible Prettineſſes, which yet were ſtrangely moving, and of a charming influence. I am not conſcious to my ſelf of any partial Fondneſs, or Rhetorical Affectation in any one part of this Character, but as near as I can do ſpeak the genuin, unprejuiced ſenſe of my Soul. I hate to flatter the *living*, much more the *dead*, whoſe *names* are as ſacred to me as their *ſepulchers*. My only fault here (if any) is in the *defect*, for ſhe was as much too good to be *ſufficiently commended*, as to be *long enjoy'd*.

9. And now (ſetting aſide that particular reſpect which ſhe ever bleſt and honour'd me with) how can I chuſe but be very paſſionately concern'd for the loſs of ſuch a rare and every way accompliſh'd perſon! I cannot, and methinks when I ſurvey the *ſuddain ruin* of my *pleaſant*, but *ſhortliv'd gourd*, I can hardly forbear juſtifying my *Grief*, as the *inraged Prophet* did his *Anger*, and like him am *tempted* to ſay, *I do well to be ſorrowful*.

10. But I muſt not be ſo *ill a Pilot*, as now the floods of Paſſion ariſe, to throw away my *tackling*, commit my Veſſel to the Winds, and run along with the Tempeſt; *ſatis naturæ datum eſt, jam & Ratio ſuum aſſerat Principatum*. For my Ship begins to be cover'd with the Waves, and therefore 'tis now high time to awake *Reaſon* from her *dead ſleep*, that ſhe may *rebuke* the *winds* and the *Sea*, that they may be *calm and ſtill*. 'Tis dangerous to indulge any longer; the Tumult of

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the Paſſions runs high, and the unruly Faction preſſes hard upon the Gate of the Palace, 'tis therefore time for the *Soveraign Faculty* to come forth in her Imperial Robes, and ſuppreſs the *Mutiny*.

11. In order therefore to the quieting of my Paſſions, and the reſettlement of my diſcompos'd Soul, I conſider, Firſt, that *grief* is the moſt abſurd and ſenſleſs of *all the Paſſions*, yea of all the things in the World, and utterly unbecoming a Creature that makes the leaſt pretenſion to *Reaſon*. Becauſe 'tis reſolvable into no rational Principle; for whatever is ſo, muſt be, or at leaſt *appear* to be either an *End* or a *Means*: But this can pretend to neither. Not to be an *end*, for nothing is ſo but what is *good*; but this is in *no reſpect good*, and in *many reſpects evil*. Not to be a *Means*, becauſe it *effects nothing*, but is altogether *vain and fruitleſs*. And indeed it cannot but be ſo, becauſe 'tis of a thing *paſt*, which even to *Omnipotence* it ſelf is *impoſſible* to be *alter'd*. Our *other Paſſions* are to ſome purpoſe, and aim at ſome end. *Love* to *enjoy*, *Anger* to *revenge*, *Fear* to *avoid*, and the like; But this Paſſion, *grief*, ſerves to no end or purpoſe in the World; and it cannot be its *own end* becauſe (as I ſaid before) it is in no reſpect *good*. It is therefore utterly abſurd and unreaſonable.

12. Again I conſider, that ſuppoſe Grief were not ſo *vain* and *ineffective* a thing as 'tis, but that it could make ſome *alteration* in things; yet

yet it cannot alter any one event for the *better*, and therefore to what purpoſe ſhould I indulge it? For ſince we acknowledge a Being of an infinite Wiſdom, Power and Goodneſs to ſit at the *Helm* of the Univerſe, it muſt be conſequently acknowledg'd that the courſe of this World is ſteer'd to the beſt advantage of the *whole*; and however ignorant we may be how to juſtify *particular Phenomena's*, yet we muſt (if we will be conſiſtent with our former conceſſion) at leaſt *implicitly* believe that all things are as well as they can poſſibly be. Certain it is (whatever ſome *Male-contents* may think) the World is *govern'd* with as much wiſdom as 'twas *made*; and as the *natural World* ſtood the Teſt of the *divine Critiſciſm*, ſo will the *Moral one* too. God upon review would prononnce *this as good* as he did the *other*, and why ſhould not *we*? yea we ſhould, if we could ſee this excellent *Drama* from end to end as *he does*; we ſhould then diſcern that all thoſe Diſpenſations, which *ſeparately* taken, appear harſh and unequal, yet in *Concatenation* and *together* conſpire to the Beauty and Intereſt of the *whole*. *This* will be our Portion *hereafter*; in the mean time 'twill be our greateſt Wiſdom to truſt *that* of God, and believe that implicitly as to the *thing*, which we cannot diſcern as to the *manner*. And this I take to be the moſt rational foundation of *Reſignation and Acquieſcence* in the divine pleaſure, which is grounded upon a Conſideration of his infinite

infinite *Wiſdom* and *Goodneſs*. When we reſolve our Wills into his, merely for this reaſon, becauſe we pay ſo much deference to his perfections, as to think, that if we knew as much as he, we ſhould not wiſh things to be otherwiſe than they are. And this is highly ſpecify'd in the Saints in Heaven, who through that near and intimate view which they have of God's *perfections* are ſo intirely conformable to his *will*, that they can diſpenſe not only with the *eternal loſs*, but *damnation* of their *friends*, without the leaſt grief or reſentment. I confeſs, this eminency of reſignation is no more attainable in this life than any other part of Celeſtial happineſs; but yet an heedful and attentive Meditation of this Argument may do much towards it; And however difficult it be to reduce it to *Practice*, yet 'tis moſt certain in the *Theory*, that granting the ſuperintendency of an infinite and an unprejudic'd Underſtanding, and that every Calamity is (as *Euripides* ſomewhere calls it) συμφορὰ θεήλατος ſent from God, to grieve at any Misfortune is to grieve that things are as they ſhould be. Which is, one would think, too abſurd for him to be guilty of who is defined to be *a Rational Creature*.

13. Again I conſider, That as that which I call an Affliction is (as certainly as God is Wiſe and Good) for the beſt in reference to the *whole Syſteme of things*; ſo for all that I know it may be moſt conducive to *my Intereſt in particular*.

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In as much as by it I may either *obtain a greater good*, or *avoid a greater evil*. Thus a *Shipwrack* made *Zeno* a Philoſopher, and the *Meſſenger of Satan* proved an Antidote to the great Apoſtle againſt *pride* and *vanity* of Spirit. And perhaps there was in me ſome evil and unmortify'd quality or other of ſo malignant a nature that it could not be cured by a leſs ſevere Application. For certainly God is not ſo *ill a Phyſitian* as not to *weigh* the Ingredients of his *bitter Cup*, before he mingles it into a *draught*, that it may be proportionable to the ſtrength of the *diſeaſe* as well as of the *Patient*.

14. Again I conſider, that as this affliction may be one of the *Arrows* of *love*, and in the deſignation of God be intended for *my particular good*, ſo 'tis moſt certain that by wiſe Conduct I may extract good out of it if I will, and turn it to my greater advantage. *Plato* I remember ſomewhere compares the life of man to a *game at Tables*. And indeed the compariſon is worthy the wiſdom of its Author, and full of myſtic and important truth. For as *there* what *Caſt* we ſhall have is not in our power, but to manage it well, that is: So is it with man in the concerns of life. 'Twas not in my power whether this Affliction ſhould befall me or not, but 'tis in my power to manage it for my advantage now it has befall'n me. I can uſe it as an Opportunity of ſhewing my Vertue, as an Occaſion of withdrawing my affections from the World,

World conſidering the uncertainty of the *beſt* Objects in it, of increaſing my love to God, and his *love* to me *here*, and his *rewards* to me *hereafter*. And to this purpoſe I conſider the ſtory of *Abraham*, who for his readineſs to part with his beloved Son at the demand of God, became the *Favorite* and *Friend* of his Maker, and obtain'd this emphatical promiſe from him, *In bleſſing I will bleſs thee.*

15. Again I conſider, that altho by the loſs of this excellent Creature a *great breach* be made upon my *happineſs*, yet the remainder of what I *enjoy* is much greater than the evil which I *ſuffer*; ſo that upon the *whole*, the Scale *weighs down* for *happineſs*. My Condition is ſtill better than that of many others, who yet think themſelves happy. And therfore for me to pine and lament becauſe I am not *ſo* happy as I *was*, or *may* be, becomes neither the *Philoſophy* of a *Scholar*, nor the *Humility* of a *Chriſtian*, and upon the ſame Principle I may continue to lament even when I am in *Heaven*. Rather let me adore the bounty of God for filling my Cup *ſo full*, than be diſcontented becauſe it does not *run over*.

16. Again I conſider with the great Apoſtle that *the time is ſhort*, and that therefore I ſhould *weep as if I wept not*. 'Twill not be long e're I ſhall enjoy the Beatific Viſion of God and (if after that the fruition of any Creature can be of any moment) the Society of even this dear perſon,

ſon. In the mean while I have one Artifice more wherby to ſolace my ſelf, and that is, by entertaining the ſame apprehenſion of what I enjoy, as I ſhould do if I *did not enjoy it.* I think with my ſelf, how miſerable I ſhould be if I wanted ſeveral of thoſe Bleſſings which I have, particularly if I had not been bred a *Scholar*, and thereby been qualify'd to be my *own Comforter.* And by vertue of this Conſideration I ſet a *higher value* upon what I *enjoy*, and conſequently find the *leſs miſs* of what *I do not.*

17. This is my *Conſolatio Philoſophica*, whereby I allay and *fix* the violent *fermentation* of my Paſſions. To which I might add many *popular* Arguments, as that 'tis as natural to *dye* as to be *born*; that 'tis incident not only to *man*, but to the *whole Creation*, *the faſhion of this world paſſes away*; that 'tis *envious* to think that *our loſs* which is *our friend's gain*; that occaſions of grief in this world are *many*, and therefore not *ſingly* to be much lamented; that 'tis a *ſhame* for *Reaſon* not to be able to conquer that which muſt at length yield to *time*, and the like. But theſe I ſhall be content only to mention, partly becauſe I don't fancy much to be *Topical*, and partly becauſe I think my *other ſupports* ſtrong enough to bear the *ſtreſs* of the moſt *weighty ſorrow.*

18. And now the reſult of all theſe Conſiderations is this. I am fully and entirely ſatisfy'd with the Accompliſhment of the Divine plea-

ſure, and though before 'twas my hearty prayer, that (if poſſible) *this Cup might paſs from me*, yet I now as chearfully ſubſcribe to the other clauſe, *Nevertheleſs, not as I will, but as thou wilt*, I am thoroughly convinc'd, both of the abſurdity and undecency of my former ſorrow, and though not ſo much a *Stoic* as to condemn *all the paſſions*, yet I do this of *grief* as freely as any of that rigid School, and therefore will no longer *defile my ſelf for the Dead*, Lev. 21. 1. If any grief can be now reaſonable, it muſt be becauſe I have griev'd ſo much, for I am conſcious that I have thereby exceedingly betray'd the greatneſs of my Soul. *Homer* indeed thought it not unworthy the Character of his great Hero *Achilles* to bring him in paſſionately bewailing the Death of *Patroclus*. His expreſſion (as I remember) is σμερδαλέον δ' οἰμώξεν *he wept hideouſly*. But certainly our Saviour was of another mind, when he ſaid to his Diſciples upon the occaſion of his *own* Death (and certainly if *any* thing could *juſtifie* ſorrow, that would) *Let not your Hearts be troubled.*

19. But yet after all, I muſt needs ſay, tho' I have pretty well by this time *argued* my *paſſions* into a *Calm*, that 'tis a *great venture* to love any thing well in *this World*, and that I am reſolv'd for the ſake of this dear perſon, never to ingage my *paſſions very far* in the love of any thing again.

Quicquid amas cupias non placuiſſe nimis

ſhall

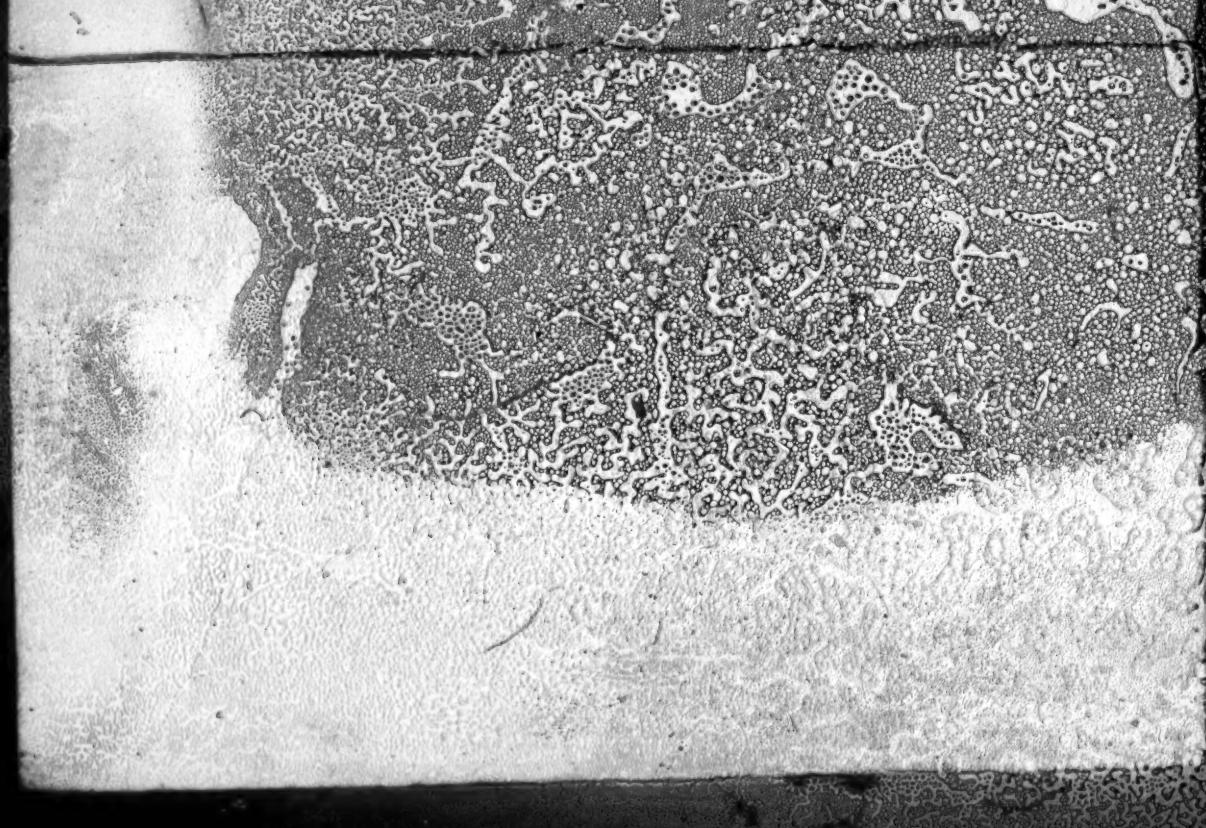
ſhall be my *Motto* as long as I live; and I will follow the excellent rule of the *Royal Philoſopher* M. Antoninus, "Απλωσον σεαυτον, and reduce my ſelf as near as I can to a *ſimplicity*, and delight in as *few things* as may be. So ſhall I *more undividedly* adhere to my *laſt and beſt end*, and lye *leſs* at the *mercy* of *fortune*.

20. But (Sir) however I *contract* my Love, you may aſſure your ſelf of the ſame room you ever had in the affections of

Your true Friend

J. Norris.

FINIS.



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